

May 24, 1961

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The Australian

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Sold Every Week

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE

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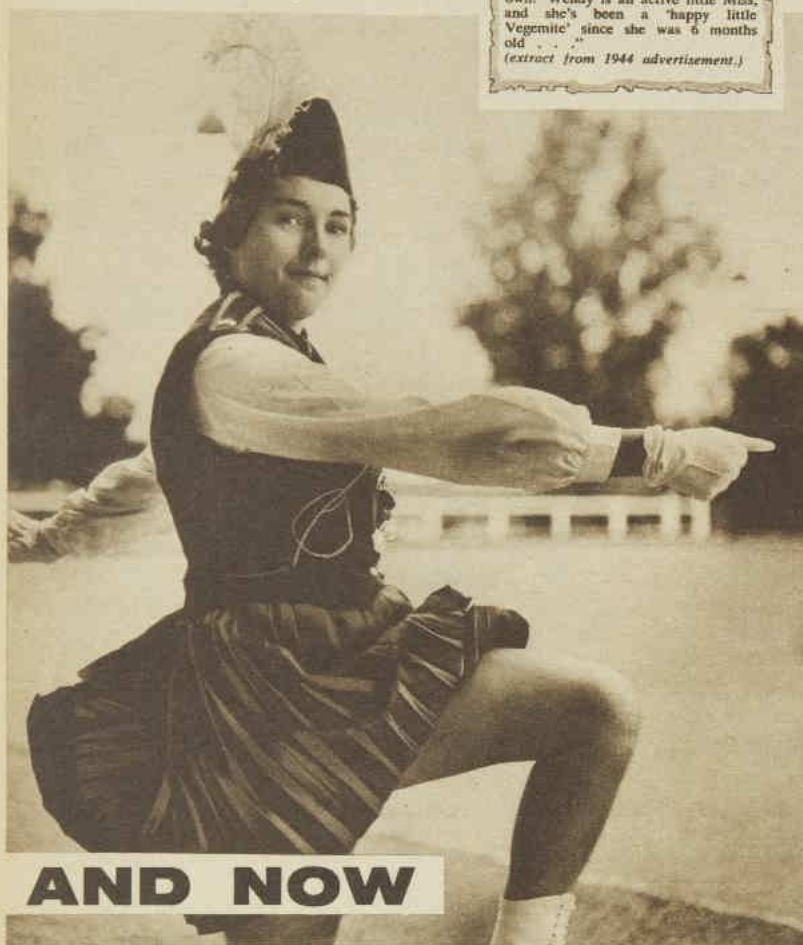
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a "happy little  
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(extract from 1944 advertisement.)



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# The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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## THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Mrs. Isabel Jordan, of Dalby, Qld., winner of the £400 grand champion prize and the trip to Tahiti for two in our £1200 Cornflour Contest, says she felt a certain kinship with the U.S. and Russian spacemen when told of her success.

MRS. JORDAN'S recipe—a Golden Staircase Pie—is in a four-page pull-out of prize-winning recipes (pages 35 to 38).

She wrote: "The only difference is that Major Gagarin and Commander Shepard returned to terra firma, and I'm not sure that I have."

"My cookery improvisations really began as a result of not being a very good housekeeper."

"When first married, we lived five miles from a shop. Almost every time I decided on a particular recipe I would find that I had omitted a vital ingredient from my grocery order."

"So I would just take what was available and do the best I could. The results couldn't have been too bad. Only two months after our wedding my husband couldn't get into the suit he was married in."

"Incidentally, he, poor man, has only just sampled the now famous pie. He often gets a sudden call to a country area. Every time I've been making a 'Golden Staircase' some remote service station has sent out a distress signal."

"I was encouraged to send in that recipe because I had first made it for an afternoon tea at the tennis club in Innisfail, where I was living, and

everyone was very complimentary."

"The members will be receiving a trophy for their next tournament."

Mrs. Jordan and her husband plan to fly to Tahiti later this year. Mrs. Jordan said she had to make arrangements for someone to look after her two children and "one very spoilt black cat."

IF Princess Alexandra becomes engaged to Irishman Lord O'Neill (page 14), her future stepfather—in-law would be best-seller author Ian Fleming.

Fleming is the creator of James Bond, secret-service-man extraordinary, one of fiction's best-known strongmen.

Lord O'Neill—the fourth Baron O'Neill—inherited his title when he was 11. His father was killed in Italy during World War II.

His mother—formerly Ann Charteris—married Lord Rothermere. They were divorced and she married Ian Fleming, whose short story, "Quantum of Solace," we published in our January 11 issue.

THE Duchess of Windsor, whose "All Things Considered" is on page 33, says that when first married she and the Duke had practically no china.

### Our cover

● Twenty-four-year-old Princess Alexandra, fur-coated for a London evening, with a decorative bouquet of flowers. More pictures and story of the "Cupid Squad," page 14.

She writes: "Since everyone assumed the Duke would have so much, he inherited very little."

"He did have one service of Meissen, made for Frederick Augustus II, Elector of Saxony. While unpacking it, my interest in porcelains was born."

The Duchess says that the small straw baskets filled with pansies or primulas which she uses to decorate her dining-table date to the time of Louis XIV of France.

She says the idea is particularly suitable to the dining-room in her Paris town house, which was originally the music room of an old French castle.

"At one end of the room are two small balconies just below the ceiling, where the fiddlers played," she says.

"The quarters must have been extremely cramped. I am sure that if the musicians were not dwarfs to begin with, they certainly must have learned how to perform in the pretentious position."

**NEXT WEEK:** Spring Blossoms—Three-page color feature, with expert advice on fruit trees to plant now . . . New Ways with Pork—Food and Cookery expert Leila C. Howard suggests recipes to make tasty pork even more appetising.



# PERRY MASON HERE SOON

*but*

*Della's*

*staying*

*home*

RAYMOND BURR, famous throughout the TV world as Erle Stanley Gardner's attorney-sleuth Perry Mason, arrives in Australia in the middle of next month. During his eight-day stay — which is said to be putting round £A2500 in the Burr pocket — he will compere a super-colossal live TV show. Televiewers will be sad not to meet Barbara Hale, who plays Della Street, his secretary and Girl Friday. Barbara is staying home with her husband, actor Bill Williams, and their three children. Burr's manager is accompanying him to Australia.

Raymond Burr has been in Australia several times, but this is his first visit since he hit the pinnacle of TV fame. His previous visits were, he says, "some time in the 1930s," when, with a stock company, he did two plays, "Night Must Fall" and "Mandarins," and during World War II, when he "made port in Australia" several times.

● Raymond Burr and Barbara Hale in a scene from "Perry Mason."





# PENSION DAY ON

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD, staff reporter

● Activity ripples along the fringes of the river. It's Pension Day on the Hawkesbury. The river folk are going up to Brooklyn to collect their money, provisions, and memories, and the ferry should be here any tick o' the clock.



NEWCOMERS up the river, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Shipsey find gardening fruitful and relaxing. They never have to buy vegetables.



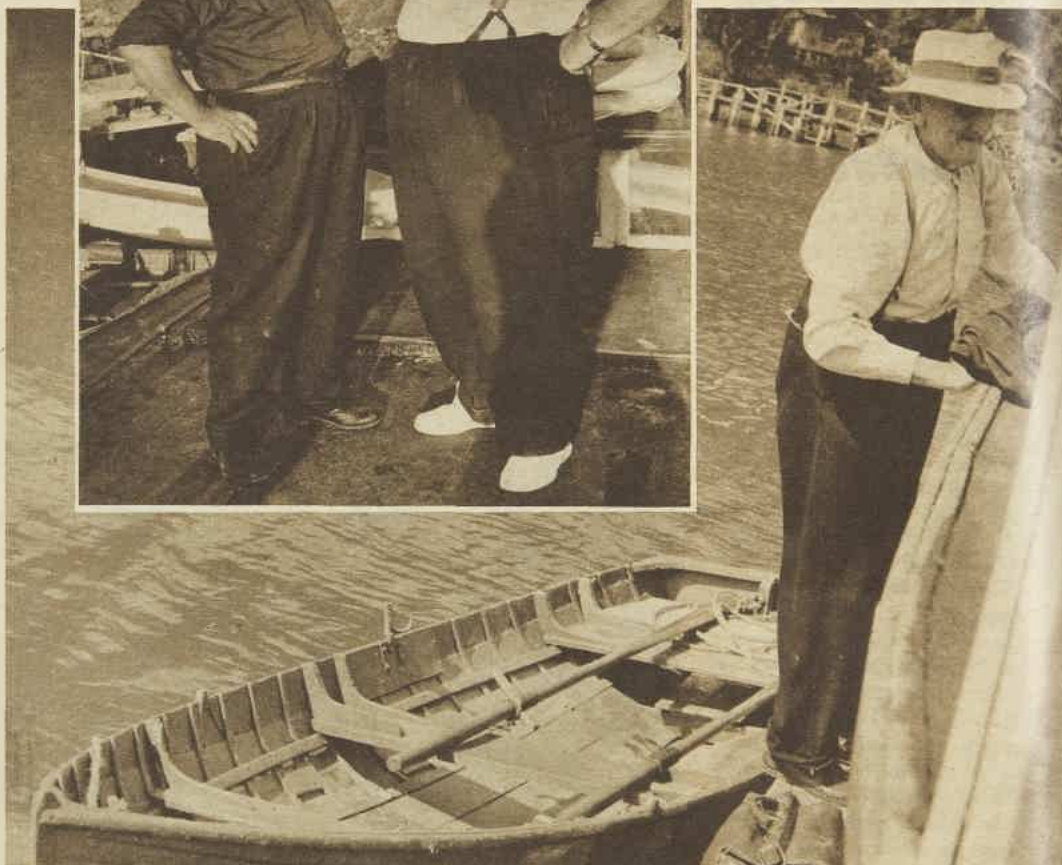
PENSIONER Ted Oliver beside the home he made from a fowl-house takes top-soil to his small tomato, passionfruit plantation.



"GOT IT?" asks Ted Oliver, as he hands skipper Emanuel Deas a bag of passionfruit for a neighbor. Captain Deas carries most of the cargo between Spencer and Brooklyn.



FERRYMASTERS Emanuel Kascimatis (left) and Harry Cavanaugh take a breather in Brooklyn between trips. BELOW: Johann Stevenson, aged 84, about to clamber aboard the river ferry from his rowboat.



HERE comes the ferry steaming out of Barr Point, with Harry at the wheel—Harry Cavanaugh, the 22-stone ex-footballer, whose heart, they say, is as big as himself.

Ted Oliver checks his watch, padlocks his two-roomed home, gathers his dog and shopping-bag and walks down to the wharf.

Fred Shipsey hurriedly grabs the shopping list from his wife and tries to think what else they need.

Johann Stevenson buttons up a clean shirt and clambers aboard his rowboat, cursing his 84 years and Pension Day.

And everywhere on the river, from Spencer to Brooklyn, folk are waiting for

Harry's ferry. Photographer Ernie Nutt and I also sit and wait. Ted Oliver chats to us.

"You know," he says, "I've seen Loch Lomond, seen the Irish Lakes, and the Swiss ones. But this river beats them all. And a pension seems to go farther living here."

Ted Oliver is a World War I veteran. He's been a tailor, insurance salesman, and many other things. And now, at 65, as a caretaker of a small weekendender, his life is full and rounded.

And busy. There are his tomatoes to grow, the passionfruit vines to tie up, fish to catch, and stones to take out of the hillside—to split and to make into a terrace for the home he's made from an old chook-house.

He'd probably get lonely, if it weren't for Pension Day, the one day in the week when he can get together with "the mob."

Not, of course, that everyone round these parts is on a pension. Far from it, but there's a happy, united brigade who are.

"And a jolly good mob, it is," says Mr. Oliver. "It takes a while for them to accept you. It took me quite a few years, for I'm a newcomer, really."

"Watch out, here's Harry right now."

Harry bumps his ferry cheekily against the wharf. He is enormous and he's immensely jovial as he leaves his wheelhouse saying, "This old girl can steer her own way."

She's been doing it for forty years now."

He tells us his grandfather, Owen Cavanaugh, was a pioneer on the river in 1803. He had a farm up at Ebenceter, and the Cavanaugh's have been river folk ever since.

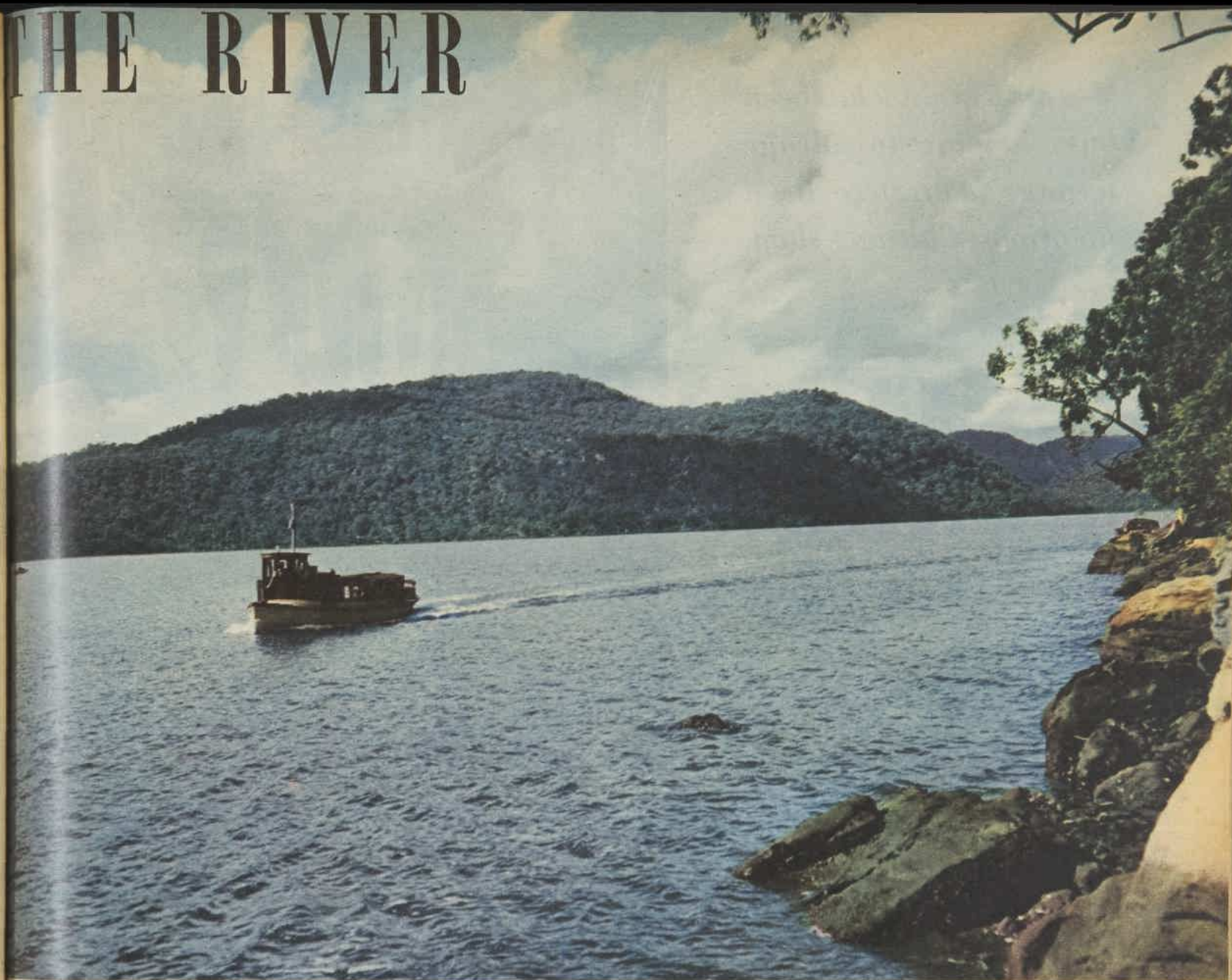
Harry himself has spent most of his life in a cottage at Barr Point. His one big outing—apart from trips to Sydney to play football—was to World War I.

In his time Harry's been a boilermaker on the river. But now he just potters about in the ferry he has been running off and on since he was 20.

He scratches his ginger forelock and tries to think of all the great changes in the river life. But changes here are so gradual and gentle that the river folk hardly notice them.



# THE RIVER



"We got the electricity in at Spencer," he says. "That was a big change."

Harry looks solemnly at the green mangrove swamps sliding past, the little cottages and the old homesteads with their red iron roofs. Yes. There has been a change in the river.

It's much quieter now in a funny sort of a way. Those big old homesteads are nearly all deserted. In the clearings little "weekenders" or pensioners' shacks have sprung up.

The river is now no longer a farming centre, no longer the main artery for transport since the road from Sydney to Spencer was put in. And somehow this part of the river has lost its social prestige.

In the early days, Sydney folk built those big old mansions for weekend retreats. There were glamorous boating trips in paddlewheel steamers.

The theatrical "greats" used to take their holidays there.

They say, for instance, that Dame Nellie Melba was once a frequent visitor to the old Fuller home.

And Harry would swear that he used to hear the voice of Gladys Moncrieff soaring across the water from the home that Harry Rickards, the father of the Tivoli in Syd-

ney, built for his daughter Noni.

"Well, that home is now the headquarters of Outward Bound Movement," says Harry.

"Life has changed greatly on the river, but, here's old Stevo. He should be able to tell you all about the river. He's been here since 1897."

Johann August Stevenson is waiting in his rowboat, for the tide is too low for the ferry to get into the wharf.

He throws out his anchor aggressively, gathers up his stick and bag and climbs on board the ferry, disdaining any helping hand, and exclaiming: "Let me alone, I haven't snuffed it yet."

Mr. Stevenson is a Swede by birth. He came to Australia as a sailor on a wind-jammer from America, and he began life on the river at 17.

He was a fisherman for a long time. He married a river girl and settled down to rear seven children there. After 21 years of married life, his wife died, and "Stevo"—with that brilliant clarity of an old mind—remembers how he rowed her body up the river to the graveyard at Spencer.

**DOWAGER of the Hawkesbury River, the ferry M.V. Reliance, which has plied her daily way from Spencer to Brooklyn, to Spencer again, for more than 30 years, skippered by Emanuel Deas, of Spencer. River folk can set their clocks by her.**

And he remembers how all the river folk in their launches, with flags at half-mast, made an avenue for him to row down.

"She would have enjoyed her funeral," says Stevo. Then he stands up and points

days was worth pure gold.

The ferry is at Spencer now, and old folk, with the same river look, pour aboard. Old Stevo points farther up the river and asks if they remember old Liza Hibbs.

"Too right," says one old-

and wait for something to happen. Another ferry pulls in and the ferryman is Emanuel Kascimatis, who comes from the Greek islands.

But that was more than 30 years ago.

"Manny," as he's known, wants to tell us about his life, but his little blue ferry must leave for Dangar Island in a minute.

More than 150 people live on the island now, and Manny's solely responsible for their transport. He must deliver the

pick up our original ferry friends and begin the twilight trip home down the river.

It's a different ferry this time, with a different captain—Emanuel Deas, of Spencer—who is as wiry and thin as Harry is portly.

He, too, knows the river backwards, as his Spanish father was a ferryman on the original paddlewheel ferries, time out of mind ago.

Emanuel is the official daily mail courier, takes his job seriously, and at all costs the mail must go through on time. It even went through when he had to deliver a baby on the ferry about six months ago.

"It wasn't too bad," he remembers. "There was another woman passenger aboard at the time, and she helped. We put the mother in the wheel-house and then wrapped the baby in newspaper."

The group on the ferry falls silent. But Emanuel is not saying any more about the matter.

Nobody wants to talk, anyway. Pension Day is a big, tiring day.

And, after all, there'll be another chance to pick up the conversation next week, when Harry's ferry will come again at the same old tick o' the clock.

**"Bodies, babies, shopping, machinery... I take the lot."**

to a green headland we're passing.

"That's where the old Green Man Inn used to be," he says. "That's where the headless woman used to roam, with her head tucked under her arm. A ghost she was—murdered by her lover. My wife's mother saw her."

But Mr. Stevenson doesn't believe in ghosts. He reckons that the story was just put about to scare people away from that spot. For there was a rum-still up in them hills. And rum in the early river

timer. "She used to deliver the mail by rowing it seven miles farther up the river. She never wore shoes—not even when she was 90, and her feet were like horses' hoofs. I've seen her strike wax matches on them."

And so the river slips past us, and it seems that all the river folk have a story to tell about the war, or the fishing, or the changing values of land on the river, until we get to Brooklyn.

There the folk disperse, and Ernie and I sit on the wharf

schoolchildren back from the mainland, so Ernie and I go with him for the ride.

Manny's job is a six-trips-a-day, seven-days-a-week one. He chats to the schoolchildren as if he's know them all their lives. And most of them: he has.

Maybe he has ferried their grandfathers across to the mainland for burial. "Yes. Bodies, babies, shopping, machinery... I take the lot," he says.

Back again at Brooklyn, we



● *An Australian has been busy helping to salvage teenage gangsters in a notorious Chicago slum.*

**S**IGNED off for the night at a Y.M.C.A. gym on Chicago's West Side, John Gillingham, a physical-education instructor from Australia, whistled cheerily down the dark alley to his bus stop.

He stopped dead at a cross street. Advancing on either side of him were two teenage groups, switch-blades drawn, bicycle chains swinging.

It was a "rumble," a gang fight.

John's knees buckled — but he strode up to one gang and demanded toughly, "What's going on, you guys?"

"One of that bunch squashed our table-tennis ball at the 'Y' tonight," he was told.

Around the clenched fist of the 15-year-old spokesman was a "rumble belt" — a lethal strip of leather from which rivets protruded.

John dashed back to the Y.M.C.A. clubrooms to collect the brother of one of the gang.

"And there in the middle of the street," John recalls, "the brother, two gang leaders, and I held a summit conference, and the dispute was settled."

John Gillingham has just completed two years' work at Duncan "Y" among the young gangsters on the slummy side of Chicago, and he spoke about it in a quiet Pitt Street office of the Sydney Y.M.C.A., where the good-looking 34-year-old is Director of Physical Education.

I listened fascinated to his tape-recordings taken on Duncan's gymnasium floors just before he left.

I heard a former "rumble" expert, whom Duncan is now putting through college, say, "I hope to study medicine."

I heard pleasant-voiced

# They don't know how to cry

members of the Thunderbirds, who, thanks to idealists like John Gillingham, now proudly sport the Duncan insignia above the gang name on their jackets.

And just before I left John's office, attractive Heather Gillingham called to take her husband to lunch.

While John worked at Duncan Y.M.C.A. and studied at the George Williams College, Heather worked for a family-welfare bureau. The couple lived on the college campus.

By  
**VICKI ABRAMS**

Explaining Duncan's location in Chicago, John drew a map showing it encircled by ghettos of Greeks, Italians, Puerto Ricans, Negroes, and Southern "poor whites."

These isolated prejudiced communities, he says, tend to seal off their territories. "Outsiders" stepping over a certain kerb, a line chalked across a footpath, invite attack.

From the densely populated slums of the West Side come 2000 young inhabitants to use Duncan's facilities—the swim-

ming-pool, gymnasiums, courts, and running track.

Five storeys high, two city blocks long, it is the largest "Y" in the world.

Duncan's effort to reform teenage gangs is an inspiring one.

Is it succeeding?

"Waal," says John Gillingham in the American accent for which he makes no apology ("I was flat out acquiring this in order to level with these guys"), "it was and still is mighty tough going."

"In Chicago there are 5000 teenagers formed into 255 gangs, many with their own elaborate constitutions."

The 42 "Y's" in Chicago have various schemes for busting gangs and luring leaders through the doors.

Spearheading this work are the Detach men, specially trained young social workers introduced by the Chicago Youth Commission in recent years, who infiltrate the gangs.

"These men do magnificent work," John explained. "Risking their necks, they hang around street corners and pool-rooms, exchanging blows to prove their toughness, living on their wits and resourcefulness."

"When they feel sufficiently confident to reveal their identity, they offer 'Y' facilities as club meeting places."

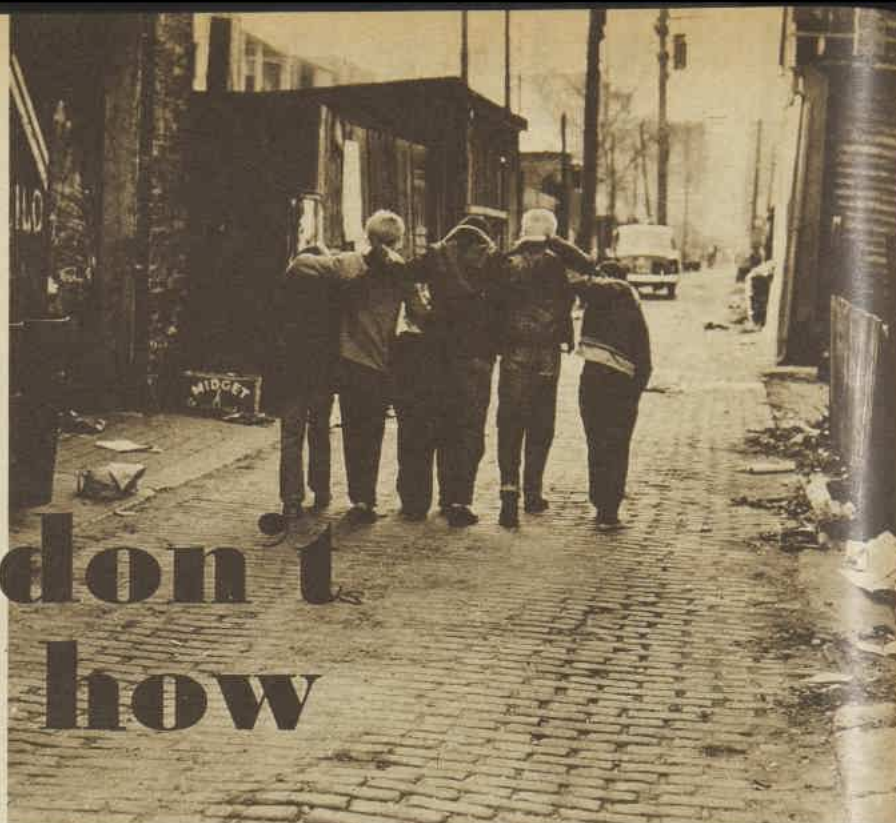
"They are the big brothers to the gangs."

Chicago's bitterly cold, long winters help to get gangs into the "Y," but it hasn't always been possible to keep them there.

"We often collected knives at the door, but general rules had to be enforced slowly," John said.

"We admonished them for minor offences, with our back always against a wall — to

● *John Gillingham with his wife, Heather, who was a Chicago social welfare worker.*



● *"The kids are great — but many of them haven't a chance," says John Gillingham. This photograph was taken near the Duncan Y.M.C.A. on Chicago's West Side.*



avoid a sneak attack from a gang member.

"To win their respect, we often had to greet them good-naturedly with a left to the solar plexus — or half-drown them in horseplay in the swimming-pool."

Physical toughness is one of the first childhood lessons the West Siders learn. Few five-year-olds, even, know how to cry.

John Gillingham finds himself still worrying about "my boys."

"The battle in West Side, Chicago — and you can have no conception of it here in Australia — is only beginning," he said.

● *The West Side Y.M.C.A.'s own contact man, Joe Tobolick (right, rear), with some of the teenage material he has tried to salvage from street gangs. He mainly lost out on these, the gang calling themselves Ambros', some of whom are now in full-time crime. The night this photograph was taken, the 16-year-old lad second from left, rear, had a knife-gash on his leg. On his left is the Ambros' 17-year-old leader, Harry, right front, is the only member of the gang who still goes to the gym.*





## In mystic Ireland

# A thatched cottage is waiting for a princess

Princess Grace's projected visit to Ireland will bring pleasure to many people, but especially to a dear old lady who lives in a croft from which she believes Grace's great-grandfather Kelly left for America.



**OLD IRISHWOMAN** who is waiting for a gipsy's prophecy about Grace to come true.

The simplicity and warmth of Irish people of this kind is such that surely anyone must respond. In that chat I was charmed into another view of the world—a smaller world, perhaps, but a perfectly satisfactory one, where discussions about second and third sight have more reality than the prowess of cosmonauts.

It would be a mistake to pity this gallant woman. She has much that passes by more sophisticated people.

To some her life might seem dreary, but she greets each setback now with joy, in the certain knowledge that by these tribulations, and by her own efforts in climbing the pilgrims' path on Croagh Patrick, doing penances, and keeping fast days, she has assured a place for herself and her husband in the Kingdom of Heaven.

In the west of Ireland, where the air is so soft and the hills so misty and mysterious, it is a small step from visions in a croft to a fairytale castle by a lake.

About 40 miles from the cottage is Ashford Castle, where, it is reported, the Rainiers plan to spend a few days. The castle is now one of the most luxurious hotels in Ireland.

Ashford Castle and the village of Cong, set on Lough Corrib, have long and fascinating histories. The ruins of Cong Abbey, built by Roderick O'Connor, the last King of All Ireland, are in the village, close to the gates of the castle.

Ashford is now part of the Iveagh Trust, and was the home of the Guinness family of stout-brewing fame.

WITH Prince Rainier, the Princess is planning to visit Ireland next month, and to make a search for her ancestor's home.

For the old Irishwoman the visit will fulfil a gipsy's prophecy.

I met her one evening recently in County Mayo as she plodded the four long miles between Newtown and her cottage.

Clad all in black, from her best felt hat to her Wellington boots, she was returning from a visit to the town to sell two pounds of her home-made butter—and one was still unsold.

When offered a ride to her home she accepted gladly, for the muddy road seemed longer at 70 than it had when she was younger—and when she and her husband had a horse—and the weekly trip to Newtown was quite an expedition. ("But thanks be to God, I mostly get a ride.")

The whitewashed cottage has a thatched roof over its two rooms, and it is one of the two "probable" crofts from which great-grandfather Kelly emigrated.

Its location between the towns of Newtown and Westport in western Ireland is a strong indication.

At all events, the dear old lady has no doubts in her mind, since a gipsy told her three years ago that Princess Grace would be visiting her.

Now she was anxious to have everything in order for The Visit, which she felt might take place at any moment, and she was worried because the garden looked overgrown.

I was invited in for a cup of tea—quite a process, with the peat fire to be lit in the open hearth, the kettle to be filled at a pump and placed in just the right position.

The handle of the kettle was rather rickety and could not be trusted to hang safely from the chimney hook.

But Irish hospitality is warm, complete, and worth

the waiting. I could not go before the tea was served and I was offered all there was in the house to eat.

While the preparations were going ahead, my hostess was busy between times putting an overall over her good dress, hanging her umbrella on the rack beside the horse-collar of the now-deceased pony, changing out of her rubber boots, calling the dog, and providing the main points of her personal history back to the time when she wanted to go into a nunnery, "but my poor silly mother wouldn't let me."

After making sure I was not sceptical, she told of the help and advice she often still had from her husband (who died 15 years before) and of the glory of the vision of the Crucifixion she had seen in her garden.

Then we settled down to a real talk and cups of tea.

By  
**JOAN HALL**



**THE AMERICAN KELLYS prospered, and this mansion became the home of Grace's father, John B. Kelly, who died last year.**



**PRINCESS GRACE of Monaco**, who has been gathering information about her forebears in Ireland.



**THE RISE OF THE KELLYS** began from this humble cottage, or perhaps one very much like it, in the west of Ireland. The old Irishwoman stands outside—it is her home now.



**THE PEAK OF FAME** was reached when Grace, the Hollywood film star, married the ruler of Monaco and entered this palace five years ago.





# تاهملايو Malaya

says 'Selamat Datang' to you!

During 'Visit the Orient Year 1961' as

'Selamat Datang' means WELCOME in Malay and the people of this exotic land welcome you with happy, smiling hearts. Such warm, sincere friendship and hospitality awaits you in Malaya where East and West meet so cordially... where the cultures and traditions of the East have blossomed through the centuries. Visit Penang, 'Pearl of the Orient'—an island of breathtaking beauty... lazy lagoons, excellent fishing and swimming. Picturesque Penang harbour dotted with sampans, junks, quaint craft and ocean liners. See the seven-tier pagoda of 10,000 Buddhas... the fabulous Snake Temple! Malacca, rich in 16th and 17th century history... the famous ruins of Dutch and Portuguese forts... ancient Chinese temples and churches. Kuala Lumpur, Malaya's capital, with its teeming, colourful bazaars... a modern metropolis but yet so charmingly Oriental. It is your take-off point for short flights to other exotic places in South East Asia. For you too the best in modern luxury... air-conditioned hotels, fast air-conditioned trains and efficient air and road travel throughout the country... and to think of it—

YOU ARE ONLY 12 FLYING HOURS AWAY FROM AN ENCHANTING HOLIDAY!



Sunrise from the Hill, left. Morning comes with a change of mood in sea and sky.



Kuala Lumpur's changing skyline—new buildings contrasting with the Moorish-style architecture of the Secretariat along Kuala Lumpur's famous Jalan Raja.



Makyong, oldest form of Malay drama, may be seen at festival times in the West Coast States of Malaya.



The huge Reclining Buddha of the "Meh Prasit Sumati" Siamese Temple at Ipoh—half-way town between picturesque Penang and Malaya's Capital city, Kuala Lumpur.

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P.O. Box 328, Kuala Lumpur, Federation of Malaya.



# Garlands for Dame Nellie

## AN OLD FRIEND

### REMEMBERS

● This bust of Dame Nellie Melba, sculptured by a fellow Australian, Bertram MacKenna, is at Covent Garden, where she had some of her greatest successes. In her heyday, Melba's power at Covent Garden was so great that her contract stipulated that her salary must always be higher than that of any other artist on the programme. One time, even Caruso got 1/- less! Melba, as Nellie Armstrong (her married name), was turned away by Sir Arthur Sullivan, of



Gilbert and Sullivan fame, when she first tried for a place in London's musical world. A year later she made her sensational debut in Brussels.

AS a gesture of remembrance to Australia's world-famous singer Dame Nellie Melba on the centenary of her birth on May 19, pictures of her in some of her famous roles or at her Australian home, "Coombe Cottage," Coldstream, Victoria, will be displayed in Melbourne theatres and clubs with a tribute of flowers beside each.

This centenary recognition of Dame Nellie was the thought of her old friend Mr. Tom Hazelton - Cochran, and he made personal approaches to theatres and clubs to organise it.

He supplied the pictures from his big collection of Melba photographs, four of which are reproduced here.



● As Desdemona in the opera "Otello," when she sang this role in a Covent Garden season before World War I, Nellie Melba's own dark hair falls softly over her shoulders. Melba's attention to the finest detail in all things is illustrated by her appearances as Desdemona. She always took her own bed linen to the theatre for the death scene. She abhorred disorder. One of her most treasured possessions in her dressing-room was a little silver kettle. Wherever she went it went, too, and not entirely for utilitarian reasons. "Melba liked to hear her kettle singing," her maid and dresser of many years once said. "Even when she didn't want any tea, she sometimes asked me to put it on so she could hear the cheery whistling of the steam." In her will Melba left it to her granddaughter, Pamela Armstrong, now Lady Vestey.



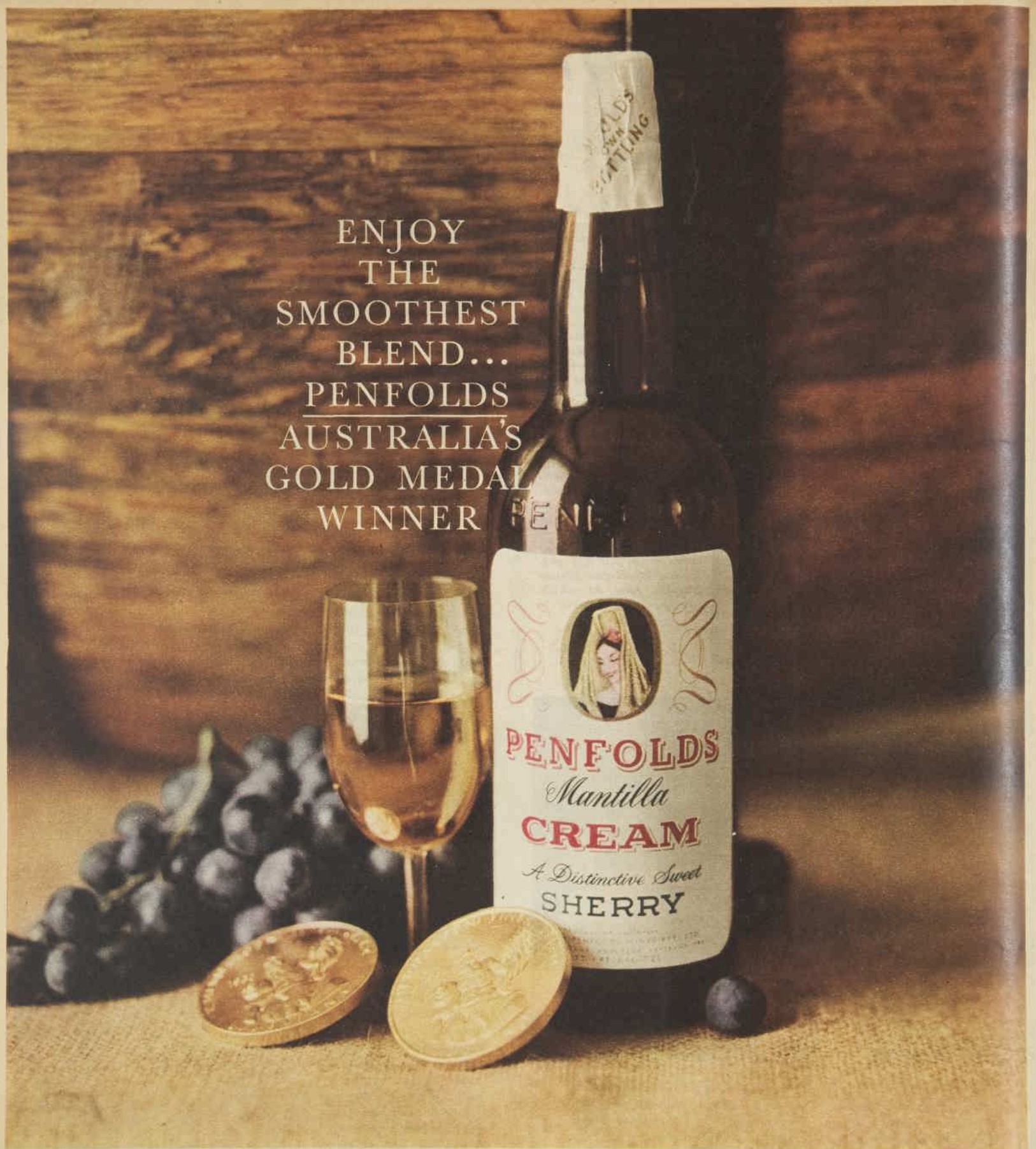
● Melba as Mimi in the cafe scene from Act II of "La Boheme" during her grand opera tour of Australia in 1924. With her are, from left, Gustave Huberdean, Dino Borgioli, and Alfred Maguenat. It was Melba who introduced "La Boheme" to opera programmes in England. Much against the will of the Covent Garden directors, she insisted on having it produced, refusing to sing at all if this now-famous work of Puccini's was not included. Melba's name is forever linked with that of Mimi and "La Boheme" for yet another reason. She was discussing epitaphs with a friend one day and he suggested that hers was obvious. "'Addio, senza rancor (Farewell, I wish thee well),' the words of Mimi, that role you loved so well," he said. "Yes, that is what I would like," she replied. Her son, George Armstrong, did not forget her wish, and so Mimi's farewell is written on Melba's simple tomb in the country cemetery at Lilydale, Victoria, not far from her home.

● With her adored "Bully" beside her, Melba sits near the swimming-pool at her Australian home, "Coombe Cottage." The house was crammed with treasures she had collected from all over the world, for she had the keenest eye for merit and period, and often discovered a good piece in a dusty corner or on a high, neglected shelf. She was not averse to striking a bargain, thanks to her Scottish ancestry, of which she was very proud. Her Scots blood also gave Melba her love of hospitality in her own home. But no guest ever sat down to a flower-decked dining-table. "Roast beef and roses don't go together" was one of her favorite sayings. Other dislikes were pictures hanging crookedly on a wall, and wired flowers—"botanical sadism," she'd say.





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# WILL HE BE TOP DOG?

## Dennis the Aussie is after the world title

BY MARGARET BERKELEY, staff reporter

● At Sydney's Kingsford Smith airport the other day a greyhound called Dennis Direct waited complacently to be taken aboard. His own Pan-Am travelling bag was with him, containing his food, water, and grooming gear—and his travelling tablets in case of airsickness.



● Dennis Direct, Australia's fastest greyhound, stands quietly in his travelling-cage ready for the jet journey to Miami, Florida.

Pictures by Jonathan Evetts.

HE sat on three inches of blue foam rubber and he wore an embroidered travelling cape. One of the notices on his cage said, "Dog-gone by Clipper," and another gave his new address: the Biscayne Kennel Club, Miami, Florida.

Judging by his record, performance, and fitness (66lb. of supple racing weight), Australians can bet on Dennis Direct when he runs against an international field of topline dogs in the Greyhound World Championship race on May 20.

The purse is 20,000 dollars—about £A9000.

This is the first time there has been an Australian entry in the championship race, which is organised by the wealthy Biscayne Kennel Club at its famous track.

Dennis Direct, two years seven months old, is rated as Australia's best prospect since 1945.

If he wins in America he will be top dog, indeed, and his owner-trainer, Max Wintle, of Northcote, Victoria, and his fans all over the country believe that, on his impressive record in the last year, he can do it.

### Much travelled

Only nine months ago the dog's potential was not realised. Mr. Wintle bought him cheaply—he had been racing at Victorian country tracks.

In 22 starts he has had 15 wins, three seconds, three thirds. The one race in which he was unplaced was just before he went down with a stomach infection last year.

"Dennis is probably the most-travelled greyhound in Australia," Max Wintle said, "and is quite at home in planes."

The dog has been flying between Sydney and Melbourne

nearly every week for the past few months.

Formalities for the trip had Max Wintle, Dennis Direct, and Max's travelling companion, St. Kilda footballer Lindsay Fox, traipsing round Melbourne for hours the day before they left for Sydney on their way to Los Angeles.

First they went to the Commonwealth Department of Agriculture for a health clearance for the dog. The certificate they received stated that Dennis Direct was free of all disease, and that Australia is a rabies-free country.

### Best sprinter

This certificate had to be stamped at the U.S. Consulate.

Then the dog's travelling cage and his special green velvet coat had to be collected.

Dennis Direct travelled in his cage in the pressurised hold of a Pan-American Airways Boeing jet.

The Biscayne Kennel Club in Miami has guaranteed Mr. Wintle 2500 dollars expenses for the trip, and he and Lindsay Fox intend being away six weeks.

By Plunkett's Pride out of Jean Kelly, Dennis Direct was whelped in October, 1958. From the same litter came Sprig o' Heather, also owned by Max Wintle.

This litter is one of the most successful bred by Mr. F. L. ("Wingy") Dicker, of Russell's Creek, outside Warrnambool. Mr. Dicker has been breeding greyhounds for many years.

Sprig o' Heather is the long-distance champion of Australia and Dennis Direct holds the Australian sprint championship, although he is generally classed as an all-rounder.

One of their grandsires, Chief Havoc, is claimed to have been the greatest greyhound ever bred.

Vince Flannery, of the Victorian Greyhound Agencies, who has spent a great deal of time in the past 18 months negotiating for an Australian entry in the world championship race, told me:

"Many people believe Australian greyhounds are the best in the world.

"Foolproof breeding regulations here make them the purest of the breed."

To Mr. Flannery, Dennis Direct's trip means the possible beginning of a large dollar-earning business.

"Jets have made all the difference to our hopes of sending greyhounds to the United States," he said.

"I can get a dog over there in 30 hours these days.

"I'm hoping that sending Dennis Direct will make an opening for Australian dogs over there and we may even have a team racing at the American event next year."

Vince Flannery is an expert at exporting dogs. Just recently he sent a kelpie to Nairobi in Kenya.

But Max Wintle doesn't intend to sell his greyhound.

He believes that the track at Miami should suit the dog.

"It is at sea-level and the temperature ranges between 70 and 85 degrees," he said. "These conditions are ideal.

"And the surface of the track there is much the same as our local track at North Melbourne."

Although Dennis Direct has proved adaptable to courses all over Australia, Mr. Wintle is being careful not to prejudice the dog's chances.

### Has milk, eggs

He took with him two gallons of water from his home at Northcote which he estimated would last Dennis until the race.

"Apart from that, Dennis will have his normal diet of meat, bread, and vegetables, and, in the mornings, milk, biscuits, and egg," he said.

Max is unmarried and lives with his mother, Mrs. Gladys Wintle. She "cried her eyes out" when the dog left—it had become a friend and companion as well as a breadwinner for the family.

Lindsay Fox is leaving his wife, Paula, baby daughter, Lisa Jane, and the League football season to go on the trip.



● At Sydney airport with his owner, Max Wintle, the greyhound wore a green velvet coat. It has a map of Australia on one side and "Dennis Direct" on the other, embroidered in gold.



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FATHER



"Emily said she was tired of looking at four walls, so I'm adding a couple more."

MOTHER



ELIZABETH MACINTYRE

"Would you mind reading to yourself now. I'm trying to go to sleep."

## It seems to me

**T**HIS time a fortnight ago millions of people thought the Americans were mad to risk telecasting their first man-into-space effort.

When the gamble paid off the same people (I was among them) changed their tune and applauded.

Now that the excitement has died down Americans are soberly aware that Russia is still a long way ahead in the space field.

But the live telecast is one "first" America can claim with pride.

It isn't hard to imagine what would have followed a failure, even if the astronaut himself had survived. The recriminations, the criticisms, and the gloom would have continued for months.

Regardless of where the blame was due, much of it would have fallen on President Kennedy, whose job includes shouldering mistakes of others—a heavy burden which is bound to squelch some of that jaunty boyishness before his term is over.

**T**HOUGH Commander Shepard was brave, I feel even more sympathy for the man who will figure in the next attempt planned for some time next month.

He will take as much risk for less glory. Suppose it is Lieut.-Colonel Glenn. Imagine the scene in 20 years' time. Someone introduces him, saying, "And this is Glenn—the space man, you know."

"Oh dear," says a lady in the gathering, "Were you the first or the second? I never can remember."

**T**HE first words spoken by Commander Shepard on emerging from the capsule have been variously reported as, "Boy, what a ride!" "Man, what a ride!" and "What a whale of a ride!"

In noting these discrepancies I am not criticising the reporters. I have too much fellow-feeling for the trade.

If you doubt the difficulty of reporting exact words at times of great excitement, just try questioning two or three people who were on the spot. The versions seldom tally.

I wondered at first whether Commander Shepard spent any time beforehand thinking about what he might say when he emerged. I doubt it. The astronauts are chosen for physical and mental balance and are unlikely to waste effort in rehearsing remarks for the history books.

**S**TUDENTS of children's behaviour say that the nursery rhyme is being ousted by the TV commercial.

This should be satisfying to the writers of advertising jingles, who sometimes feel that their work is quickly forgotten.

A hundred years hence scholars may study the origin of such jingles as earnestly as they searched for the source of Mother Goose.

By



Dorothy Drain

**C**IVIC authorities in Sydney intend to plant more berry-bearing trees in order to encourage bush-birds to live in the parks.

If you're an inner-city dweller who doesn't want to move to the outer suburbs you can understand the reluctance of a bush-bird to settle among the concrete. It's the same thing, only the other way round.

Says the bush-bird to his friend from the asphalt jungle: "I don't know how you stand it. Aren't you lonely with nothing but people for miles and miles?"

Don't you miss all your friends, the wallabies and the snakes?"

"Oh, it's not entirely uncivilised," replies the other. "You mustn't forget, the city isn't empty. There are pigeons, for instance."

"Pigeons," says the first with scorn. "But what on earth can you TALK to them about. They're so DULL. Why, some of them have never seen a creek. And look how far you are from the food centres."

"That's improving all the time," says the adventurous one stoutly. "And, besides, humans leave crumbs and things around. If you're not too fussy you can always live off the city."

**R**EPORTED from Hungary, a move to wean people away from their preference for traditional furniture.

Communist leaders say that "politically neutral modern furniture" is preferable.

A visit to capitalist countries would convince these worried theorists that you can't judge a householder's politics by the furniture. Everyone knows houses which are contemporary from sundeck to rumpus room.

What a stir you could create at a party in one of these, with its picture windows and indoor plants and funnel-shaped chairs, by saying in a surprised voice, "Fancy, I never realised that you were leftist!"

**B**ETTING shops are now legal in England. Under the new regulations the shops must not be too comfortable or attractive. They are not allowed to have television or refreshments and customers must not be "encouraged" to bet.

One pictures them, the powers that be,  
With many a frown and mutter,  
Deciding they'll at last agree  
To legalise a flutter.

Mid hums and ha's, announces one:  
"We need not feel so badly  
If nobody's allowed have fun,  
But takes his pleasures sadly.  
The customer can't claim we're lax,  
Our conscience clear and sunny,  
We'll gather in our share of tax,  
And let him lose his money."





LAVOISIER: Oxygen, Combustion and Respiration—reproduced here is one of a series of original oil paintings commissioned by Parke-Davis.

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Though individual scientists die, the spirit of unrelenting research to relieve man's ills goes on and on. It transcends barriers of time, of place, and of political stress, contributing to the ultimate benefit of peoples in all countries the world over.

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# Will Alex choose Hamilton?



● Princess Alexandra

## "Cupid Squad" won't say which one is the decoy

● "Cupid Squad" is the name given to friends of the Royals who have them to stay and provide a place where they can be alone and together out of the public eye when romance is in the air.

AS well, there is a "Decoy Squad" — eligibles who are simply asked along to provide a smoke-screen to a Royal romance.

Between them, speculation on a suitor for Princess Alexandra is continually rekindled.

It was sparked off again, quite suddenly, when Alexandra and Irishman Lord O'Neill were house guests at the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dunne.

According to a close friend of the Kent family, Henrietta Dunne and her husband are members of the Cupid Squad.

Though they pledged everybody, including the vicar, to secrecy when the young couple were their guests, the secret leaked out when all the members of the house-party went to church on Sunday.

In the house party was also Christopher Lloyd, a rich landowner, who was often host to Princess Margaret before her marriage.

Princess Alexandra is said to

have made arrangements to stay with him for a race meeting, and Lord O'Neill has been asked.

And no sooner were people wondering if they would announce their engagement this summer than invitations for the Princess to visit Japan, Burma, Thailand, and Hong-kong were hastily accepted.

This scotched the suggestion that Princess Alexandra's engagement would follow closely on the marriage of her brother, the Duke of Kent, to Katharine Worsley next month.

Currently in London speculation is that 24-year-old Princess Alexandra, born on Christmas Day, will announce her engagement at Christmas when she is back from her Far East tour, and the Queen is back from Ghana a few days before Christmas.

Everybody wants the Princess to be happy, and be happily married, and 27-year-old Ray O'Neill, with his Irish charm, his title—he is the fourth Baron O'Neill—his youth, his gaiety, business

sense, and background, is well received in Royal circles.

The Princess has known Lord O'Neill for 13 years. "Long enough for Princess Alexandra to know her own mind," said one friend.

But another close friend of the family said: "Ray O'Neill could so easily be acting as a member of the Decoy Squad."

By ANNE MATHESON,  
of our London staff.

The Marquess of Hamilton, brother of Princess Alexandra's lady-in-waiting, Lady Moira Hamilton, is also said to be in love with the young Princess.

The Marquess, who is a great friend of Lord O'Neill, spends much of his time at the Royal North of Ireland Yacht Club.

Ray O'Neill, who is an engineer with a garage business as well as his estates to look after, designed and built a jet speedboat for the Marquess.

Alex stays frequently with Lord Hamilton's parents, the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, at Baron's Court.

Sometimes Lord O'Neill is invited over to join the party. It is in London, however, that Princess Alexandra sees most of the dashing O'Neill.

When she returned from Nigeria, Lord O'Neill came

over to London where he has a Mews flat. They went to the pictures with friends, and dined and danced at quiet West End restaurants.

When quizzed about a possible engagement after Alex's Australian tour 18 months ago, O'Neill said: "It's all up in the air."

Since this indiscretion he has been particularly careful.

Commenting on his visit to London last autumn he said: "I am here to see the Motor Show." The give-away was when he and Alexandra were



● James, Marquess of Hamilton, son of the Duke of Abercorn. He will be 27 in July and has known Alex all her life.

OR  
will  
she  
marry

## Lord O'Neill?



● Lord O'Neill, 26, an Irish peer, who has been denying rumors of a romance with Alex since October, 1959. They met 13 years ago, when Alex was at Heathfield School with his sister.

seen in a Chinese restaurant, Fu Tong's, in one of the softly lit private cubicles.

Lord O'Neill and Princess Alexandra are both war orphans.

Ray's father was killed in action, and Princess Alexandra's father, the late Duke of Kent, died on active service.

Lord O'Neill's sister was at Heathfield with Alexandra, and they met at school concerts. At about the same time Alex began making friends in Northern Ireland.

She hunted with a North of Ireland pack, and at a fashionable hunt ball in England told members of the Quorn and Belvoir she had never enjoyed hunting more.

The Quorn Hunt were aghast that the Princess should prefer a little-known pack to their quite famous one.

Then one of the sager members said, "Could it be that Princess Alexandra is interested in some Irishman?"

Ray O'Neill's chances in the matrimonial stakes began to

soar when Princess Alexandra and he were invited to the Scottish home of Mr. and Mrs. David Butters.

They are the very king pins of the Cupid Squad.

Before that weekend, Lord Hamilton had been an unchallenged favorite.

He has known Alex all her life and was serving in Germany at the same time as her brother, the Duke of Kent.

Then Hamilton seemed to fade out of the picture.

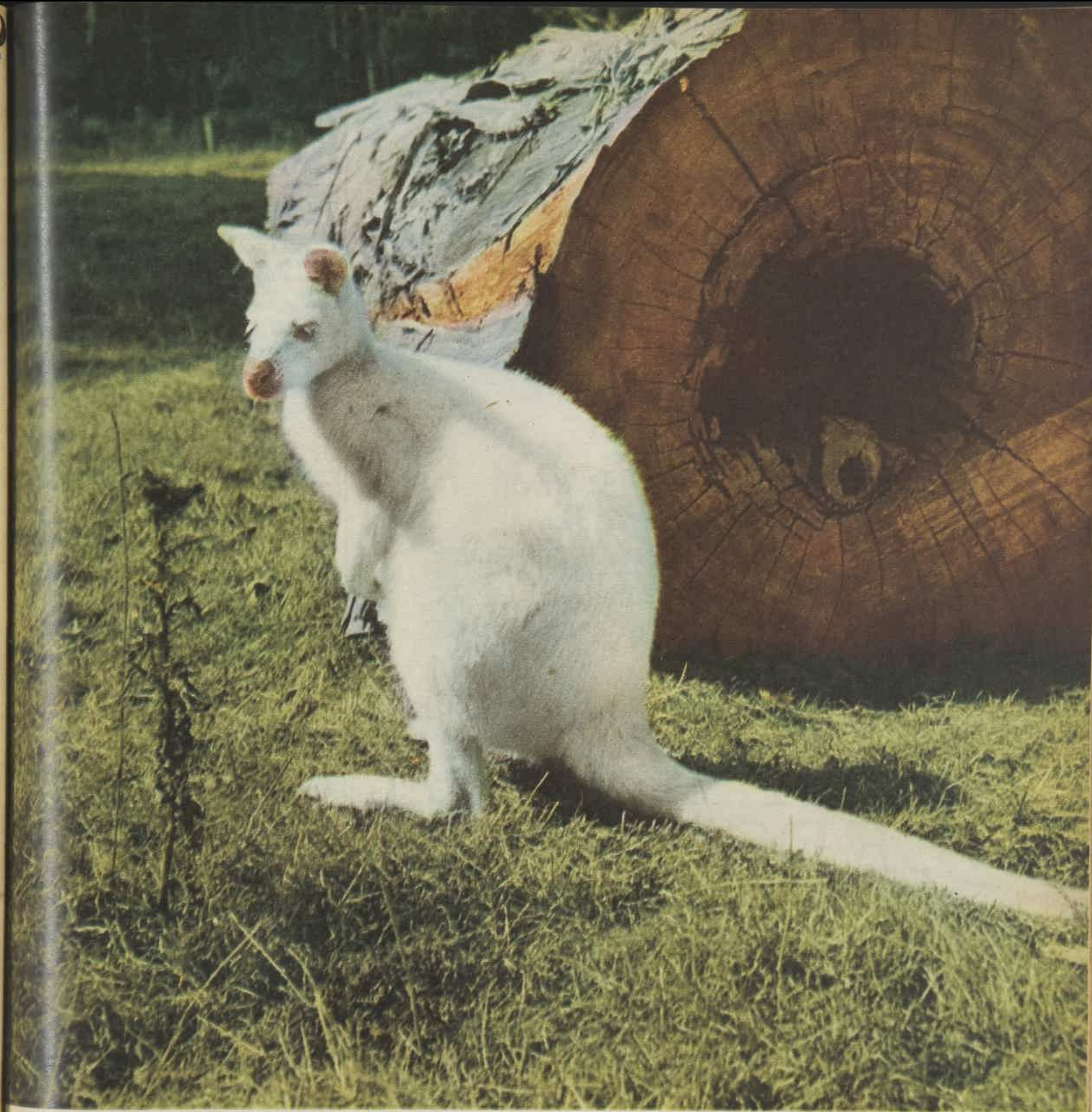
Further strengthening marriage rumors is a new modern Georgian house that Ray O'Neill has built on his Irish estates which Alex visited before its completion.

Those speculating on the possibility of Alex becoming engaged at Christmas think they are likely to find their biggest clue in the man chosen to escort her at her brother's wedding next month.

The speculators are certain that he is Lord O'Neill.

It is significant that they think the only other "possible" as Alex's escort is Hamilton.





Picture by Mr. D. Stevens, West Hobart, Tasmania.

## AUSTRALIAN NATURE

● A Bennett's wallaby is pictured. This particular one is a rare animal because it is an albino. It is four years old and was bred by Mr. B. O'Connor, of Benham Estate, Avoca, Tasmania, who presented it to the Russell Falls National Park (Tasmania), where it was photographed. Wallabies are found in all

States. The Bennett's wallaby (*Protemnodon rufogrisea*) is the species most commonly seen in Tasmania. Because of the cold highlands, the animals develop richer coats than most mainland wallabies, and they used to be heavily snared for their pelts. Nature produces albinos, but only occasionally.





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## SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By **MARY COLES**

**T**O enhance the "out of this world" atmosphere at the Moonmist Ball, which will be attended by the Governor, Sir Eric Woodward, and Lady Woodward at the Wentworth Hotel on May 20, to aid the St. John Ambulance Brigade, women guests will wear their most ethereal-looking pastel-shaded frocks, and wispy "clouds" will float over the heads of dancers.

The president, Mrs. Norman Jenkyn, confides that the "clouds" will be manufactured by a television effects machine, which Mr. Charles Moses (who'll be among guests with Mrs. Moses) has arranged to have installed in the ballroom.

And it's my guess that the Moonmist cocktail which Mrs. Jenkyn is whipping up from a top-secret formula to serve to friends in her party could also have a rocket-journey-into-space reaction!

**A**CCOLADE for the art of packing for a flying trip abroad goes to Mrs. John Laszlo, of Bellevue Hill. She left this week with 44lb. of luggage for every climate and occasion by selecting a strictly black-and-white wardrobe. Everything from tip to toe (from a white chiffon evening-gown to a black Persian lamb coat) can be worn together without any clashing of colors. It also meant that accessories were scaled down to the barest minimum, too.

**G**ROOM-ELECT Tony Williams is giving Mrs. Murray Lloyd, Mrs. Rolf Prager, and Robyn Walker such pretty little pearl brooches as a memento of the trio attending Judy Burnett at her marriage to Tony on June 2. Tony will be supported by Brian Gunnerson, Colin McLachlan, and Barry Bede at the ceremony, which will be at St. Swithun's Church. Afterwards, Judy's parents, Dr. and Mrs. R. Kent Burnett, will entertain about 130 guests at their home at Pymble. Tony and Judy are jubilant at the moment to have just found a flat in Beresford Rd., Rose Bay, as their future residence. Tony is the son of Colonel and Mrs. D.M. Williams, of Gordon.

**I** LOVED the savoir-faire of Mrs. Martin Wang, who calmly shrugged "new maid" when she mishandled several glasses which fell to the floor and smashed at her feet as she was serving the drinks to guests at a cheery luncheon she hosted at the Nanking Restaurant last week.

**W**HEN she returns from a visit to her sister, Mrs. Brian Kidney, of Santos, in the New Hebrides, Frances Harding, of Condobolin, will be godmother at the christening of Fiona Lydia, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brian Matthews, of "Koobah," Nundle.

**H**ONEYMOONERS Robin Schall and his bride, formerly Jenny Meares, timed their return from Brampton Island to take in the Cowra picnic races on May 19, when Jenny hopes to see her horses Veneto and Amontillado race to their third successive victories at this season's picnics. Carrying her colors (pale blue with black sleeves and red cap), Veneto and Amontillado, which were presents to Jenny from Melbourne friends Mr. and Mrs. Scobie Mackinnon, several years ago, both won their events at the recent Bedgerabong and Coradgery picnic meetings. The only cloud on Jenny's horizon on her wedding day was the date clashing with the Forbes picnics. After planning her wedding to follow the Forbes meeting, the fixture date was altered, and the wedding arrangements were too advanced to make a change.



**JUST WED.** Geoffrey Farrar, of Moree, and his bride, formerly Geraldene Moore, at reception at the Australia Hotel given by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Moore, of "Moorelands," Garah, after the wedding of the young couple at St. Joseph's Church, Edgecliff.



# HOLBROOK PICNIC RACES



**PICKING WINNERS.** From left, Elizabeth Wallace, of "Ring-A-Rah," Albury, Julia Ryan, of "The Havilah," Hoy, and Jenny Montague, of "Osterley," Wagga, guarded against the nip in the air at the meeting, dressed in tweeds.



**PRESIDENT** of the Holbrook Amateur Picnic Race Club, Mr. Jim Robinson, and his wife, of "Moombri" (couple on the left), with Mrs. L. A. R. Stafford, of "Kooyong," Tooma, and Perth visitor Elizabeth Boydell (on the right), at cheery alfresco luncheon given by Mr. and Mrs. Robinson after the first race at the club's recent Golden Jubilee meeting. Mrs. Stafford and her husband, and Elizabeth, who is Mrs. Robinson's niece, were house-guests at "Moombri" for the meeting.



**BETWEEN RACES.** From left, Joanna Hardy, of "Bandella Park," Bundella, Ron Sutherland, of "Seaton Vale," Yarrick, Victoria, and Joanna McLochlan, from Adelaide. They were among guests entertained at "Wantagong," Holbrook, by Mr. Norman McMillan and his wife.



**DANCERS** at the ball in the Shire Hall after the Holbrook Amateur Picnic Race Club's Golden Jubilee meeting included committee member Robert Bowler and his wife, of "Bethana," Holbrook. Golden decorations were a feature of the ball, which was preceded by a number of cheery dinner-parties.



**GUESTS** at dinner-party given by Mr. and Mrs. Norman McMillan at their home, "Wantagong," Holbrook, after the races, included, from left, Mary Brownless, of "Broome," Jerilderie, Ron Little, of "Glenappin," Avenel, Victoria, Jenny Vile, of "Lyndhurst," Brocklesby, and David Wallace, of Albury.




**CONGRATULATIONS** were showered on Robin McLaurin and Geoffrey Scott when they announced their engagement after the races. Robin is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert McLaurin, of "Spring Valley," Holbrook, and Geoffrey is the son of Mr. Dudley Scott, of "Hillgrove," Ladysmith, and the late Mrs. Scott.




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# TV has opened up rich new horizons

By NAN MUSGROVE

● The status of the viewer has fascinated me ever since TV's arrival nearly five years ago caused the biggest social upheaval since the First Fleet.

RIGHT from the start, the dominating and disruptive influence of TV has been unchallenged, but its viewer status hasn't.

At first the presence of a set in the living-room meant simply family wealth. But later, as many viewers sampled TV's delights by way of hire purchase and programmes were largely old American serials, it became rather non-U to be a TV fan.

People murmured (or shouted) about opiates, turned on entertainment, the refuge of the dull mind, and the closing-in of mental horizons. After a few years and the tremendous improvement in programmes, it became U to like TV.

Today it is generally accepted as part of modern living, the same as is the telephone, hot water over the sink, and radio — a desirable service in the house, a box that can be mute or magic.

Now at this stage—as are most other viewers—I was quite shocked recently to overhear this conversation in a bus:

"They think I'm very uppish at work, I know," an elderly woman said. "I have a set, of course, but it just stands there. I can't find anything I want to look at."

"I like a good book." So do I. But time and the pace of modern living debar most people from reading enough to replace TV.

On a recent weekend, for instance, on TV you could watch a first-class football match, a number of films, live-interview shows, variety, sail the South Seas, watch the

Churchill memoirs or American's first astronaut, Commander Shepard, in flight.

The TV cover of the flight was outstanding, and a major achievement in processing and time when you think that Australians watched it less than 38 hours after blast-off — and please do not bring up the question of the international date line.

The astronaut's flight must have been super-colossal tension viewing in America, where it was a simultaneous telecast, with the outcome unknown.

It was tense enough as it was. I got in quite a state as I watched Shepard's special nurse on the launching pad counting her rosary beads; and waited through the hold-up in the count-down two minutes before the rocket blasted off.

Later in the week Shepard's Press conference was telecast. It was both entertaining and instructive. I had expected it only to be instructive.

All the astronauts were there. It's obvious that all of them really have the art of relaxing to a big degree, and that life is not all real and earnest to them. There were lots of laughs throughout the interview.

It was obvious, too, that part of Commander Shepard's "de-briefing" had been in how to give guarded answers to awkward questions.

He came through as a warm, likeable personality, despite his space-age look and chimpanzee haircut.

I'm sorry for the woman in the bus who is too uppish to watch TV. She misses wonderful entertainment, wonderful new horizons.

## Good show—wrong time

"EMERGENCY WARD 10," A.B.C.-TV's new weekly show from England's commercial TV, looks as if it could be a winner.

"Could be," because the A.B.C. has chosen to show it at 8.30 p.m. on Tuesdays, against two of TV's highest-rated shows, "Perry Mason" and "The Untouchables."

At this stage in these long-running shows, you'd think there may be a big audience glad to see something different at 8.30, but this is not

so. Neither "Perry" nor "The Untouchables" suffers from over-exposure, and they don't leave a great many viewers over for any new show, no matter how good.

"Emergency Ward 10" is a good show, too. (In England they're up to the 400th episode and it's rated one of the most popular shows ever.)

Local boy Charles ("Bud") Tingwell, who went to England seeking fame and fortune several years ago, has found it in the leading role of Dr. Dawson, and does well.

"Emergency Ward 10" — never, never confuse it with that dreadful local production of some years back called "Emergency"—is a TV series with a difference. It's a real serial—the weekly episodes are not complete in themselves.

The first patient, after three episodes and a big operation, is not out of the wood yet, and other patients are crowding into the story.

If you like hospitals and real-life drama, "Emergency Ward" is your dish.

## Robert Stack as a bullfighter

IT was interesting to see "The Bullfighter and the Lady" the other night, a good film made in 1951 about an American sportsman who visits Mexico and becomes a bullfighter.

The sportsman was none other than Robert Stack of "The Untouchables," 10 years younger. He was just a good-looking stripling, without any of the dourness of Eliot Ness. He did a good job, too, but I'm sure Bullfighter Stack would shout a very loud Ole! for Untouchable Stack across the 10-year gap. He's a much better actor today, and he has made money, too.

★ ★ ★  
TIMES certainly change, but men, apparently, have been the same for centuries.

I felt for poor Mistress Pepys in a recent episode of the A.B.C.'s fascinating TV serial "The Diary of Samuel Pepys," set in the 17th century—to be exact, 1666.

Mistress Pepys had really got herself up, regardless, for a grand ball, with a daring gown and new hairstyle to show off her new "fair-colored hair." With her toilet completed, she sent for her husband to dazzle him with the effect. Master Pepys arrived, took one look, and sounding very like a man of 1961 said, undazzled: "Whatever have you done to your hair?"

I know exactly how poor Mistress Pepys felt.

## Gunsmoke's happy return

THREE hearty cheers for the return of "Gunsmoke" on Channel 9, at 9.30, Fridays, from May 19.

I could never understand why "Gunsmoke" was "rested." I think it's still unchallenged as the best show of any type on TV. Its characterisation is outstanding, its stories are good, and its production polished.

"Gunsmoke" has survived the current American down on Westerns.

It is more popular than ever, and this season it has been expanded into an hour show, which should make it better than ever.



DRAMATIC operating-theatre scene from "Emergency Ward 10," new A.B.C.-TV show. Frederick Bartman (left) and Charles ("Bud") Tingwell, well-known Australian who stars as Dr. Dawson, conifer. More than 400 episodes of this serial, one of England's highest-rated shows, have been made.



ERIC SYKES (with guitar), who writes and stars as himself in his new show, with Hattie Jacques, his TV twin sister, and Richard Wattis, who plays Brown, his pompous next-door neighbor.

## Eric Sykes uproarious

IF you are looking for a laugh, watch "Eric Sykes," a new B.B.C.-TV comedy show on Channel 2, Wednesdays at 7.30, which replaces the ebullient Jimmy Edwards and "Whacko!"

Sykes is much funnier than Edwards, I think, and is supported by mammoth comedienne Hattie Jacques as his TV sister. Hattie, whom you may recall in the very funny English "Carry on" films, is grandly fat, and bulldozes her delightful way through each episode.

Sykes writes as well as stars in his show. (He's the author and star of radio's "Educating Archie.") The first show in the series, "Sykes and a Movie Camera," was an uproar for anyone who has ever suffered friends' enthusiasm for their own home movies—and who hasn't?

more desperate the episode, the bigger the laughs. — Esquire, Sydney.

In a word . . . NOSTALGIC.

## ★ ALL HANDS ON DECK

Pat Boone's pleasant singing lends some tone to this naval scramble. Crammed with flat slapstick, the comedy centres on Lieutenant Pat's romance with a perky reporter. Though the cast work overtime for laughs—utilising the admiral's inspection routine and other familiar nautical gags—their effort is unrewarded. —Regent, Sydney.

In a word . . . DISAPPOINTING.

## Movie gossip

DORIS DAY and Red Skelton are just two of the 10 or 15 personalities who will appear in M.G.M.'s 4,000,000-dollar color film, "Jumbo," concerning circus life. Circus acts from all over the world will be featured.

BETTY HUTTON and Pete Candoli, her husband of just a few months, have reconciled after breaking up in London — where Miss Hutton was on a personal appearance tour. "We've talked everything over," Candoli said, "and things are fine

again. My wife lost an expected baby in London and we both wanted it very much. The loss contributed to our anxiety and stress."

JANET MUNRO, the pert young London actress who shot to the heights of star billing via a long-term Disney contract, has returned to London to make a film for director Val Guest called "The Day The Earth Caught Fire." With Hollywood and the Walt Disney contract behind

her, Miss Munro will play the heroine in this story about an H-Bomb test that goes wrong. Her co-star, unlike the pixies she had in "Darby O'Gill" and the horses in "The Horsemasters," will be a rugged, virile six-footer named Edward Judd, for whom big things are predicted.

KIM NOVAK has been away from Hollywood for nearly a year. When she went to New York she decided to sell her mansion in Hollywood, but couldn't find buyers. Now she's back—and happy that she didn't sell.

## \*\*\*\*\* Film Reviews \*\*\*\*\*

### With MIRIAM FOWLER ★★ DAYS OF THRILLS AND LAUGHTER

This is a riotous feast for Keystone fans. With instructive who's who patter, the film races through rib-tickling thrillers, melodramas, and comedies, all featuring a favorite silent star. Charlie Chaplin delights, with his unique talent; Douglas Fairbanks, sen., displays gymnastic skill in daring rescues; Harry Houdini performs incredible feats at dizzy heights. The





# No high-life for Sir Alec

● Hollywood rolled out the red carpet for Britain's great entertainment export, Sir Alec Guinness, when he visited there for the first time in six years to make "Majority of One."

TO Lady Guinness, who accompanied him, Hollywood was a new experience. Sir Alec, the most self-effacing man in film business, has never grown accustomed to living the life of a goldfish in a bowl.

Sir Alec Guinness made up as a Japanese businessman for his role in "Majority Of One."

The film colony soon realised that the Guinness' are not social gadabouts. The actor would rather spend his spare time reading detective stories

than joining in the mad party round. A few close friends, including director Peter Glenville and producer Jimmy Wolfe, visit them.

Soon after their arrival, Sir Alec and Lady Guinness settled into a modest bungalow above Sunset Boulevard. One in a row of ten, the house has a pleasant view, a swimming-pool, and a comfortable, cheery atmosphere.

In "Majority of One" Sir Alec plays an Oxford-educated Japanese, and in his usual thorough style spent considerable time in Japan — en route to America — preparing himself for his role. The star soaked up local atmosphere and polished the language he had previously studied.

Sir Alec deserves his success. His work-day begins at 7 a.m., when he arrives at his dressing-room and is made up for his role.

He has a light breakfast, then turns on his tape recorder to refresh his mind with pre-recorded Japanese dialogue. By 9 a.m. he's before the cameras and works straight through — with only an hour's break for lunch — till 6 p.m., when his limousine calls to whisk him home.

★ ★ ★  
PAUL ANKA, who at 18 has become one of the richest and most successful recording stars in the world, will invade the motion-picture field as a producer. Anka has established his own Spanka Productions and bought three stories, "Valencia," "Yank," and "Tonight is Mine." The star says he'll make "Valencia," but not star in it. The other two will have him playing the lead roles.

★ ★ ★  
"GLAMOR," once a prime requisite for Hollywood's actors and actresses, but which has given way to the studiously sloppy beatnik appearance, is once again the order of the day at 20th Century-Fox Studios' talent school. The studios' glamor-era revival is being organised by Pamela Danova, a former British actress and the new talent head at Fox. "We want to have a stable of good actors and actresses who will be well spoken, well mannered and well equipped for their screen careers," Miss Danova said. "We want glamor to come back to the screen."

★ ★ ★  
LIZ TAYLOR and Eddie Fisher, now that they've settled down permanently in Hollywood, are cultivating solid friendships — something they've never before bothered to do. Recently the pair drove to Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer's rented Beverly Hills villa for supper. And frequently the Fishers and the Natalie Wood-Bob Wagners exchange social visits.

★ ★ ★  
WHILE filming "Exodus" in Israel, Sal Mineo bought a baby donkey for his co-star, Jill Haworth, for about 7/9. The donkey's smell bothered Sal, so he paid about 25/- to have it washed. Jill was thrilled with her present, but couldn't keep it at the King David Hotel — so Sal boarded it at a nearby farm for five dollars a week. Now Sal is back in Hollywood, and says that when he left Israel he couldn't find a buyer for the donkey. Result? Sal is sending a monthly cheque to the farmer caring for the animal to cover the cost of oats and hay.

★ ★ ★  
ELVIS PRESLEY practically cleaned out the socks, shirts, and slacks departments at his favorite Hollywood haberdashery before leaving for Hawaii to make his new film, "Blue Hawaii." After he arrived in the islands, Elvis wired the same shop to send him a dozen Hawaiian shirts. All told, Presley spent 3000 dollars (£A1500) to outfit himself for his stay in Honolulu.



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**Wool Zealons:** New designs, latest patterns in comfortable Wool Zealons. Half Hose 12/6. Short length 10/6

**Crew Sox:** Modern crew styling in comfortable, long wearing Wool Zealon. Bright stripe top. Short length 10/6





*"THE BLUE ANGELS." They're four flying experts in the U.S. Navy whose deeds, in the air and on the ground, make a dramatic series. They are (from plane tail to nose) Warner Jones, Dennis Cross, Don Gordon, Mike Galloway.*

## TV's Just Men — and Angels

● Australian viewers are now enjoying two exciting new series of half-hour episodes which feature eight heroes. There are four "Blue Angels," who are American Navy flying heroes, and "Four Just Men," who in London, Paris, New York, and Rome fight against injustices. The latter series is English-made, and is based on novelist Edgar Wallace's famous characters. At present "The Four Just Men" is showing in Sydney and Adelaide, and "The Blue Angels" in Sydney and Melbourne. It is expected that other viewers throughout Australia will see them soon.



*"THE FOUR JUST MEN." This group of TV "do-gooders" shows (from left) Richard Conte, Dan Dailey, Jack Hawkins, and Vittorio De Sica.*

**SHOW BUSINESS**



Gardening was just another of Julie's jobs, but when Mike came along she found someone to lend a hand

IT is a sad and indisputable fact, as my father sometimes ironically points out, that throughout the centuries human nature remains pretty much the same. The laws of nature are inscrutable and profound, and those instincts which govern human behaviour defy, as any philosopher will tell you, all attempts at rationalisation. Further, if there is any truth in the well-known saying that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world, then the fact that men are just great helpless babies at heart is equally self-evident.

Nor will they ever allow themselves to be improved or made better or less heedless in any way. No matter how cleverly you think you'll manage things, nature or circumstances, or just plain tender-heartedness, will, in the end, prove to be too much for you. And once you start doing things for them, even the simplest little thing like stitching on a button or frying a piece of bacon, the chances are you'll wake up like I did and find you've taken on the job for life.

As Great-Aunt Agatha says, it seems to be Woman's Work, and there's no escaping fate. Even I didn't manage it. And I tried.

Although, admittedly, it is a little—different—for a husband.

The whole thing began the day my brother Bill announced he'd invited a fellow student to stay with us for a week or two until his landlady returned from the country. We were all sitting dreamily at the breakfast table, admiring the latest batch of picture-postcards from our Aunt Aggie, who was holidaying with her usual dignified abandon in Positano.

Bill must have sensed my outraged stare.

"You know Aunt Aggie would have insisted on his coming here! It would be positively base to leave him to fend for himself in those dreary digs. He's nice!"

"As if," I said indignantly, "as if I hadn't enough—!"

"But, Julie," said Bill with earnest charm, "Mike's different from our usual people. You'll like him. He paints in his spare time!"

"Good heavens. An artist now! What next!" I thought.

Kit, my younger brother, who was exactly twelve, leaned forward with some eagerness. "Modern? Or traditionalist in style?" he asked in an interested voice; and my father, who'd been gazing mystically out of the window wrapped in his own eclectic train of thought, suddenly murmured poetically: "Spring! . . . Upon thy painted eyelids . . ."

Bill said, "Oh, strictly modern, I fancy."

"Worse and worse!" I thought. "Post-impressionism and surrealism. Braque, Seurat, Picasso."

"Be decent, Julie," Bill said, launching a direct attack on my feelings. "Mike O'Halloran's all alone in the world except for an old grandfather. This," he finished pathetically, "will be his first taste of real home life for quite a while."

I took a deep breath and surveyed my three men with despair and rage. Bill, who was clever and blond and very charming; Kit, another long-lashed blond who was even more charming; and my father, who held with distinction the chair of Medieval History at the University, and who was the cleverest and most charming of them all. (My own talents were more down to earth and practical. Somebody has to do the washing-up.)

"If," I said, "you all think it's fair—"

Kit heaved a dramatic sigh. All the family has an instinct for dramatic situation and a gift for making the most of it. Usually Aunt Aggie and I quite enjoy these concerted histrionics. But I'd wakened up cross and tired that morning, and this display of temperament only irritated me further.

"The entire water system's started groaning once more. The cold water almost refused to run again this morning!" I announced loudly.

They looked shocked, astonished.

"Possibly an air lock," Bill pronounced.

"The thing is, how did an air lock get in?" asked Kit. He stared at me gravely as though I myself had been guilty of putting it there. "It may be the pipes," he went on. "They are very old. Though probably it's to do with pressure. Perhaps we should have the tank moved higher. Or lower perhaps."

"Tank?" said my father vaguely. "That reminds me of a car we had when I was a boy. Something to do with gravity feed. Direct from petrol tank into carburettor. Sheer vintage!" He smiled reminiscently round the table.

"I should ignore it," said Bill wisely. "These things have a way of righting themselves if you leave them alone."

Bill always acted on the true scientist's assumption that that which is not proven does not in fact exist.

"The lawn needs cutting," I said inexorably. "I have potatoes to dig. Cabbages to hoe. Sweet peas to tie up and stake."

They gazed at me with guilty sorrow. "I believe," said my father, skirting the awkward silence, "they have invented some new kind of lawn. Needs cutting about once in five years or some such thing!"

"Like velvet," Bill nodded. "Lush but expensive. One day, Julie, when we get rich, we'll give you a new lawn."

They stared at me expectantly, lovingly.

"Your jacket has two buttons missing," I said severely to Kit.

"How dare you disgrace your family? Go and change at once." I sipped my coffee thoughtfully. "That makes the third jacket of Kit's which is almost denuded of buttons. I now have twelve shirts, four jackets, three topcoats, four lab coats and three raincoats—all needing buttons," I said forlornly. "I simply cannot understand what you all do with your buttons." I drained my coffee cup. "I wish Aunt Agatha would hurry back from her holiday."

Outside the church clock chimed the half-hour. "Heavens!" they cried in chorus. "We shall be late!"

"My notes! My lecture notes!" moaned Bill.

"Where is my pipe?" my father asked agitatedly.

"Bill," I said, "your notes are where you left them. Father—your pipe is here—burning a hole in your pocket! Kit—your gloves!"

Laughing, protestingly amicably, I propelled them to the door.

"Goodbye! Goodbye!" they carolled, sidestepping skilfully the broken flagstones which for months past they had been promising to mend. At the gate they turned and waved, and then, a closely knit, harmonious body, they moved off down the road.

I stood staring after them for a moment and, like a tide threatening to engulf me, remembered all the tasks waiting urgently to be done.

Aunt Agatha had only been gone for three weeks, and already it seemed like forever. This was the first time I had been left to manage the house alone and the strain was beginning to tell.

It was a lovely house with big windows and high ceilings and rather impressive cornices to the rooms, and a wide sweep of staircase admired for its symmetry and grace. But today I could think only of its drawbacks; the huge, old-fashioned fireplaces so difficult to keep clean, the antiquated plumbing, the hot-water supply that always let us down.

"It's too much," I thought. "All the house and all the garden. And then," I thought as I stacked the breakfast dishes and carried them into the kitchen, "as if all that isn't enough they have to wish on me this artist fellow."

I had intended to spend the whole day in the garden, but now I resolutely turned my back on it. The thing is, I told myself, not to panic. Success in any sphere depends on method. Just start at the beginning and carry on soberly and methodically until everything is done. First things first and the rest will follow. First—stoke the boiler. Clean out the kitchen fire. Tidy the bathroom . . . And, above all, I thought as I surveyed the chaos on the bathroom floor, keep calm and keep your temper.

Save me from genius, artists, and clever men, I told myself as I dusted and swept. Just give me a man who is practical. A wonderful man who can do things. Sew on a button. Cook a meal. Darn a sock.

However, the courtesies of hospitality, once learned, are not easily abandoned. When everything was finished, I took down from the wall Durer's peaceful "Hands in Prayer" (the last occupant of the spare room had been a noted divine), and from a corner of the attic I brought down a very modern painting, consisting of great blobs and swirls of vivid color, entitled "Desolation," and hung it in its place. I stared at it thoughtfully for a while, and then I went downstairs and stared thoughtfully at the kitchen sink.

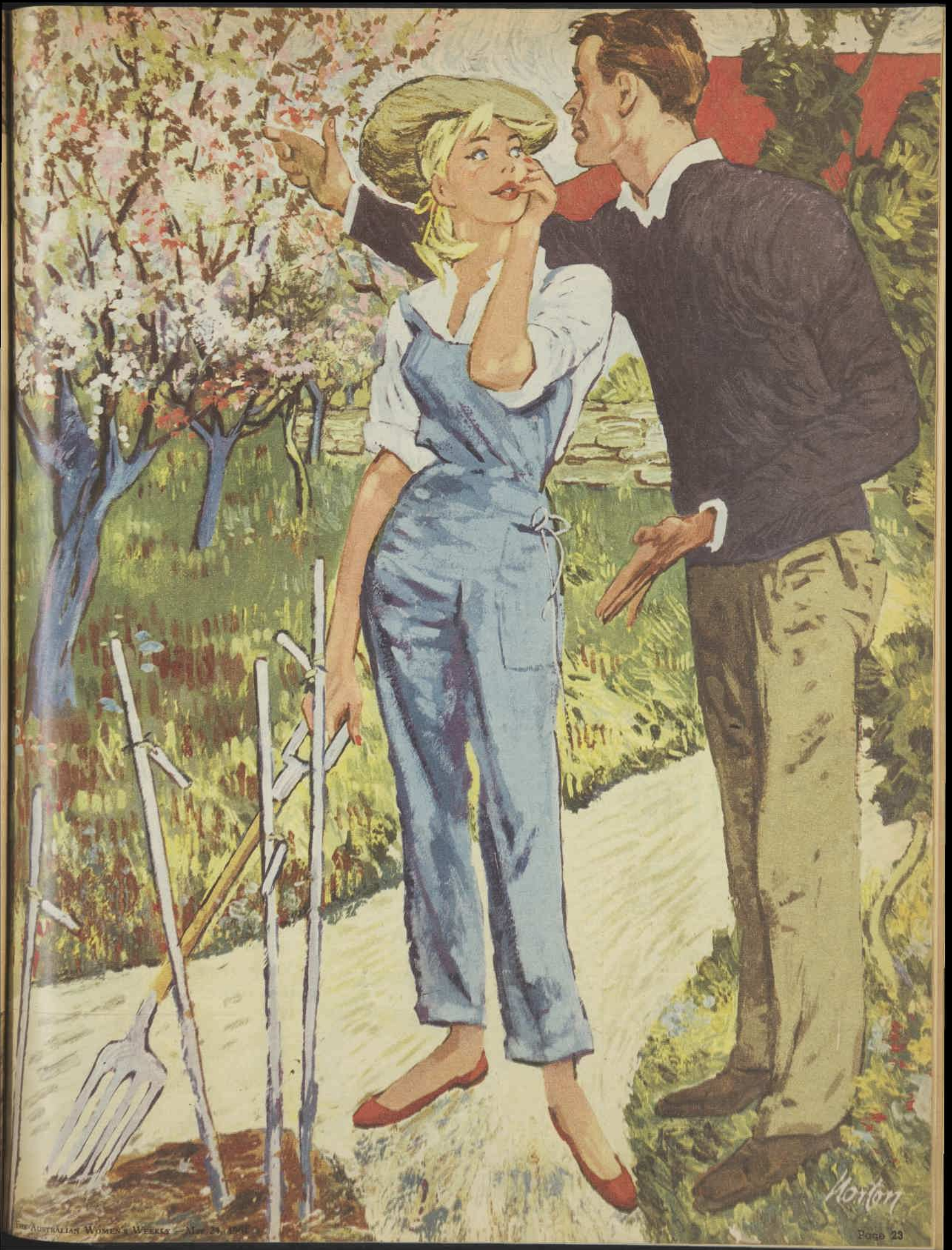
"It's very hot," I thought. "I'll just go out into the garden for a minute and do a few things to the pentstemons to refresh my jaded spirits. The painter won't be here for ages yet."

I pulled on some overalls, somewhat faded and ragged at the

To page 50

# Woman's Work









Shower shedding coat in multi-coloured wool and terylene fine check. Can be worn with or without sash.

# Worth Reporting

SOME say that Hollywood's box-office brawn boy Steve (Hercules Goliath) Reeves is responsible for the boom in masculine body-building.

Psychologists say it's part of a revolt by the young male against the female-dominated body-beautiful caper. Whatever the cause, fitness clinics, barbell clubs, health studios (the word gym is out) aren't complaining.

They're expanding city premises, branching out in suburbs in order to help young males — 9 to 19 — develop strong-man vital statistics.

Sydney alone now has 100 city and suburban studios (25 gyms a year ago). Even the Y.M.C.A., with its long-distinguished record for promoting athletic prowess, is now boosting its "Body-building, Weight-lifting Courses for Schoolboys and Youths."

Why? — we asked several studios where teenagers were tugging, pulling, pedalling, heaving at incredible contraptions guaranteed to add inches to pectorals (chest), laterals (back), biceps (arms), and deltoids (shoulders).

"Well," said Bill, in charge of one group, "the kids are mainly interested in developing the Wedge shape."

The wedge? "Yes, the broad-shouldered, tapering waist of the Gladiator — the Steve Reeves Look. You must have seen Steve's fantastic lateral spread as he pulled down temples in 'Last Days of Pompeii'."

"Of course, not many boys may hope to achieve Steve's calf measurements — they're classed as one of the eighth wonders of the world. They measure 18½ inches."

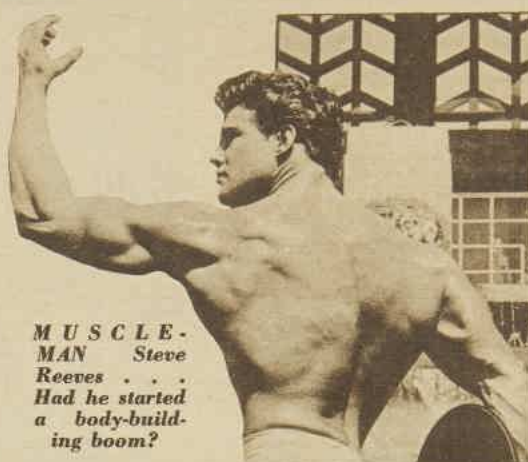
"No, truly. He reckons he developed those as a teenager pushing bikes up San Francisco hills, but ordinary guys' calves are hard to push to those heights. You've got to be born with them. You can add a whole inch to your arm while you're adding a quarter to your calf."

From location in Rome, where the ex-Mr. Universe of the Golden Calves is now completing his latest money-spinner, "Siege of Troy," Steve has encouragement for his perspiring Australian fans:

"Now that I'm getting good speaking roles (once he lost them when actors refused to stand beside him with their shirts off) I'm still holding out in my contract for at least two scenes in which I take off my shirt."

"I owe this to my fans — that's the way they got to know me."

★ ★ ★  
ADVICE to employers from Mr. A. J. D. Pearson, managing director of the aero-engine division of Rolls-Royce: "Never give a man a title instead of a rise — although this is a real temptation. A man will often thank you sooner for a title because his wife thinks more of the title than she does of the money."



MUSCLE-MAN Steve Reeves . . . Had he started a body-building boom?

SEEN in South Kensington: A young curate reading a magazine called "Saint" in a coffee-bar called "Hades."

## Dame Sybil played Bach

IN TOWN — Australian-born B.B.C. producer Trafford Whitelock, 40, making his first visit home to Sydney in 10 years.

Trafford, in addition to producing musicals and straight plays, budgets and casts two of the B.B.C.'s most popular European-broadcast programmes, "London Mirror," and "London Lights."

His "scoops" on these, which feature leading London art and theatre personalities, recently included Dame Sybil Thorndike giving a piano recital of Bach.

"I'd learned that she used to practise the piano for nine hours a day until, aged 19, she gave it away for the stage," said Trafford. "She's absolutely wonderful — at 80, vital, ageless, and entertaining."

An A.B.C. producer, actor, playwright, when he left to "try his luck in London," Trafford is still writing, and has just finished a musical adaptation of Daisy Ashford's "The Young Visitors."

As befitting a Man about West End, Trafford was elegantly attired in the "very latest" in London travel wear — Tyrolean hat and reversible short raincoat, checked side out.



TRAFFORD WHITELOCK . . . a man of London's West End.

## Ten million happy pounds

BEAUTIFUL redheaded actress Jill St. John, who last year married Barbara Hutton's son Lance Reventlow AND £10,000,000, is very happy about being happy when everybody wants her and Lance to be unhappy.

She explained in a recent interview:—"A lot of people would like to think that Lance and I are unhappy."

"One day Lance and I were sitting and talking beside the fireplace, and Lance said to me, 'Are you unhappy?'"

"Of course not," I said. "Are you?"

"No," he said. "I can't understand why everyone wants us to be unhappy."

"So," continued Miss St. John, "we're fooling everyone and it's giving me great delight to do it."

"DESPITE the advance of science, the poisoning business since the Borgias has remained pretty much the same. Arsenic is still the most popular."

We have this from 78-year-old Professor Sir Sydney Smith, one of the world's greatest scientist-detectives, who is writing a book on poisoners through the ages.

Sir Sidney, whose microscope has sent dozens of murderers to the gallows, hopes his book will be out before the end of the year.

## Margaret eats like father

WHEN Princess Margaret eats at Kensington Palace, specially small tableware is laid for her.

She uses a cheese knife for a dinner-knife and tea-forks as dessert forks.

The National Jewellers' Association says this preference is not only due to the Princess' tiny hands. It's hereditary.

"We believe that her father, King George VI, always had his place set with small tableware," said a spokesman. "Although the Queen has normal-size tableware at Buckingham Palace now."


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As the mighty elephant turned in preparation for a charge, Chakravarti, cool and unafraid, levelled his rifle directly at it

THAT year the monsoon was late. Nothing grew, and relief had to be sent from other parts of India. In the forests, riverbeds did not fill with rearing, dirty water as usual, but remained an empty blaze of white stones. When there was breeze, the jungle rattled.

Mr. Chakravarti, a Forest Officer in the worst-hit area, was much concerned about the trees in his charge and the increased danger of fire.

Being an educated, merciful man, he worried also about the wild animals; and when he could spare men for an hour or two they dug in likely places along the dried-up jheels and nullahs where they could feel dampness, making holes in which water could collect. By morning, small pools had appeared, surrounded by animal footprints.

Among the creatures who visited these mud buckets was a wild tusker elephant. He could drink from such places, but he could not bathe in them; and he was an animal who required plenty of water—who would go to any lengths to get it.

His favorite pool had not yet dried out—it was saved by clay underneath, and trees around it—but one day Chakravarti pitched his camp by it. Of course, the men saw elephant tracks—tiger and panther, too, for that matter—but they planned to be here only one night, needing the water for the camp animals. Anyway, it had come through on the radio that the monsoon had at last reached Bombay, so it would soon be here, bringing water for everybody.

Mr. Chakravarti was a good-looking young Indian who laughed a lot, showing splendid teeth; a sunny, lucky chap, liked by all.

But he had trouble with Bachi Ram. Bachi Ram had come to him as an orderly. Now here was a big fellow, fond of himself and inclined to be surly, possibly because of shyness, but Chakravarti saw through all that to the qualities of strength and service that were there, too; and, being a born leader, able to choose men, he decided to give this man a chance.

Bachi Ram put on the uniform, and looked very well in it. He wound his turban with great care, and placed himself on the verandah of the headquarters' bungalow like a Royal sentry before a palace. From a distance, his wife and children admired him, which was pleasant; and when he was anywhere near a bazaar he walked down it and impressed the girls. But now they were in camp, miles from anywhere.

At this time, of course, all the strength of the Forest Department was directed to the prevention of fire—Chakravarti often slept in his clothes—and most of the outbreaks were quickly got under control. But the night they camped by the pool, there was a big one, five miles away, probably caused by careless grangers, and for a time it looked as if the flames were going to win.

Every man in camp had to turn out to help fight the fire by counter-fire and beating. In the wind and roar and tempestuous light, Chakravarti noticed that Bachi Ram was not present.

Throughout the night Chakravarti and his men fought the fire, and not till morning was it under control. Then, with eyes still hurting because of smoke, he returned to camp, where Bachi Ram, glorious in his uniform, welcomed them.

The Forest Officer was filthy and exhausted, but, before retiring to wash, change, and have breakfast, he dealt with this matter.

"I ordered every man out to fight the fire, Bachi Ram. You were not there."

"Firefighting is not my work," replied the orderly. "It is for the Forest Guards and Rangers to see to that."

Now the continuing hot weather had made tempers short, and anything—a fly, a brain-fever bird—could touch off a quarrel. So this thing, which might at any other time have been settled by reprimand, developed sharply.

"It is not my work," insisted Bachi Ram rudely.



Illustrated by Phillips

A short story  
By NORAH  
BURKE

# Dangerous Visitor

"Then you may leave my employment forthwith," replied Chakravarti, and he went on into his tent, where he could soon, mad-deningly, be heard singing in his tin tub.

Bachi Ram contemplated his punishment. In his pocket he carried a little mirror, and this he brought out now. The lovely uniform—he would no longer be able to wear it! Why, it was unbearable...

Now people would not admire him any more: they would laugh instead. He took it badly, and he was not a man to do things by halves.

He recalled Chakravarti's anger on an earlier occasion, when, attending his employer at a duck-shoot, he had ignorantly held a gun with the end on the ground.

"Not on the ground!" the Forest Officer had roared. "Suppose a lump of mud lodged in a barrel—why, the gun could burst when fired and blow my hand off."

There was an ideal! Later that day an opportunity occurred for the orderly to enter his employer's tent alone. Chakravarti possessed two rifles and two shot-guns. All received Bachi Ram's attention.

Then he went back to his own quarters and waited for results. He had not long to wait.

The fire had delayed their breaking camp as planned, and on this second evening they were still at the only pool for miles.

In the forest, the wild tusker was becoming impatient. He tried one of the marshes he knew, but it was empty. A little water seeped into the pancakes of hard mud on which he had trodden, and he drank from his footprints.

But it was not enough. The burnt ground gave up heat, the air was sick with stale smoke, and all his skin miserable with dryness. He made up his mind. He would go to his own pool, and nothing would stop him.

One of the men came running into camp with the news. He had been getting in wood for cooking when he saw the tusker approaching.

"Fly! Fly!" he shouted. "A wild elephant is coming to drink."

Chakravarti snatched up his big rifle and a handful of cartridges with which to receive their dangerous visitor. He was a sound shot, a cool, careful man whose habit was always to examine a weapon before loading it. But now he loaded quickly and took up a position against a tree trunk from which he commanded a clear view of camp and pool.

Everyone else had fled, some up trees, and others into the jungle alongside. The women of the camp had run away with their families, and were hidden here and there, holding their children.

Chakravarti heard the elephant before he

saw him. A crack and swish of undergrowth sounded, the earth vibrated. Then, with a brushing of dry skin, a swaying of bamboos, trees, and creepers, he hove into sight. The big tusker had no enemy in the jungles and he arrived like a rajah, in noisy splendor.

He had been a long time without water, and he now intended to get gallons to drink, and gallons to hose over his big body. This was his pool, and he meant to use it, camp or no camp.

Suddenly he swung out into sunlight, and five feet of ivory shone before him.

Looking neither to right nor left, he paced forward straight to the pool.

"Fire! Kill!" urged Bachi Ram from his tree, and his eyes glittered with maniacal light as he gazed down at his employer.

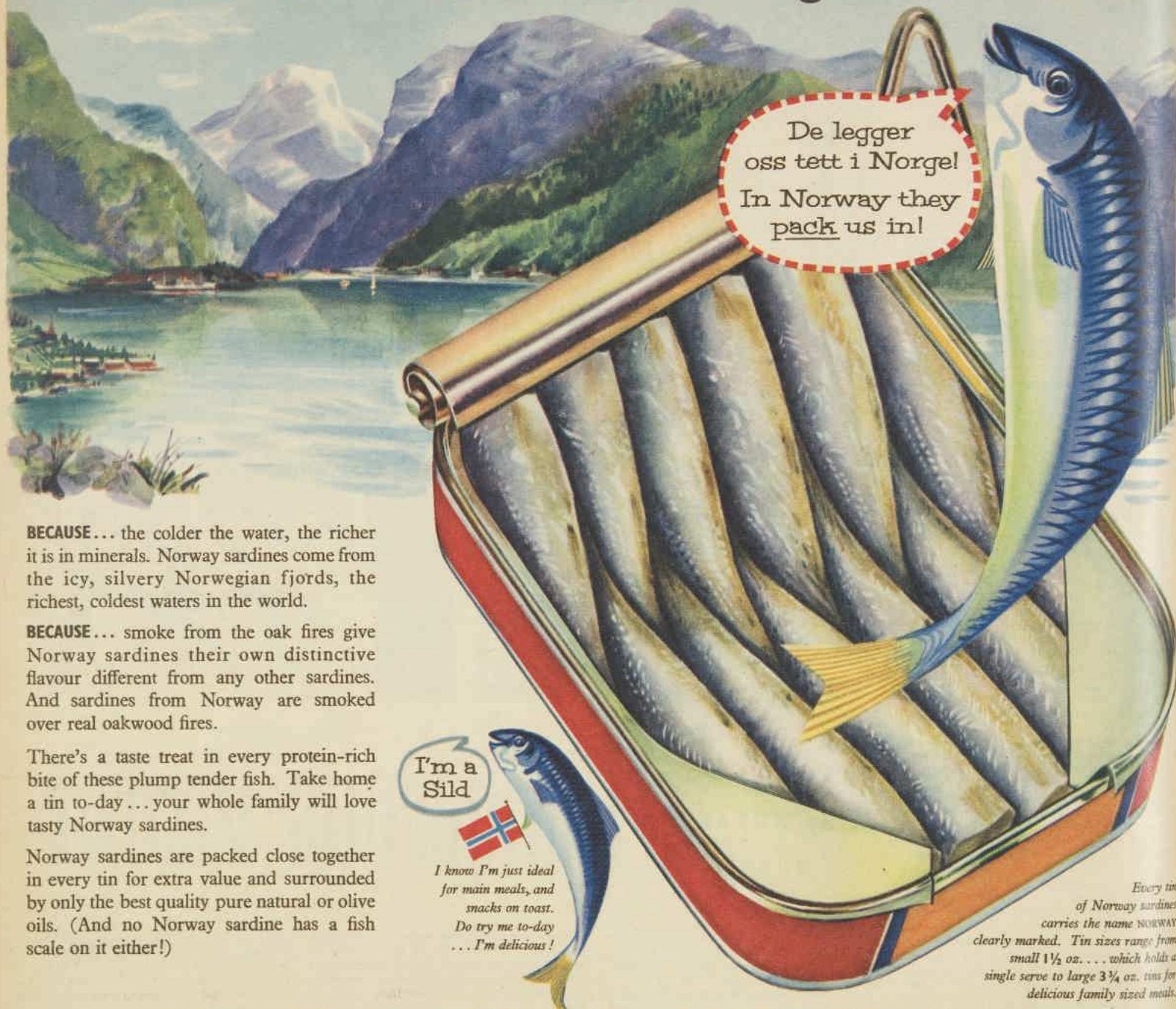
Chakravarti brought his rifle up, and trained it on the advancing tusker. He could have fired then and been sure of it, but the animal did not appear to be threatening anyone and he hesitated to slaughter so magnificent a specimen of a rapidly dwindling species.

He kept the animal covered, though, and followed it round as it passed him, heading like a sleepwalker for the water. There the tusker began to drink and slush. Blowing,

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# Why do icy waters and smoke from oak fires make NORWAY sardines the finest tasting in the world?



**BECAUSE...** the colder the water, the richer it is in minerals. Norway sardines come from the icy, silvery Norwegian fjords, the richest, coldest waters in the world.

**BECAUSE...** smoke from the oak fires give Norway sardines their own distinctive flavour different from any other sardines. And sardines from Norway are smoked over real oakwood fires.

There's a taste treat in every protein-rich bite of these plump tender fish. Take home a tin to-day ... your whole family will love tasty Norway sardines.

Norway sardines are packed close together in every tin for extra value and surrounded by only the best quality pure natural or olive oils. (And no Norway sardine has a fish scale on it either!)

Every tin of Norway sardines carries the name NORWAY clearly marked. Tin sizes range from small 1½ oz. ... which holds a single serve to large 3¾ oz. tins for delicious family sized meals.

## New ideas with Norwegian Sardines



### NORWAY SARDINE PLATTER

Arrange two 3¾ oz. cans of Norway sardines on a platter along with cracker biscuits, salami, olives and fresh garden radishes. Complete platter with stuffed eggs Olaf. **Stuffed Eggs Olaf.** Hard boil 6 eggs and cool in cold water. After removing shells cut eggs lengthwise. Scoop out yolks and mix with pickle and 2 tablespoons of mayonnaise. Season to taste. Stuff eggs with mixture. Top each egg-half with a Norway sardine and decorate with criss-cross of red pimento strips. Cool in refrigerator before serving.



### NORWAY SARDINE BAKE

Cook one 8 oz. packet spaghetti in boiling salted water until tender; drain. Combine with 1½ cups tasty white sauce or 1 can cream of mushroom or tomato soup and 1 cup grated cheese. Heat and stir until cheese melts. Open two (3¾ oz.) cans of Norway Sardines, drain off oil. Pour half the spaghetti in casserole, arrange over this the contents of 1 tin of sardines, top with remaining spaghetti; arrange sardines on top, sprinkle with dried crumbs and a little cheese. Bake in moderate oven till heated through, about 20 minutes. Makes 4 to 5 servings.

## INSIST... INSIST ON NORWAY SARDINES



Look for this emblem of the Norwegian Cannery Association—it is on many tins of Norway sardines.



# Getting the bird

A short short story  
by PETER TAIT

THE previous summer had been lovely—long days of hot sunshine and balmy nights. Towards the middle of August, the inhabitants of Lesser Littleton had almost come to take it for granted, and as it stretched into September and October, dry soil, brown grass, and a low milk yield, it seemed to be the normal thing and would persist for ever.

No one could remember a hotter summer, not even Albert Stickleback, and he could remember more than anyone in the village.

He had memories of warm summer evenings sitting outside the Dozy Bull, and long wet evenings sitting inside, the beer either warming or refreshing according to the weather.

Early in the summer, Mr. Wilcot, the publican, had added a new feature to the Dozy Bull, a blue budgerigar. Mrs. Davis up at the north end kept budgies and her breeding pair had excelled themselves, hence new birds had appeared all over the area.

Mrs. Wilcot had persuaded her husband to have one, and so a cage was set up in the public bar, and the bird, after many suggestions, was called James.

He turned out to be a brilliant talker, and endless hours were spent by gnarled old men trying to get him to say their pet phrase, such as "Fine weather for ducks," "Half a pint of old," and the like.

James managed to get most of the sayings by late summer; but, as is so often the case with undisciplined training, the poor bird became confused and would say, "Hullo, pretty little Albert," or "Half a pint of ducks." But he was a great attraction and everyone was genuinely fond of him.

As the glorious summer faded, village cricket ceased, football took over, and plans were laid in the Dozy Bull for beating the bitter enemy, Greater Littleton Rovers.

Greater Littleton is not exactly a town, but is considerably larger than Lesser Littleton. It is about five miles away, and the two places are at daggers drawn.

No one really knows why it had started, but in sporting events feelings usually run pretty high, and, as Lesser Littleton usually loses, their feelings were higher than their opponents'.

But this year they were confident. Mr. Jones, the team manager, had employed two new men. Young Alec Wayne had hit top form, and the Smith boys had eventually learnt the rules.

Christmas came and went, and old Albert, in his capacity as club chairman, got James the budgie to call out loud and clear:

"Up the United! Well played, Lesser Littleton," and James would repeat this unceasingly until his cage covers were put on to quieten him, and plans for the match could be thrashed out in peace.

A week before the game, the snow started. If the summer had been glorious, winter was going to be shocking! On and on went the blizzard, and after many hours Lesser Littleton was snowbound.

This had happened before, of course, as there was only one road in and out of the village, and that was perpetually covered in snow. After two or three days the road was completely blocked by five-foot drifts. Telephone lines were down, so communication with the outside world was cut.

Stocks of food in the village were pretty good, but fuel was low, so the school was shut, and the children enjoyed the snow rather more than usual. A couple of days before the match with Greater Littleton, the possible cancellation of which was worrying the village more than anything, a helicopter flew over and asked through a megaphone if they had enough supplies.

"Yes, thanks," shouted portly Mr. Wilcot, and the helicopter flew off, presumably having heard him.

More snow fell that night and everyone stayed indoors.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 24, 1961



James the budgerigar talked ceaselessly when the locals drank in the bar of the Dozy Bull.

The next day the snow had stopped and, with not much work possible, the enthusiasts tried to clear the snow away from the field where the match would take place.

Old Herbert helped with a will, and after a few hours they had cleared the goal areas and considerably reduced the snow in the centre of the field.

But all too soon the afternoon came to an end and tea in the cosy living-rooms was the next move. At opening time the Dozy Bull came into its own. The talk, of course, was about the chances of being dug out for the match.

James the budgerigar kept up a steady recital, encouraging and praising the United.

The next morning, Saturday, was a lovely day. Crisp and clear, the low cloud had gone, and the snow sparkled like a Christmas card under the winter sun. Once again volunteers with shovels were at work clearing the field.

The sun worked wonders in bucking their spirits up. Then Mr. Wilcot appeared, and he looked gloomier than anyone could remember.

"James has gone," he said. Everyone stopped.

"How?" queried old Albert.

"Well," said Mr. Wilcot, when everyone had gathered round, "you know the bit of glass along the side of the cage where the feeding-trough is?" Everyone nodded. "Well, when I took the glass out and removed the trough to blow the husks off, I—I forgot to put the glass back..."

Gloom descended immediately. The gathering split up and started to wander back to a silent Dozy Bull.

Just then the helicopter appeared again and shouted down that snow ploughs were battling through and should clear a path to the village in an hour or two.

This news cheered everyone up.

At about 1.30, young George Smith heard the sound of engines, and in what seemed no time the leading snow-plough entered Lesser Littleton, followed by another.

Again, young George Smith's hearing worked well, and he said he could hear another engine. All eyes turned up the road, and round the corner came a lorry.

It stopped next to the snow-ploughs and out jumped the Greater Littleton Rovers. All eleven, plus a linesman. "We thought we'd come," said their captain, "so we could say we'd beaten you even in two feet of snow."

"Does this belong to anyone here?" called out their right-back. "Found it shivering on a gatepost a mile or so back." He held out his big hand. A little blue-grey-and-white head peered out.

"It's James!" said old Albert.

"Thought he must come from here, 'cos he said something which sounded like Dozy Bull..."

Old Albert rushed back to the pub with James and on Mrs. Wilcot's advice popped him in his cage and placed it near the fire.

Soon the team was ready. It was not a good game as regards football technique, but it was well fought and, for once, Lesser Littleton won—4-2.

That evening after the Greater Littleton lads had returned home things warmed up in the Dozy Bull. Glasses chinked, singing started, voices shouted, when suddenly a high-pitched voice screeched, "Up the Rovers!" "Well played, Greater Littleton!"

Either James had learnt very quickly from his rescuers or he was just a crazy, mixed-up bird.

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SARDINES

... from Norway

CB6

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## "How's this for whiteness?"

"What an eye-opener it is", Mrs. K. H. Read, of Collaroy Plateau, N.S.W., tells her mother. "It must be the New Rinso that made such a difference to the whiteness of all my wash." New Rinso will give your wash the same amazing whiteness Mrs. Read found in hers.

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**EXTRA WHITENESS · EXTRA BRIGHTNESS**



# Samantha

Second long instalment  
of our romantic serial

By DOROTHY EDEN

SECRETLY engaged SARAH MILDWAY and AMBROSE MALLOW are bitterly disappointed at the result of a court case where a man calling himself BLANE MALLOW had gained ownership of Mallow Hall. He had come from Trinidad with his wife, AMALIE, and their young son, TITUS, claiming he was the son of the late Lord Mallow and of LADY MALVINA. Blane had run away to sea twenty years before and had never been heard of again. If he had lost the case, his cousin Ambrose would have inherited the estate and been able to marry Sarah.

Ambrose, sure the man is an impostor, decides they must prove the court finding wrong, and tells Sarah to take a position as governess in the Mallow household, while he goes to Trinidad to investigate further into the life of THOMAS WHITEHOUSE, one of the chief witnesses for Blane.

With the help of a reference from her aunt, LADY ADELAIDE FITZ-SIMMONS, Sarah is successful in being employed as a governess, mainly because she had arrived at an opportune moment, when young Titus, frightened by his grandmother's boisterous playing, had instinctively run to Sarah for comfort. Amalie had already refused her the position, but Blane, witnessing the incident, had overruled her, as he thinks Sarah would be good for Titus.

Returning to Aunt Adelaide's home, Sarah tells Ambrose the news that she is to leave London with the family in two days' time to take up residence at Mallow Hall. She believes she will be able to gain the loquacious Lady Malvina's confidence, although she feels Amalie is her enemy already, and, as regards Blane, she feels they will be a challenge to each other. Ambrose's last words to her are if she has any trouble with Blane he will kill him. NOW READ ON:

AMBROSE would not allow Sarah to come to the docks to see him sail. Under the circumstances they must not risk being seen together, even in such an unlikely place.

So they said their farewells in Aunt Adelaide's drawing-room, that lady thoughtfully leaving them alone for a precious twenty minutes.

"How long shall you be away?" Sarah asked. All her excitement had evaporated, and she was filled with nothing but loneliness and a persistent feeling of apprehension.

"There's no telling. Perhaps three months, perhaps six, or even twelve."

"And I must stay at Mallow all this time?"

"Unless something happens to make that impossible. If they should discover what you are up to, for instance, or if, for any other reason, their behaviour can't be tolerated."

"I will tolerate it."

"No, my love, you mustn't go beyond reasonable bounds. Even for me."

Ambrose smiled, but Sarah privately wished that his smile had had more warmth and tenderness. Always a serious young man, since the outcome of the case he seemed to have lost his remaining youth. He had now only this look of coldness and determination.

"And remember, I will communicate with you when possible."

"Telling me everything you discover," Sarah begged.

"That I could only do by personal messenger. I couldn't risk a letter falling into the wrong hands."

"But I must hear from you," Sarah cried. "Supposing you're away a whole year?"

"That's unlikely, but if so you must be patient. Think of our reward. Our rights established."

Sarah smiled. "I shall pretend I'm mistress of Mallow."

"But with the right master."

"Ambrose, there's no need to remind me of that!" Nevertheless, a quick

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*As she passed the open door Sarah could not resist listening to the conversation between Blane and Amalie.*







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### A Recent Article in a LEADING MEDICAL JOURNAL

(British Medical Journal, 11-10-58 No. 5101 page 905)  
supports the theory behind the D5-D5 formula. The writer explains that a combination of sympathomimetic and xanthine substances with the addition of a sedative may not only be better than either drug given alone but may also be helpful in relieving the nervous tension which often accompanies and sometimes actually "brings on" attacks of breathing troubles.

### THIS IS IN FACT THE BASIS OF THE D5-D5 FORMULA

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## LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

### For novice drivers

HAVING just obtained my driver's licence, I'm still a bit nervous of traffic. Some licensed drivers drive with L signs so others will give them a "go," but by rights the law doesn't permit this. Motoring authorities should approve a special sign—say P—for probationers, to be placed on the car for about four months after obtaining a licence. This would be a safeguard to both experienced and not-too-experienced drivers.

£1/1/- to "Protection Wanted" (name supplied), Reservoir, Vic.

### Old love is beautiful, too

YOUNG love can be very sweet, but every day I witness that old love, too, can be beautiful. I'm an assistant in a confectioner's and many old couples come in together for their weekly bag of sweets. Most are full of thought for one another saying, "You choose, my love, I had my favorites last week." One old gentleman told me his wife is still his sweetheart and he takes her to the pictures every week, same as always. Age, like youth, has its own beauty.

£1/1/- to "Gaynor" (name supplied), Broken Hill, N.S.W.

### She won't face the facts

SOME years ago my son had an eye operation which cured him of a squint. Recently I noticed that an eye of a friend's little girl was turned slightly in. I mentioned this fact to her and, to my amazement, she told me I was suffering from an imagination, shared with her child's school doctor, who had sent her a note to the same effect. If only she would face reality and realise a squint can be so easily cured and so remove any unhappiness her little girl may later feel.

£1/1/- to "Busybody" (name supplied), Tasmania.

### Washed up in her sleep

FOR some time I've been trying to prove to my wife that she is a sleepwalker, a fact she flatly denies. Last week she proved it in the most femininely illogical way. A woman who regards washing up as the dearest of household chores, she rose from bed in the middle of the night to wash up all the dishes and cutlery we had together set in readiness for breakfast before retiring, and stacked them neatly in the draining rack. Evidence at last. Now why should a person who hates washing up do a thing like that?

£1/1/- to "Mystified Husband" (name supplied), Balmain, N.S.W.

### They should spare those trees

I'VE witnessed, much to my horror, beautiful estates abominably massacred by the bulldozers of the State's Housing Commission. Why should these areas of natural beauty be so ravaged of all vegetation? Instead of the gracious gum, small box-like homes spring up over the area. I realise the necessity for homes, but I wish these builders would realise how much more attractive their finished product would be with a few remaining trees.

£1/1/- to "Tree Lover" (name supplied), Epping, N.S.W.

## From the great

YES, Mrs. N. A. Shppard (N.S.W.), who received a handwritten reply from Sir Winston Churchill to the letter of gratitude she wrote him at the close of the war, there is another very proud (and humble) woman who cherishes a letter from that great man. On his retirement I wrote a letter of gratitude and received a handwritten reply on embossed House of Commons notepaper.

£1/1/- to "Mrs. E.M.T." (name supplied), Strathmore, Vic.

I HAVE a letter from Neville Chamberlain—a personal reply to my letter thanking him for "peace in our time" after the Munich crisis. In England at the time, I felt so relieved that we had escaped war. I wrote him a grateful letter. Alas, it was all in vain.

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. M. Edwards, Jannali, N.S.W.

I WROTE to Sir Anthony Eden at the time of the Suez Canal crisis and received a very nice letter from him in reply. I prize the letter and am proud to have the personal signature of such a great man.

£1/1/- to "A.V.L." (name supplied), Ainslie, A.C.T.

I HAVE a framed handwritten reply from Sir Winston Churchill, dated House of Commons, 1945, to a letter of thanks for strength during the darkest days of World War II.

£1/1/- to "Lest We Forget" (name supplied), Essendon, Vic.

## Ross Campbell writes...

THESE first cold days start you thinking about winter clothes. That is, if you are a normal person.

I know there are some far-sighted planners who think about their winter clothes before it gets cold. They pounce on the first warm things in the shops "when there's a wonderful range to choose from." But I cannot claim to speak for these crafty folk.

At our place we are just facing the seasonal problem of the climbing dressing-gown. You must have noticed how a dressing-gown climbs up a boy's or girl's legs.

In its first winter it reaches right down to the ground. It looks very cute, as if the wearer were a miniature monk. Next winter the gown creeps up over the ankles. The winter after that it is knee high, and the word goes out: "She's simply got to have a new dressing-gown."

Younger brothers and sisters inherit dressing-gowns from elder ones about this time of the year. It is one of the drawbacks of being a younger brother or sister.

They are not too keen on their used dressing-gowns, as a rule. Not

### GETTING WARM AS TOAST

even if the gown is a very clean unit, and has had only one owner.

Boys don't like girls' dressing-gowns; they won't wear pink ones at any price. Girls don't like boys' dressing-gowns, especially if they are brown and clubmannish.

The ideal family dressing-gown is a neutral kind which either sex will wear without a fuss. We had a blue



tartan job once that met this tricky requirement. But somebody spilt red paint on it and it lost its chic.

The letting-down season is in full swing now. Mrs. Porter, who has four daughters, was talking about it.

"I don't mind letting things down

so much," she said. "What gets me is taking them up again."

"I let Jennifer's green skirt down last year. Now I have to take it up again for Christine to wear it. Where will it all end?"

There is a song that says in the summertime the living is easy. It is not quite true—too many mosquitoes bite you in summer. But the opposite is certainly true: in the wintertime the living is difficult.

Look at all the things that have to be bought—sweaters, raincoats, desert boots.

Everybody needs desert boots, I was told yesterday at home. Desert boots are the rage in the younger circles. The only place where they are not worn is in the desert.

Another thing, babies wear more clothes in winter than summer. Taking things off to "change" a baby becomes so much more complicated. It is all the difference between opening a paperbag and breaking into a bank.

P.S. I showed this article to my wife and asked her if the facts were right. She stamped it "O.K." with one reservation. Modern bulkyknit sweaters, she says, are easier to pass on from one member of the family to another. They're so big that anyone can wear them.





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# How to entertain

## Part 4: "All Things Considered" —by the Duchess of Windsor

● April in Paris may be celebrated in Paris, but I much prefer May. For this is when our garden at "The Mill" begins to blossom, and so does the so-called "season" with its challenge to all hostesses for new and better entertaining.

FROM now till the end of June, those of us who live in Paris enjoy a time of great activity, of parties big and small.

I love this time, fussing over arrangements, checking over the various household details that entertaining entails.

It's "playing house," as the Duke describes it, and I never get my fill of it. Sometimes, late at night, it will occur to me that a sofa might look better on the other side of the room, and I will enlist the aid of my friends in the moving.

They say they can see this mood coming on, and I have noticed more recently that many will suddenly decide it is bedtime.

It never occurred to me before, but this could be a rather interesting plot for putting an end to an evening. It just might come in handy with certain night-owls!

It is not my intention here to write a vest-pocket guide on how to entertain. Most adults are equipped with that knowledge, and, besides, the guests and circumstances are the deciding factors.

Nor will I offer any recipes or menus. All of us have good cookbooks (perhaps mine is among them?), so until the horticulturalists develop a new vegetable, or the sea produces a new fish, we'll leave the food to the food department.

This is not to say, mind you, that suggestions for new concoctions and menus are to be taken lightly. The worst mistake a hostess can make is to stand pat on the "old reliable."

A good menu can be repeated only with new people, but if friends can say, "Well, we're going to the Dot's for dinner to-night; it'll be roast beef as usual," this is death.

Besides, experimentation and introduction of new ideas are stimulating to the palate, and anyone with kitchen knowledge can tell by ticking off the ingredients whether the recipe suits her table.

Try it out on the family first in my motto. Better they be the guinea-pigs than some unsuspecting guests.

On the whole, menu-planning in my house revolves around who is going to be present. I merely try to serve what I think the guests will like.

When we're alone, the Duke and I always eat simply. He has a substantial breakfast, but not much lunch.

That is why, except for hardworking day, when I take a picnic (usually a piece of yesterday's chicken or some soup in a vacuum-flask), I try to lunch with him every day. Left to himself, he would



The Duke and Duchess of Windsor pictured recently by Cecil Beaton.

be content with some fruit, but I manage to slip in a rice pudding or custard as well.

He does have tea in the afternoon with little sandwiches and cakes, and at night he really enjoys a good dinner.

As I do not approve of women who play with a dish of yoghurt in front of a man with an appetite, I eat lightly during the day in order to be able to share his dinner with as much zest as he.

### Serving food

I imagine one of the most important features about food — assuming quality and preparation are there — is the way it is presented. An attractive display can work magic with an appetite.

I am almost certain that the reason I manage to get the Duke to eat the rice pudding is because it's served in a pretty dish.

In both my town and country homes I select flowers that will blend with the coloring of the service, and during the summer the Duke's green fingers keep me well supplied with a never-ending variety.

In the town house, I sometimes will use a soup tureen as a centrepiece, and on either side ordinary, small straw baskets filled with pansies or primulas.

At "The Mill," our country house, I prefer a casual

air. Because flowers are much in evidence all over the place, I frequently forgo using any at all on the table, and will substitute some decorative item from my collection.

It might be a piece of Meissen or Strasbourg that happens to go with the pottery.

When I use candles, I prefer low ones to flicker and flatter the faces of my friends (not that any of them need it, of course!).

Besides, if they are low, the guests don't have to duck and bob their heads to talk to someone across the table.

The only occasion on which I decorate with an eye on the event is Christmas. Even birthday parties do not differ in decor from other evenings.

In fact, last year I hesitated about having the traditional candle-lit birthday cake for the Duke's day.

There comes a moment in everyone's life when the off-key delivery of "Happy Birthday to You" is a bit embarrassing; and, besides, suppose someone had forgotten and hadn't brought a present.

Our parties, then, are based on guests, and I give them either at the town house or at "The Mill," depending on the degree of formality involved.

Whichever place, however, the one thing to which I give very strict attention is the mixing of people. I don't

think too large a dinner party can ever be successful.

Like too large a group at a cocktail party (which we never give or go to, in fact), it can lead only to gossip rather than to conversation.

Ten at a table is ideal, in my mind, and when more persons are involved, tables of eight offer a solution.

For some reasons, when there are only six people, unless they are very good friends with plenty to say to each other, there never seems to be sufficient conversational meat for interesting digestion.

By the same token, if too many "personalities" are present at one sitting, the theme automatically becomes "After YOU, my dear Alphonse," or it degenerates into a dreary or competitive exchange between the principals, while the others sit back.

When I have several small tables, I choose a good friend to act as a moderator at each one, to keep the talk lively.

In other words, business conversation is for over-the-desk. Could it be that too many people are eating at their desks and that, therefore, they have forgotten the duty to the hostess to be entertaining?

I must repeat, I am thinking of a party — not a dinner that is arranged expressly for business discussion.

By the way, one of the great compensations of our non-official status is that we never have to give business or duty dinners.

We simply ask people we like and wish to see. Not many wives can make that statement.

Sometimes, however, our guests are officials, and then the seating must be correct.

I follow the rules of protocol, which I find much the easier way, as it eliminates any possible reproach.

When the last good-night has been said, David and I, like most husbands and wives, sit down to enjoy a post-mortem.

I check to see if there is any damage, any rings on the tables, any of my little treasures broken.

My ashtrays are mainly Chelsea glasses. As some of these get spoiled by ground-out cigarettes, I am always looking for new ones.

However, since they are out there on the tables they are meant to be used. Damage, or no, I prefer it that way.

While taking this inventory, we are rehashing what so-and-so said, and how especially delicious the dessert was tonight, but — should the wine have been a little more chilled? And so we talk on; and so to bed.

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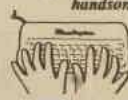
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# MAIZE CORNFLOUR CONTEST WINNERS

● Recipes that won first prizes in the four sections of our Maize Cornflour Contest and two second prizewinners are on this page. The Grand Champion prizewinner and pictures of the four first prize-winners are shown in color overleaf.

*Spoon measurements are level in all these recipes.*

## FIRST PRIZE, SECTION 1: Soups and sauces

### MAI HEA OE (WELCOME) SOUP

Soup: Half cup chopped celery, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, ½ lb. mushrooms, 1 green pepper, 1 clove garlic, 3 cups chicken stock (or prepared packaged chicken broth), 4 tomatoes, ½ lb. prawns, 2 thinly sliced leeks, including green part, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon maize cornflour blended with ½ cup water, ½ teaspoon grated green ginger, 1 bay leaf, pinch of saffron, salt to taste.

Saute celery, finely chopped mushrooms, leeks, diced green pepper, and garlic in butter until tender (about 5 to 10 minutes). Skin and roughly chop tomatoes, shell and finely chop prawns. Add these to soup, together with all remaining ingredients, and blend well. Simmer 30

minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove bay leaf and garlic clove. Serve with the following:

Crab Meat Balls: One small tin crab, ½ lb. shelled prawns, 2 shallots, ½ cup celery, salt, 1 teaspoon dry sherry, ½ teaspoon grated green ginger, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon water, 1 dessertspoon maize cornflour, extra maize cornflour.

Finely chop crab meat, prawns, celery, and shallots. Add salt to taste, then sherry, ginger and maize cornflour. Bind with egg-beaten with water. Roll into small balls (about 1 in. diameter), dredge with maize cornflour, and deep fry in hot fat until golden brown, shaking pan occasionally so the balls keep their round shape. Drain well, keep hot.

First Prize of £100 to Mrs. A. Wilkinson, 75 Terrace Rd., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

## FIRST PRIZE, SECTION 2: Main-course dishes

### PAPEETE SEAFOOD LOAF WITH OLIVE AND ALMOND SAUCE

Four cups salmon (tinned or fresh cooked), juice of 1 lemon, ½ cup fine dry breadcrumbs, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons maize cornflour, 1½ cups milk, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, ½ teaspoon salt, dash pepper, 3 egg-yolks, 3 fillets of sole or flounder, cucumber, lemon, and parsley to garnish.

Drain salmon, remove bones and skin and flake. Add lemon juice, breadcrumbs, grated onion, parsley, and Worcestershire sauce. Blend cornflour with a little of the milk. Heat remaining milk and add blended cornflour slowly, stirring constantly until thickened. Add butter or substitute, salt and pepper, and stir a minute longer. Mix white sauce thoroughly with drained flaked salmon, fold in egg-yolks which have been beaten until light and thick. Taste for seasoning. Season fillets of sole or flounder with salt and pepper on both sides. Line inner sides of a

very heavily greased loaf-tin with fillets (2 whole fillets for long sides, 2 halves for each end). Pack in salmon mixture. Set tin in a dish of hot water and bake in a slow oven until firm (about 45 minutes). Leave 15 minutes before turning out. Turn upside down on a platter, first loosening around the edges. Garnish with cucumber slices, lemon wedges, and parsley. Serve with the following sauce:

Olive and Almond Sauce: Three dessertspoons maize cornflour, 1 cup milk, ½ cup cream, 1 tablespoon butter, ½ cup sliced stuffed olives, 1-3rd cup blanched slivered toasted almonds, salt, pepper.

Blend cornflour with a little of the milk. Heat remaining milk and blend in cornflour slowly, stirring continuously until thickened. Simmer 1 minute, add cream, butter, olives, almonds, and season well with salt and pepper. Simmer further 1 minute.

First Prize of £100 to Mrs. J. Seath, 4 Station St., Moreland, Vic.

## FIRST PRIZE, SECTION 3: Desserts

### APRICOT CHEESE SLICES

Pastry: Three ounces flour, 2oz. maize cornflour, 3oz. butter or substitute, 1½oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk.

Sift flour and cornflour into basin, add sugar, and rub in butter or substitute. Blend in the beaten egg and milk and mix to a stiff dough. Chill ½ hour.

Apricot Filling: One cup sweetened apricot pulp (cooked or tinned), 1 tablespoon maize cornflour, ½ cup apricot syrup or sweet sherry.

Heat apricot pulp in saucepan. Blend cornflour with apricot syrup or sherry and add to heated pulp, bring to the boil, stirring constantly. Simmer 2 minutes. Cool.

Cheese Filling: Ten ounces cream cheese, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, 2 eggs (separated), 1 tablespoon milk, grated rind of 1 lemon, extra milk, cream, grated chocolate.

Press cheese through sieve. Cream butter or substitute with sugar and add egg-yolks, then cheese, milk, and grated lemon rind. Beat egg-whites until stiff and carefully fold into mixture.

Divide pastry into two-thirds and one-third portions. Roll larger piece on a floured board to fit an 8 in. square or 7 x 11 in. oblong tin and take edge 1½ in. up sides. Bake in a moderately hot oven 10 minutes. Cool. Spread over the prepared apricot filling and pour over cheese mixture. Roll remaining pastry thinly and cut into ½ in. strips and place in criss-cross fashion on top. Glaze lightly with milk and bake in a moderate oven further 25 minutes. Serve cold cut into squares topped with whipped cream and a sprinkle of grated chocolate.

First Prize of £100 to Mrs. C. Price, Imbil, Mary Valley, Qld.

## FIRST PRIZE, SECTION 4: Biscuits

### APRICOT CHOCOLATEES

Three ounces dried apricots, 4oz. butter or substitute, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, 2oz. chopped nuts, 2oz. chopped preserved ginger, 1 cup self-raising flour, ½ cup maize cornflour, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon cocoa, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ cup milk, 2oz. chocolate (finely chopped).

Soak apricots in boiling water for 30 minutes or until soft but not pulpy. Drain and chop. Cream butter or substitute with sugar until fluffy, add egg, and beat well. Fold in chopped nuts, ginger, and apricots; mix well. Mix in sifted flour, cornflour, salt, cocoa, and cinnamon

alternatively with milk and chocolate. Spread into a greased shallow tin and bake in a moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cool in tin and top with the following:

Topping: Two cups sifted icing sugar, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 1 teaspoon coffee essence, little water, 12 marshmallows (chopped).

Sift icing sugar and cocoa into basin; mix in coffee essence and enough water to make a spreading consistency. Mix in chopped marshmallows and spread over biscuit mixture. Allow to set and then cut into bars to serve.

First Prize of £100 to Mrs. M. Lock, 94 Alma Terrace, Woodville West, S.A.

## SECOND PRIZE, SECTION 1:



### SAUERKRAUT SOUP

Three pounds short ribs of beef, a few marrow bones (if available), 3 cloves garlic (minced), 2 onions (chopped), 8oz. water, 1 tin tomatoes, 1 large head cabbage, 3 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 2oz. lemon juice, ½ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons maize cornflour, little extra water, 1lb. sauerkraut, 4oz. sour cream.

Wash meat and bones, place in deep saucepan or stewing-pan. Add garlic, onions, water, and tomatoes. Bring to boil and skim off any top foam. Shred cabbage coarsely, discarding the core. Add to soup with salt and pepper. Cook for 1½ hours. Add lemon juice and sugar. Cook 30 minutes. Mix maize cornflour with extra water to a smooth paste. Add to soup, stirring constantly. Add sauerkraut and cook until meat is tender. Correct seasonings; the soup may need more sugar or lemon juice, depending on tartness of the sauerkraut. Serve in deep soup plates, garnish with sour cream if desired.

Second Prize of £40 to Mrs. J. Viney, 2 Bowen Ave., Launceston, Tas.

## SECOND PRIZE, SECTION 2:



### LAND AND SEA CASSEROLE

Quarter pound pork, ½ lb. chicken, ½ lb. lobster or crayfish, ½ lb. hake or other coarse fish, ½ lb. continental frankfur sausage, ½ lb. cooked ham, ½ lb. mussels, ½ lb. shrimps or prawns, 1 or 2 red peppers, 1 green pepper, ½ lb. green peas, 2 cloves garlic, 1 onion, pinch saffron, 1lb. ripe tomatoes, ½ cup white wine, salt and pepper, ½ cup oil, 2 tablespoons maize cornflour, 1 tablespoon butter, a few green or black olives, 4 tablespoons chicken stock, hot fluffy rice.

Melt butter and oil in fireproof casserole, add garlic and finely chopped onion. Cook until golden brown. Add peeled and chopped tomatoes, boned chicken cut in small pieces. Add cooked peas, 2 tablespoons of the stock, salt and pepper. Cover and simmer slowly for a few minutes. Add chopped lobster, boned hake, mussels, saffron, peppers (finely chopped), chopped olives, small pieces of ham, chopped frankfur sausage, pork, shelled shrimps, and white wine. Simmer very slowly for 45 minutes. Remove lid and thicken with cornflour blended with remaining stock. Serve on a bed of hot fluffy rice.

Second Prize of £40 to Miss L. Blogg, Flat 3, 630 Toorak Rd., Toorak, Melbourne.

*More second prizewinners and the third prizewinners are on page 38*



**1st Prize, Section 1, Soups and Sauces:**

**MAI HEA OE SOUP**

**CORNFLOUR  
CONTEST  
RESULTS . . . cont.**

● These four dishes each won a £100 first prize. The recipes are given on previous page.

**1st Prize, Section 2, Main-course Dishes:**

**PAPEETE SEAFOOD LOAF**



**PAPEETE SEAFOOD LOAF WITH OLIVE AND ALMOND SAUCE** (above) is a rich salmon-flavored mousse mixture enclosed in fillets of fish and served with a tangy sauce.



**MAI HEA OE (WELCOME) SOUP** (above). This exotic prawn-and-mushroom-flavored thick soup, served with fried crab and prawn balls, would make an excellent buffet dish. It is also substantial enough to form the main course.

**1st Prize, Section 3, Desserts:**

**APRICOT CHEESE SLICES**



**APRICOT CHEESE SLICES** (above) make a delicious well-flavored dessert suitable for family meals or gala occasions.

**1st Prize, Section 4, Biscuits:**

**APRICOT CHOCOLATEES**



**APRICOT CHOCOLATEES** (right), in which apricots and ginger are combined to give an unusual flavor to luscious chocolate bars.



**GOLDEN**

## **STAIRCASE PIE**

*Grand champion  
prizewinner*



● This delicious layered dessert pie is an example of home cooking at its very best. It has a crisp short-pastry case filled with three layers of well-proportioned, varied flavors.

### **GOLDEN STAIRCASE PIE**

**Crust:** Three ounces butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons castor sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon milk,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups self-raising flour, 3 tablespoons maize cornflour.

Cream butter or substitute and sugar together, beat in egg-yolk. Add milk, work in sifted flour and cornflour. Knead lightly on floured board until smooth, then roll out and lift carefully into 8in. or 9in. pie-plate. Press firmly on bottom of plate to remove air bubbles, then trim and decorate edge. Prick well, bake in moderate oven 20 minutes.

**Filling (first layer):** Juice of 1 large lemon, pulp of 2 passionfruit, 7oz. condensed milk.

Blend lemon juice and passionfruit pulp with condensed milk and spread into cooled pastry-case; chill.

**Second Layer:** Juice and rind 1 lemon, juice and rind 1 orange, 1 tablespoon custard powder, 1 tablespoon maize cornflour, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, water.

Add to orange and lemon juice sufficient water to fill 8oz. measuring cup. Place in saucepan with grated rinds and bring to boil. Blend custard powder, cornflour, and sugar

with enough water to make a smooth paste. Add boiling liquid slowly, stirring constantly. Add butter, return to saucepan and stir over low heat 3 minutes. Allow to cool, stirring occasionally to prevent skin forming. Spread carefully over first layer in pastry-case. Chill.

**Topping:** One cup milk, 3 dessertspoons maize cornflour, pinch salt, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons castor sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, water, passionfruit pulp.

Put milk in saucepan, heat gently. Blend cornflour and salt to smooth paste with a little water. Pour on boiling milk very slowly, stirring all the time. Stir over low heat 3 minutes. Cover with damp cloth and stir occasionally until cool. Cream butter and sugar until white and fluffy, then heat in cooled cornflour mixture a little at a time, adding vanilla during mixing. Spread over filling in pastry-case. Chill well. Just before serving spoon over some extra passionfruit pulp.

Grand Champion Prize of £400 in cash and a trip to Tahiti for two to Mrs. H. Jordan, P.O. Box 191, Dalby, Qld.

*More recipes overleaf*



### THIRD PRIZE, SECTION 1:

#### Soups and Sauces

##### SPICED BEETROOT SAUCE

One tablespoon vinegar, 1 cup finely chopped cooked beetroot,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint milk, 1 bay leaf, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1oz. maize cornflour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, pinch pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon dry mustard, pinch curry powder, pinch ground nutmeg, 1 extra tablespoon vinegar, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce.

Pour 1 tablespoon of vinegar over beetroot and leave stand 1 hour. Meanwhile place bay leaf in the milk and heat to boiling point; cool and remove leaf. Melt butter or substitute in separate saucepan, stir in cornflour, salt, pepper, mustard, curry powder, and nutmeg. Cook over heat, stirring constantly while gradually adding the milk. Stir until



mixture boils and thickens, then simmer five minutes. Add extra vinegar, Worcestershire sauce, and chopped beetroot. Serve hot or cold.

Third Prize of £20 to Mrs. A. Watts, 16 Queens Rd., Westmead, N.S.W.

### THIRD PRIZE, SECTION 2:

#### Main-course Dishes

##### DANISH MEAT BALLS WITH RICE — VEGETABLE SAUCE AND HOT CHINESE SALAD

Meat Balls and Sauce: One pound round steak,  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. pork, 3 tablespoons maize cornflour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon mace,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon ginger,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon pepper, 2 teaspoons salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups chopped white onion,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon dried herbs, 2 tablespoons bacon fat,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup fine green pepper strips, 1 large tin condensed vegetable soup, 1 cup tomato puree.

Put steak and pork through mincer twice. Add cornflour, seasonings, egg, and milk to minced meats. Mix lightly, taking care not to overmix. Shape into small balls with wetted hands. Heat bacon fat, saute onion until tender, then remove. Fry meat balls in hot fat until brown on all sides. Drain off all but 1 tablespoon fat. Add onions, green pepper strips, and remaining ingredients. Stir until well blended. Cover, simmer 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Arrange on platter, pour little sauce over meat, serve remainder separately. Serve with hot Chinese salad.

Chinese Salad: Three medium-sized white onions, 2 seeded green peppers, 4 firm red tomatoes, 3



tablespoons vegetable oil, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 tablespoon maize cornflour, 1 tablespoon soy sauce,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water.

Peel, quarter onions from centre core, break into natural sections about  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick; make sections of green pepper of same size. Cut tomatoes into eighths. Pour oil into deep pan, heat; add onions, cook 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Add tomatoes, green peppers. Mix brown sugar, cornflour, soy sauce with water and pour into pan, stirring well. Cover. Cook 15 to 20 minutes or until tender but firm, turning frequently and with care to avoid mashing.

Third Prize of £20 to Mrs. J. May, 105 Alt St., Ashfield, N.S.W.

### SECOND PRIZE, SECTION 3



##### MOCHA RUM PIE

Chocolate Almond Pastry: One cup flour, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon cocoa,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 2oz. softened butter or substitute, 1 egg,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup finely chopped toasted almonds.

Sift the flour, sugar, cocoa, and salt into a basin, stir in the almonds. Make well in centre of ingredients, add butter and slightly beaten egg; quickly and thoroughly combine all ingredients. Shape dough into ball, wrap in waxed paper. Chill 2 hours. Roll out about  $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick on lightly floured board and carefully fit into a 7in. flan-ring or tart-plate; prick well. Bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes until golden brown.

Mocha Rum Filling: One tablespoon gelatine,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups milk, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons maize cornflour, 4 eggs (separated),  $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. chocolate, 1 teaspoon instant coffee, 1 dessertspoon rum,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cream of tartar.

Soften gelatine in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of the milk. Scald remaining milk. Blend half sugar with cornflour. Stir hot milk into this mixture, blend well. Add to beaten egg-yolks and cook over hot water, stirring constantly until mixture is smooth and thick. Blend 1 cup of mixture with melted chocolate and instant coffee. Cool, pour into baked pie-shell. Add softened gelatine to remaining hot mixture, stir until dissolved. Cool, but do not let stiffen. Mix in rum; blend well. Beat egg-whites with salt and cream of tartar until soft peaks form. Add remaining sugar gradually, beating until stiff and glossy. Fold custard mixture into egg-whites. Carefully pour over chocolate layer in pie-shell. Chill until set.

Second Prize of £40 to Mrs. E. Sinclair, 23 Prince St., Cronulla, N.S.W.

### THIRD PRIZE, SECTION 3:

#### Desserts

##### TAHITI DREAMS

Custard: Five tablespoons maize cornflour, 2 pints milk, pinch salt, 5 egg-yolks, 12oz. sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped nuts.

Blend cornflour with a little of the milk. Combine with remaining milk, salt, egg-yolks, and sugar; beat well. Place in top half of double saucepan, cook over hot water, stirring constantly until mixture is thick (about 10 minutes). Remove from heat and cool, fold in chopped nuts. Pour into refrigerator trays and freeze until firm but not hard. Transfer to chilled bowl, whip vigorously, return to refrigerator, chill until thickened. Line 10 or 12 individual chilled moulds with about  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. of partially frozen custard, packing it in with teaspoon. Fill centre hollows quickly with cream filling, cover top with more custard. Place piece of heavy wax paper or aluminium foil on top of moulds, place in freezing compartment, freeze until firm. Serve well chilled.



Cream Filling: Half pint cream, 2oz. castor sugar, vanilla essence, 1oz. grated chocolate, 3 tablespoons chopped mixed peel.

Whip cream until frothy, gradually add sugar, whip until stiff. Flavor with vanilla. Combine mixed peel and grated chocolate, fold into mixture. Place in refrigerator until ready to use.

Third Prize of £20 to Mrs. J. Fennell Smith, 86 Loughnan Rd., Ringwood, Melbourne.

### SECOND PRIZE, SECTION 4



##### WALNUT SURPRISE BISCUITS

One-third cup finely chopped walnuts, 1-3rd cup sugar, 1-3rd cup evaporated milk, 4oz. butter or substitute,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup firmly packed brown sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sifted icing sugar, 1 egg, vanilla essence,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups sifted flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup maize cornflour, pinch salt, 4oz. cooking chocolate, 1oz. white shortening, chocolate sprinkles, coconut, chopped walnuts or almonds for decorating.

Place walnuts, 1-3rd cup sugar, evaporated milk in small saucepan, stir over medium heat until thickened (about 8 minutes), add vanilla, and cool thoroughly. Cream butter with icing and brown sugars, beat well. Add beaten egg and vanilla and beat until smooth. Fold in sifted flour, baking powder, cornflour, and salt and mix to a stiff dough. Shape into about 3 dozen small balls. Make a deep indentation in each with thumb and fill with walnut mixture, mould over to cover filling. Put in heated greased gem irons and bake in a hot oven until cooked (about 15 minutes); cool. Place chocolate and shortening in small bowl over hot water. Heat gently until melted. Dip biscuits in, drain, and then dip in any one of the decorating ingredients listed above. Allow to set.

Second Prize of £40 to Miss S. Phelps, Flat 5, 40A Birriga Rd., Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

### THIRD PRIZE, SECTION 4:

#### Biscuits

##### GOLDEN APRICOT BARS

Base: Three-quarter cup flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup maize cornflour, pinch salt, 1-3rd cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup rolled oats,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter or substitute.

Topping: One cup dried apricots,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sifted flour, 1 tablespoon maize cornflour, 1 teaspoon baking powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 1 cup brown sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon almond extract, 2 eggs (well beaten),  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups coconut, extra  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup each of blanched almonds and coconut.

Combine flour, salt, cornflour, sugar, and rolled oats. Cut in butter or substitute until mixture is crumbly. Press this mixture evenly into a greased shallow tin. Bake for 20 minutes in a moderate oven. Cover apricots with water, bring to the boil, and allow to simmer for 10 minutes. Drain well and cool. Cut apricots into small pieces. Sift flour, cornflour, baking powder, and salt together. Gradually blend together the brown sugar, almond essence,



and beaten eggs. Stir in flour mixture, apricots, and coconut. Spread this mixture carefully over hot baked layer. Sprinkle with coconut and coarsely chopped almonds. Bake in moderate oven further 30 minutes. Serve cut into bars.

Third Prize of £20 to Mrs. M. Kenny, Murton Ave., Holland Park, Brisbane.



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your children  
**MORE**  
**VITAMINS**  
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**NEW**

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PAGES 34-35-36-37 MISSING  
L. J. COLLIER

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VITAMIN D (400 int. units)	For sound bones and teeth.
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 24, 1961

Page 39



NOW IN AUSTRALIA - NEW FORMULA

# LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO WITH **IOLAN**  
CLEARS DANDRUFF QUICKLY



**How new-formula LOXENE with "Iolan" attacks and beats dandruff three ways!**

1. New formula LOXENE with "Iolan" clears dandruff quickly.
2. The effective gentle antiseptic action of "Iolan" controls dandruff and helps stop it starting again.
3. The deep penetrating nourishment of "Iolan" conditions the hair and scalp and brings out a healthy, natural gloss.

Now your scalp can be cleared of dandruff quickly! That's the simple promise made and carried out by new formula Loxene Medicated Shampoo — the only preparation on the Australian market containing "Iolan." And with "Iolan" added to its own gentle deep-cleansing action, new formula Loxene Medicated Shampoo gets results that dandruff sufferers would never have believed possible. It clears dandruff quickly. Used regularly, it controls it and helps to stop it breaking out again. It conditions your hair and scalp, brings out the full depth and gloss nature intended your hair to have. New formula Loxene is remarkably effective — and economical to use. You get eight generous shampoos in every 4/6 bottle. Clear dandruff now — get a bottle of new formula Loxene with "Iolan" and put it to the test. Your mirror will tell you how wise you were!



**SINGLE TREATMENT  
BUBBLE 1/3**

# LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO WITH **IOLAN**



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Taste the  
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- SCHOLL NYLON SOFT-GRIP
- SCHOLL NYLON MESH

LESSON 11 — By Leila C. Howard

# COOKERY COURSE

## USING A COOK BOOK

— local and overseas

**T**O achieve success with a recipe from a book, it is necessary to follow the same procedure as in any cookery: that is to buy, weigh, and cook the food carefully.

As practice brings perfection, the ambitious cook can adapt recipes to suit her wishes. Basic ingredients and methods should not be altered, but flavorings, accompaniments, and garnishes can be varied as desired.

Before weighing and measuring ingredients, check to see what cup measures and whether rounded or level spoon measurements are used. All reliable cook books should have this information either in the front or back or with each recipe.

### MEASUREMENTS

Here are the measurements most commonly used in Australian and overseas cook books:

#### AUSTRALIAN

The Australian Women's Weekly recipes use the standard 8-liquid-ounce cup measure and level spoon measurements from the average household cutlery set. There are no special Australian spoon measurement sets which carry the standards approval seal. Although some plastic sets are available they vary considerably in size.

When measuring spoon quantities, level off ingredients with a knife for 1 teaspoon, divide ingredients in halves lengthwise for ½ teaspoon, then in half crosswise for ¼ teaspoon. For 1-8th divide a quarter diagonally.

#### CUP AND SPOON MEASURES

The following table should simplify measuring for the housewife who does not possess a reliable set of kitchen scales.

##### LIQUID

1 tablespoon	scant 1 ounce
6 tablespoons	1 gill
1 gill	5 ounces
1 cup	8 ounces
2 gills	½ pint
1½ cups	¾ pint
1 pint	20 ounces

##### DRY

1 cup flour	4 ounces
1 cup sugar (crystal or castor)	8 ounces
1 cup brown sugar	5 ounces
1 cup sifted icing sugar	5 ounces
1 cup butter	4 ounces
1 cup soft breadcrumbs	4 ounces
1 cup dry breadcrumbs	4 ounces
1 cup grated cheese	approx. 4 ounces

##### SPOON

2 level tablespoons flour	1 ounce
2 level tablespoons cornflour	1 ounce
2 level tablespoons cocoa	1 ounce
1 level tablespoon butter	1 ounce
1½ level tablespoons crystal or castor sugar	1 ounce
2 level tablespoons sifted icing sugar	1 ounce
2 level tablespoons gelatine	1 ounce
2 level tablespoons grated cheese	1 ounce

##### AMERICAN

The American pint is 16 ounces or 2 cups. Spoon measures are taken from special graduated sets. A tablespoon is approximately three-quarters the size of the Australian tablespoon. Dessertspoons are seldom used, the teaspoon is the same as the Australian.

##### ENGLISH

The measurements used in English recipes are similar to those used in Australia.

##### CONTINENTAL

These are very different from the standard ounce, cup, and spoon measures, so only an approximate substitute guide can be given.

Dry Measure: One ounce equals 28.352 grammes or approximately 30 grammes.

Two pounds 3 ounces equals 1 kilogram.

Liquid Measure: One and three quarter pints equals 1 litre.

One demilitre equals ½ litre.

One decilitre equals 1-10th litre or 3½ ounces.

### SUBSTITUTIONS

Some of the ingredients used in overseas recipes differ from Australian ingredients. When using overseas cookery books check with this table before assembling ingredients.

#### AMERICAN FOODS

Tinned Foods: These are usually mentioned by can number:

SIZE CAN	APPROX. QUANTITY
No. 1 flat	1 cup
No. 300	1 1-3rd cups
No. 303	2 cups
No. 2	2½ cups
No. 2½	3½ cups
No. 3 cylinder	5½ cups
No. 10	13 cups

Flour: In America various grades of flour, such as cake, pastry, bread, enriched, or all-purpose, are available. Australian housewives are able to buy one grade only — an all-purpose plain or self-raising flour. In almost all American recipes plain flour is used.

Baking-powder: Sometimes double-acting baking-powder is specified in plain cake recipes. This is a special mixture which results in most of the rising taking place when the food is heated so the cake can be refrigerated, uncooked, for some time before baking. Use a little extra Australian baking-powder in usual way as substitute.

Baking-soda: This is bicarbonate of soda.

Confectioners' Sugar: Is equivalent to icing sugar.

Butter: One stick of butter weighs 4 ounces.

Egg-whites: One cup egg-whites varies according to size of eggs (about 8 to 10).

Cream: Light, heavy, and whipping. Australian cream is usually available only in one consistency — thin or thick according to district or milk vendor.

Cornstarch is cornflour.

Potato Starch is potato flour, used as a thickening. Available in some stores in Australia.

Flavored Gelatine: Not available in Australia, so use plain gelatine plus flavorings as desired. One envelope is one scant tablespoon.

Ground Beef: Use finely minced steak or hamburger mince.

Chilli Sauce: A much milder sauce than the Australian types, so use local product warily.

Monosodium Glutamate: Available in Australia, but mostly in concentrated pure form. Use very sparingly.

Corn Syrup: Not available in Australia, but golden syrup or liquid glucose can be used in some recipes as substitute.

#### ENGLISH FOODS

Most English foods are available with the exception of some vegetables and some game, birds, and fish.

Bacon is more mildly cured in England and sold in pieces as gammon, so similar cuts would need more soaking and boiling.

Margarine in various grades is used more widely than in Australia.

Demarara Sugar in English recipes can be substituted by brown sugar.

#### CONTINENTAL FOODS

Now that most delicatessens and large food stores carry imported and locally made Continental foods it is possible to obtain ingredients for most recipes — with, of course, the exception of fresh products such as vegetables and fruits.

## GUIDE TO OVEN TEMPERATURES

DEGREES of heat do not vary greatly in recipe books but it is always wise to follow your stove manufacturer's directions.

For example, if your oven browns quickly at the back, then the dish must be turned halfway through cooking time.

Follow recipe directions as much as possible, but if they state "cook high in a hot oven for 20 minutes" when you know in your stove this would mean burnt food, then cook for a shorter time at lower heat.

Here is a general guide to oven heat and temperatures. Gas ovens are the same no matter what their age, but the older-type electric ovens require about 50 deg. F. more heat.

OVEN	TEMPERATURES
Very slow	200-225 deg. F.
Slow	250 deg. F.
Moderately slow	300-325 deg. F.
Moderate	350 deg. F.
Moderately hot	375-400 deg. F.
Hot	450 deg. F.

Most foods are cooked in a central position in electric ovens. In gas ovens the smaller the dish of food and the less time it takes to bake, then the higher in the oven it is placed.

If your oven is not fitted with a thermostat for heat regulating it is possible to buy separate oven thermometers and adjust the heat with tap or switch.



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is only 7/11 a bottle from all branches of Washington H. Soul, Pattinson and Co., Ltd., Sydney, Newcastle, and all 31 Branches; Swift's Pharmacy, 372 Little Collins St., Melbourne; Myer Emporium, Melbourne, Chadstone, Geelong, and Ballarat; Birks Chemists Ltd., 57 and 278 Rundle St., Adelaide; and Boons Ltd., Perth.

Mail Orders 9/-, including postage, from above, or direct from THE VANIX CO. (Dept. W4), Box 38A, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Sam the skier closed his eyes. And hurtled forth into the sky. A wave of cheers burst out below. As he descended to the snow. "You've won the ski-jump," came the cry. Quick, bring some Woods' before I die. Sneezed Sam, "it wins at beating flu. And well deserves a trophy too."

**WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT COMPOUND for Coughs and Colds**

**Mothercraft Leaflet**

• A free leaflet describing the essentials for a happy, healthy pregnancy and a normal, natural birth is available from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

NOTE: A stamped, addressed envelope for the leaflet must be enclosed.



# DAIRY FOODS CONTEST

● Our splendid new £3005 Dairy Foods Recipe Contest, announced in last week's issue, is already creating great interest among our readers.

THIS exciting new cooking contest is being conducted by The Australian Women's Weekly in conjunction with the National Festival of Dairy Foods. Readers are invited to enter by sending in recipes in which the four



dairy foods, — cheese, butter, milk, and cream, are used as the main ingredients.

The big cash prizes include the Grand Champion Prize of £2000, to be awarded to the best recipe entered in any of the three sections of the contest.

There are first prizes of £200 in each of the three sections of the contest; second prizes of £75 in each section; third prizes of £25; and fourth prizes of £10.

Three progress prizes of £5 each will be awarded each week, and the recipes published, throughout the contest.

Dairy products used in the recipes should be:

Cheese: Any type of Aus-

Butter: The usual brands of household butter, either salted or unsalted (sweet). Cream: Either fresh or tinned.

Milk: Fresh, powdered, condensed, or evaporated.

The three sections of the contest are:

## SECTION 1

### LUNCH MENU

(2 recipes)

Main dish and sweet, either hot or cold.

## SECTION 2

### DINNER MENU

(3 recipes)

Any one of these three menus will be eligible:

1. Soup, main dish, and sweet.

OR

2. Hors - d'oeuvres,



main dish, and sweet.

OR

3. Entree, main dish, and savory.

## SECTION 3

### BETWEEN-MEAL SNACKS

Biscuits, cakes, tea-cakes, savories, dips, sandwich spreads.

This contest is a wonderful opportunity for all who are interested in cooking and



food to win big cash prizes.

All you have to do to enter is to send in a recipe, or recipes, in which milk, cream, butter, or cheese are used as ingredients.

In planning their entries, competitors should note that those which contain a good proportion of all four dairy products will obviously gain more points than recipes which use only one.

Send entries to:

Dairy Foods Recipe Contest,  
Box 5252, G.P.O.,  
Sydney.

Judges will be Leila C. Howard, our food and cookery expert, her panel of assistants, and Mrs. O. MacKay, director of Dairy Food Services.

In typing or writing out their entries, will competitors please remember these important points:

Write each menu on a separate sheet of paper. Write each recipe on a separate sheet of paper, and attach them to their menu. Write sender's name and address (including State) on each sheet of paper.

Mark the section in which it is entered at the top of each menu submitted.

Single recipes entered in Section 3 should also have the sender's name and address and Section 3 written on each separate sheet of paper.

The rules governing this contest were announced in last week's issue.

## THE PRIZE LIST

● Here are the wonderful cash prizes to be won in our Dairy Foods Recipe Contest:

**Grand Champion Prize**  
(best recipe entered in contest) . . . . . £2000

**First Prize in each of three sections** . . . . . £200

**Second Prize in each section** . . . . . £75

**Third Prize in each section** . . . . . £25

**Fourth Prize in each section** . . . . . £10

In addition, three Progress Prizes of £5 each will be awarded weekly throughout the contest.

trian manufacture. Use of imported cheese will disqualify an entry.



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# Modern fathers help with the children

By ANNE CUTHBERT

● *Family life is changing. The dictatorial husband of 80 years ago, who left the children to his wife, is replaced by a modern husband who reads baby books and can give a child a bath.*

YEARS ago when a domestic crisis arose in my home, my grandfather felt it necessary to make his own position quite clear.

With my mother ill, no help available, and my grandmother at her wits' end, he said kindly that he was quite willing to take some of the elder children out for a walk, but added very firmly:

"I will not push a pram with a baby in it; for not only should I feel a fool, but my reputation would be seriously damaged if any of my business associates saw me doing it."

How different is the position today.

Unlike the Victorian father, who left babies and toddlers to purely feminine control, the modern father now seeks to know as much as possible about all his offspring from birth onwards.

Indeed, I have known young wives complain that they are unable to read baby books because their husbands are always reading them.

All this is the natural consequence of the changing pattern of family life.

## "Slave-owners"

The "slave-owning" husband of eighty years ago, whose wife, for legal, financial, and social reasons, was quite unable to leave him, however much she wanted to, has gradually changed into the modern husband who, at marriage, enters into an honorable partnership with his wife in which there is equality of status.

Both partners do their best to understand each other's work and help each other.

On the wife's side this is fairly easy, because practically all women nowadays have had either a business or professional training before marriage.

But very few husbands have had any training in parentcraft, so theirs is the harder task.

This job is further complicated by the fact that there are few generally recognised rules for father to go by.

The mother's position is clear. During babyhood she establishes the mother-child link.

She is always there, later on, for reference, for help, for encouragement.

But a father's position is different.

As one little girl remarked, "You can always find Mum when you really want her, but



● *Handy with the baby.*

Dad never seems to be there."

Yet for a really full, satisfactory family life Dad should be available in his own way and in his own time.

What, in the world of today, is the function of a successful father, and how can he set about learning a job for which (unlike most mothers) he may have no deep-rooted instinct?

## Learn the job

In the first place most fathers would find it very helpful to read up the subject of child care before the baby arrives.

If they were setting out to learn some other craft such as carpentry, golf, fishing, or house-painting, they would consider it only reasonable to study the theory of the subject before attempting practical work, so why not set about learning their new and exciting job of paternity?

Once the baby is born, however, it is really very advisable indeed for a father to

learn how to handle him and to get some practical experience of what is involved in bathing, dressing, and changing — so fragile a piece of humanity.

The infant's very helplessness makes its own appeal and can be the beginning of a father-child link entirely different from the mother-link, but quite as important.

Children, like animals, can always sense when someone is afraid of them, and their reaction to this feeling is invariably unfavorable.

So it is important for a father to learn enough child management as soon as he can, to enable him to feel entirely confident when the need arises to feed, bath, or change his offspring.

The fact that he knows how to do these things himself does not mean that he should have to do them more than occasionally because, after all, it is not his job.

But it does mean that as the babies of the family grow into toddlers and school-children their happy confi-

dence in the playmate they have learnt to call "Dad" grows and matures into a very satisfactory relationship, too.

"Mum," who is responsible for the smooth running of the home, will continue to be authority within it, but it will gradually transpire that there are many interesting and exciting aspects of life about which "Dad" can give a great deal of information and assistance.

He it is who will be most likely to give the first bicycle lessons, and it will often be he who knows curious and interesting technical facts on scientific and engineering subjects.

So when there has been friendly contact from the earliest days there is no need for the most timid child to feel afraid even if this information is given in a rather gruff voice.

## Disastrous dads

For, besides being rather exciting, this voice can bring confidence if and when things begin to look a little frightening.

I have heard it said that men have not as much patience as women when dealing with the incessant questions of the very young.

But this I think is not a matter of sex at all but simply the character of the individual.

Another excellent result of a good father-child relationship is that children can learn naturally and without any shock that men and women think along quite different lines, even when the conclusions they reach are the same.

Once they grasp this point, they will instinctively approach each parent in the way most likely to be well received.

This is not necessarily guile but just common sense, and gives valuable practice for easy social relationships later on at school or at work.

In the course of a long life, devoted largely to the teaching of parentcraft, I have come across more disastrous fathers than inadequate mothers, but I feel sure that this is mainly because the former have had so little help in learning their highly skilled craft.

Now that so many young parents are recognising the importance of both father and mother bringing up the children, I feel sure that fathercraft will be studied with more enthusiasm and this "combined operation" will produce families of whom both partners may be equally proud.

## MOTORING

### Hints on braking

FOLLOWING a car in traffic and watching when the driver brakes will soon tell you whether he or she is a good driver or not.

It is good practice to check your brakes fully at regular intervals, to know your car's reaction under emergency, and just how far it takes to stop.

Expert long-distance drivers keep a "feel" of their brakes at high speed in the open road—you can't see around corners or over crests of hills and any loss of braking efficiency could be fatal.

Naturally you would check in your rear vision mirror for any vehicle before a brake check.

Negotiating a corner often worries drivers.

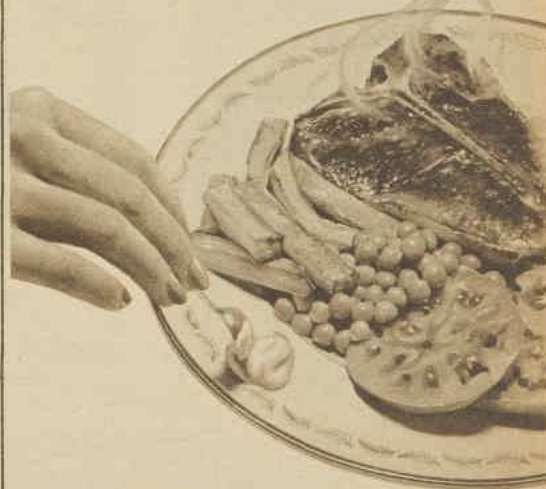
Depending on the severity of the corner and speed of approach, the general plan is to brake and change down a gear just before a corner.

Your braking is then done in a straight line and you have additional power, being in a lower gear, to accelerate through the corner and cleanly away.

—BETTY McKAY.

## Flavour in a flash!

SERVE mustard WITH EVERY MEAL



Mustard for man appeal — on food or in food, Keen's Mustard adds that tangy taste men really go for. It gives a fresher, more appetising flavour to sauces, dressings, savouries, relishes, pickles, hot or cold meats, fish and all seafoods. Be a clever cook — use mustard in all your cooking, and serve mustard with every meal. But —

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He brings you fabrics and papers in hundreds of colours and hundreds of patterns; in the styles of tradition, of today or of tomorrow. A touch of gaiety? The muted tones of a quiet effect? What you want, Our Man intends you to have;

no matter how often he has to declare his intentions on the way!

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 24, 1961





## BAUHINIAS— spring color

● Bauhinias, spectacular members of the humble pea family, provide lovely spring blossom in climates too warm for peach, cherry, and apple blossom.

There are 150-odd varieties.

They have the same paired leaves as the garden pea, and flowers roughly the same shape. They also bear the same long pods, but there the resemblance ends. They range from small shrubs to giant trees and even include a few tropical vines. All have flowers so beautiful that they are generally known in the tropics as orchid trees.

Bauhinias can be propagated from cuttings taken now or from their pea-like seeds sown at the end of winter. Rampant growers, they are generally trimmed back severely after flowering. They are often used as street plantings from Brisbane northwards — and make a magnificent display in springtime. They also flower well in Sydney and Adelaide, and are often found in sheltered sunny places in the hills west of Sydney.

Most common varieties are Bauhinia purpurea and Bauhinia galpinii. Bauhinia hookeri is the best of the trees — a slow-growing Queensland native which bears white flowers edged with crimson. Bauhinia scandens is a true creeper, often seen tumbling over fences in the tropics, covered with small flowers in various shades of pink.

### GARDENING



**BAUHINIA GALPINII** (above and at top of page) flowers brick-red in early summer. A shrub, rarely over 10ft. tall.



**BAUHINIA VARIEGATA ALBA**, another small tree, has enormous flowers of white flushed in the centre with yellow.



**BAUHINIA TOMENTOSA**, a 6ft. shrub which can be kept pruned. Flowers are pure pale yellow, do not open fully.



**BAUHINIA ACUMINATA**, true orchid tree, also known as Mountain Ebony. Its white flowers are up to 4in. across.



**BAUHINIA PURPUREA**, popular for street planting. Small tree with fine flowers 3in. across, are generally mauve-pink.



**BAUHINIA PICTA**, a delicate shrub, almost a creeper, with pale yellow-and-white flowers marked with a rich chocolate.

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# A HOUSE THAT WILL GROW

● Designed by an architect, this two-bedroom house was planned for the small family, but a third bedroom and carport can be added if desired.

**N**UMBER 942 in our series of Home Plans, a set of specifications and plans can be bought for it from any of our Centres (see addresses below right)

for the fee of £10/10/- The house illustrated on this page has been planned round the garden.

The bedrooms open on to a private court and the living-room has a terrace on both

sides. Running the full-length of the living-room, the front terrace combines with the entrance porch to give a spacious appearance.

This plan can be built with the large entrance hall and compact kitchen, or the kitchen can be extended by three feet, still leaving 7ft. 6in. by 6ft. 6in. for the hall.

Each bedroom is planned to take two beds, wardrobe, and dressing-tables.

The laundry has an ironing bench and collapsible sleeve-board, trough, and washing-machine.

## Room-divider

Dining and living areas are divided by a removable screen. The architect suggests this be made of woven cane and Japanese wallpaper.

The fireplace is incorporated as part of a feature brick or stone wall which can extend past the terrace and contain a barbecue.

Cost to build plan 942 in timber (area 9.7 squares) is between £3250 and £3900; in

brick (10.8 squares) between £3800 and £4300.

Plans for this and a great variety of other home plans can be bought through any of our Home Planning Centres, which are under the direction of architects.

Qualified staff at these Centres will also advise you on all your home-building and furnishing problems.

Modifications can be made to any plan, but if drafting and printing are involved in the alterations an extra charge is made.

All plans are available in mirror-reverse position. They can be placed at any angle on the site. Generally, they can be placed on stilts, or on the side of a steep hill.

For a small fee, the Centres will arrange for an expert to inspect your site, and advise as to the house most suited

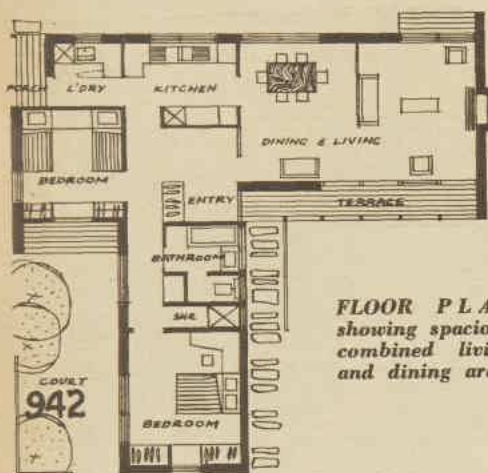
to the land, your family's requirements, and your budget.

When ordering plans by mail, please state the number of plan, whether the house is to be constructed in brick or timber, roofing material re-

quired, whether or not site is sewer, whether plan is required as drawn, or in mirror-reverse position. Please also enclose cheque, money order, or postal note for the fee of £10/10/- for the plan.



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH for plan 942. Living-room at right has own terrace.



FLOOR PLAN showing spacious combined living and dining area.

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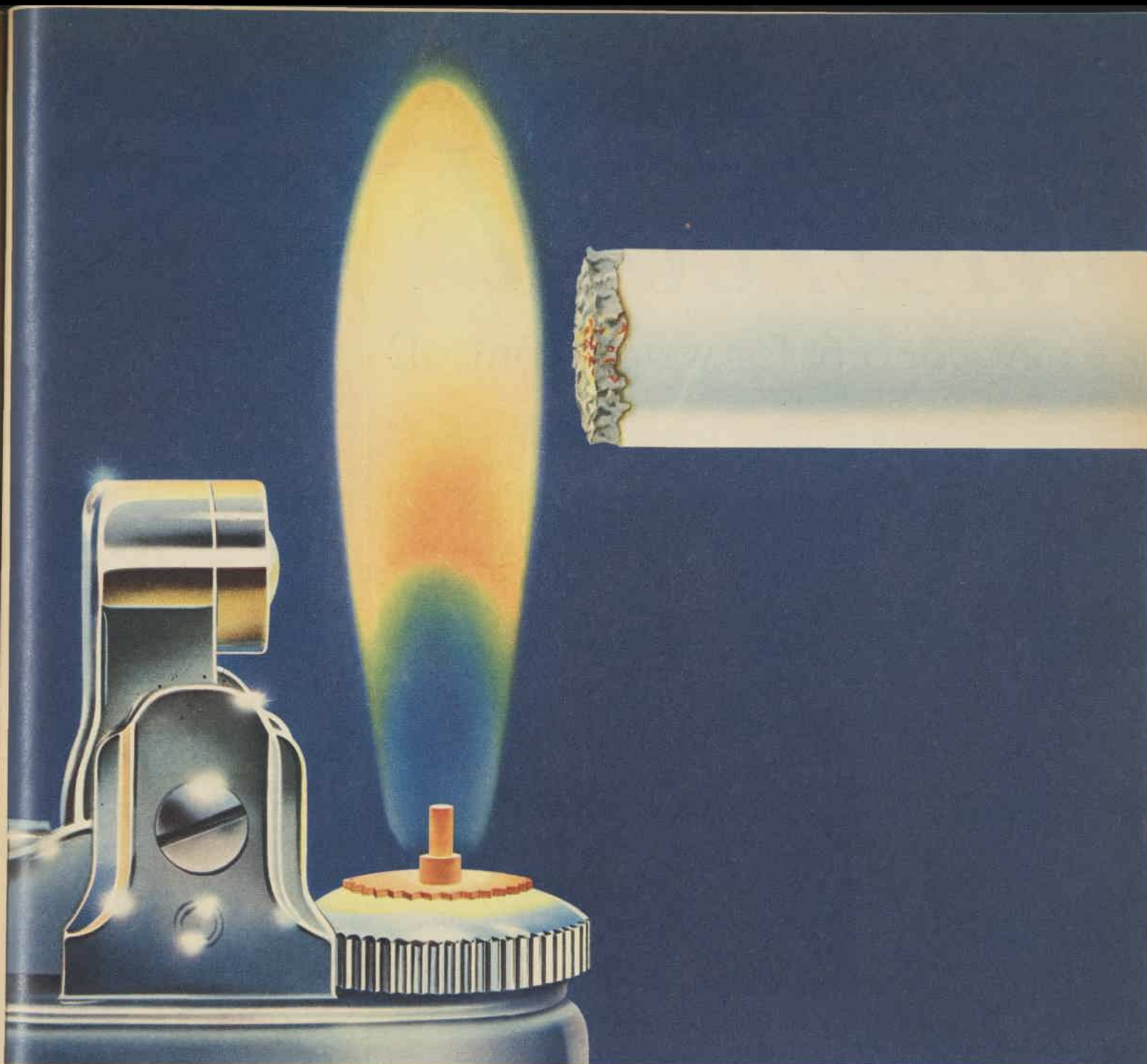
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*Metrecal, the original brand of dietary for weight control, helps you control weight safely without resorting to complicated diets or complex calorie counting. Developed to meet exacting medical standards, Metrecal's effectiveness is proven in extensive clinical studies. It's the new, pleasant way to control weight without feeling hungry.*

Metrecal was introduced in the United States a little more than a year ago and has since been successfully introduced to countries all over the world. Metrecal has been available in Australia since December, 1960. Its aim:

To provide a judicious method of weight control, incorporating sound nutrition, appetite satisfaction, and convenience.

Metrecal is a scientifically balanced food that makes possible accurate control of calorie intake while providing all the known essential nutrients required for a sound reducing programme; and Metrecal contains no drugs or appetite depressants.

Metrecal has the flexibility to meet the needs of the individual user. For rapid weight control, Metrecal may be used as the total 900-calorie daily diet. On this complete programme, the average weight adjustment is  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. a day. To control weight more gradually, or to maintain a desired weight, the amount of Metrecal used may be increased, it may be used for one or two meals a day, or as the total diet on selected days of the week.

One half-pound of Metrecal powder mixed with water provides the total daily diet in the 900 calorie programme. Single meals may be prepared as required, using only a portion of the contents. Metrecal is particularly delicious if you chill it before drinking.

## Why Metrecal is distinctive

Many factors set Metrecal apart. These include: The new concept—the measured calories of Metrecal pro-

vide for the first time in one product the means to achieve your desired weight through accurate control of calorie intake.

**CLINICAL VALIDATION** — Before Metrecal was introduced, its effectiveness was proved in extensive, long-term clinical studies, all conducted under strictest medical supervision.

**QUALITY OF PRODUCT** — The ingredients of Metrecal are meticulously chosen and manufactured to the most exacting pharmaceutical standards.

**RANGE OF CHOICE** — Metrecal is available nationally from your chemist, in a range of pleasant flavours, in powder form.

## What Metrecal can do

Overweight persons control weight through the use of Metrecal simply because they take in fewer calories than are required to maintain weight. Most important: they control weight safely, without resorting to complicated schedules or complex calorie counting. The diet is easy to follow, since little if any hunger is felt after the first day or so.

## The importance of the physician in problems of weight control

Individuals who are grossly overweight, those intending to diet for a long period of time, and persons with medical disturbances should always have their physician's approval before undertaking a weight control programme. Indeed, it is wise for any person contemplating weight reduction to consult his physician.



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Ask for it at your chemist shop. This new 3 1/2 lb. economy can of Metrecal supplies you with *all your meals for a whole week* for only 77/- — a saving of 10/6.

At the same time, of course, the familiar 1 lb. can (a full day's meals) is available at the usual price of 12/6.

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Your chemist will be happy to supply you with a free copy of the *Metrecal Weight Control Guide* booklet, with its many pages of helpful information. Or you may obtain a copy through the post by writing to: Edward Dalton Company.



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## Collectors' corner



Mrs. Thorley's vases.

Expert Mr. Stanley Lipscombe answers a reader's question about an antique.

This pair of vases stand about 7 1/2 in. high and are made of porcelain. The vases appear to be hand-painted. There is a great amount of detail and lavish use of gold paint. Are they Chinese? Do they represent a story and how old are they please?—Mrs. N. Thorley, Beaudesert, Qld.

They are actually Japanese and were made about 1895 to 1900. The design doesn't tell a story, although men selling the vases were known to invent tales as part of their selling campaign.

**FOR information about your antiques send a photograph and description of the object, with a drawing of any markings, and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Collectors' Corner, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.**

## Mushroom recipes win prizes

● Two prizewinning recipes this week feature mushrooms, which are now plentiful in most States.

**A**NOTHER prize is awarded for an easy-to-make and delicious apricot loaf which uses dried apricots.

All spoon measurements are level.

### CABBAGE RING WITH CREAMED MUSHROOMS

One small cabbage, 2oz. butter, 1 teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon pepper.

Cut cabbage into shreds, cook in little water until just tender. Drain well and mix in butter, salt, and pepper. Pack into lightly greased ring, invert at once on to hot platter. Fill centre with creamed mushrooms, arrange reserved mushrooms round the base.

**Creamed Mushrooms:** One to 1 1/2 lb. small mushrooms, 4oz. butter, 1 cup cream,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 tablespoon flour blended with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk.

Heat butter in large pan, add mushrooms, and saute until softened. Take out a quarter of mushrooms, reserve for garnish. Reduce heat, add cream, salt and pepper and cook 8 minutes, stirring constantly. Stir in blended flour, continue to stir until thickened and smooth.

**First Prize of £5 to Miss E. Courtman, 35 Nelson St., Kallina, Brisbane.**

### CRUNCHY MUSHROOM BAKE

Three cups mushrooms (washed and sliced thickly), 1 cup grated cheese, salt, pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water, 1 to 1 1/2 cups breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons butter, 3 tomatoes, 1 lb. bacon rashers (rind removed).

We'll grease medium-sized casserole or pie-dish. Place one-third of mushrooms in base, sprinkle over one-third of grated cheese. Season lightly with salt, pepper. Continue in layers until mushrooms and cheese are used up. Pour over water, sprinkle over breadcrumb. Dot with butter, bake in slow oven 1 to 1 1/2 hours. Twenty minutes before end of cooking time, arrange tomato slices and chopped bacon on top. Return to oven, bake until bacon is crisp and tomatoes are soft. Serve hot.

**Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Simpson, Station St., Kororoit, Vic.**

### SPICY APRICOT LOAF

**Topping:** Two ounces dried apricots, 2oz. castor sugar.

**Cake:** Two cups self-raising flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup brown sugar, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon spice, 6oz. butter or substitute, 4oz. dried apricots (chopped roughly), 1 egg,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk.

Cover the 2oz. apricots with boiling water, leave to cool while preparing mixture. Sift flour, salt, and spice into bowl, rub in butter or substitute, add chopped apricots, sugar. Beat egg with milk, stir into mixture. Turn into greased loaf-tin, sprinkle over half the castor sugar. Arrange soaked apricots down centre of loaf-tin, then sprinkle over remaining castor sugar. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes.

**Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. O'Connor, 27 Tradegian St., Sunnybank, South Coast Line, Qld.**



# AT HOME *with* Margaret Sydney

● Dinner with friends the other night, and a spirited discussion which carried us all through the meal on the proper way to lessen road hazards and cut down the appalling yearly toll of lives lost in traffic accidents.

WHAT started it all off was the new "Survival Car 11" created by an American insurance company.

You've probably seen pictures of it—twenty separate safety devices are built into the idea being that you can crash it or overturn it or even set it on fire and still walk away from it with no cuts or bruises or burns.

The car has a built-in fire-protection system, a flexible steering shaft which will buckle under the driver's weight in a head-on collision (a really good idea, that one, I think), and the most complicated arrangements of webbing straps and padded rests to protect elbows and heads in the event of accident.

Our party, of three men and three women, turned thumbs down on the survival-car idea, for different reasons.

We women agreed that it was all a fine idea for family motoring—for long trips when you're driving for hours at a time on unknown, open roads where there's always a semi-trailer round the next bend.

But can you imagine the average woman in an average car on an average sort of day being conscientious enough to buckle herself into shoulder and lap harness every time she gets into the car?

She has to make the best of the odd days when she can have the car for her shopping, she's probably in and out of it a dozen times in an hour, and she'd have corns on her fingers from buckling and unbuckling straps if she kept it up.

The three men in the party were strongly against the idea of the survival car.

I've driven with the other two, as well as with Hugh, and all of them tend to bend the speed limit pretty severely at times.

Yet they all agreed that the safer you make the driver and his passengers the crazier the road behaviour of drivers will be, and the faster the pedestrians will become a dying race.

They thought that the only sane way to cut down fatalities would be to restrict the performance of cars so that they couldn't be driven at more than 30 or 35 miles an hour.

They all agreed that humanity doesn't need to charge round at the sort of speeds we've got used to, and that life might be longer and nerves not so tensed up if 30 or 35 was the top speed for vehicles using the roads.

Going home—quite a long drive across town through fairly empty streets—I couldn't resist watching the speedo and drawing Hugh's attention to it whenever it threatened to pass the 30 mark.

"We wouldn't need a conversion job done on this one," Hugh said sourly. "We've already got a built-in governor in the passenger's seat."

## Thoughts in an autumn garden

OUR garden is glorious at the moment, with tawny chrysanthemums, rust trees, and cassia.

I can't take any credit except for the chrysanthemums, and they grew themselves.

The little self-sown rust trees that appeared here and there about three years ago are like burning bushes just at present, and luckily

nobody in this family is allergic to their touch, so that we can pick the leaves and bring them into the house.

The sight of the cassia, dripping its yellow blossoms on to the green of the lawn, brings back those lines I've always remembered from a school production of John Webster's "Duchess of Malfi."

Alas, I didn't play the lovely, tragic Duchess—I was the prompter, sitting under the dusty stage with a torch in one hand and a copy of the play in the other! But I've always remembered how the Duchess, faced with her murderers, said:

*What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut.*

*With diamonds? Or to be smothered*

*With cassia? Or to be shot to death with pearls?*

What was cassia? It must have been a valuable herb to be coupled like this with pearls and diamonds. I wonder if it was the same cassia as the one we grow?

I've looked at our trees, with their spindly bright green seed-pods hanging among the leaves and flowers, but there's nobody I want to smother just at present, and I can't think of any other use for them.

I tried the Duchess quotation on Diana, who was sitting reading at the kitchen table with her elbows resting in two discarded halves of a squeezed lemon.

This is her latest beauty fad, and half an hour of homework-time each night is devoted to whitening and beautifying her elbows.

"I couldn't bear to be smothered," she said, "and throat-cutting's messy even if it's done with diamonds, but being shot to death with pearls would be a really slap-up death."

I left her, still with her elbows in the lemon skins, dreaming of herself as an impossibly beautiful and dangerous woman facing a firing squad of impossibly handsome men armed with silver pistols loaded with pearls.

## Most humans are daydreamers

AT least, I think I did, though the picture in her mind may have been even more glamorous. This is what is known as waltermittyting in our family, since we saw the Danny Kaye film made from Thurber's wonderful story about the henpecked little man, Walter Mitty, who imagined himself at the top of every military and diplomatic and scientific tree.

All our children were great waltermittytters in their young days.

Kay, playing alone in the garden as a small child, would have wonderful stories to tell me of people who had joined in the game and what they said.

And Mike, as a tiny child, never came back from a walk without some extraordinary adventure to relate.

I can never understand why parents worry about this sort of thing, threatening their children with dire punishments if they go on "telling lies."

This is not lying—it's the mark of a lively creative imagination doing its proper work.

And, after all, aren't those angry and worried parents often consoling themselves over the washing-up or the weeding of the garden by daydreaming about chance encounters with Royalty, oil strikes, ocean cruises, or the winning of a lottery?



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Full  
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Only the Vicks Vaporub way relieves nose, throat, chest all night long... works twice as long as powders or tablets

Don't wait for that sick cry in the night when your child has a cold. Give her all-night relief... not just the four-hour relief of most powders or tablets. Rub your child's chest, throat, neck and back with Vicks Vaporub at bedtime. Starts easing soreness and tightness instantly... for 10 full hours... penetrating vapour medications go straight inside stuffy

head, inside sore throat, deep inside congested chest. All night long, Vaporub works to clear away mucus, break up bronchial congestion, calm coughing... makes breathing easier. Helps your child sleep the night through. So for every cold—for every member of the family—never go to bed with a cold without Vicks Vaporub.

Medicates cold-congested nose, throat, chest all at once... all night long. Vaporub's deep penetrating vapour medications start relieving in 7 seconds, keep on relieving for 10 full hours. And there's no internal dosing... no stomach or emotional upsets.



## VICKS VAPORUB

World's most widely used colds medication... use as a rub, in steam, around the nose.



VR61/14 HP

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seams, that Bill had discarded and which I often wore for gardening on summer afternoons, and a very large hat which Great-Aunt Agatha had picked up in Spain years before, a very handsome straw affair.

The hat was a little large for me, so I screwed up my hair to the top of my head, tied it securely with a bootlace, and pushed it up underneath the hat. I admired the result with a pleased smile.

Outside, time slipped by swiftly, beautifully. I chopped off all the dead roses. I removed weeds. I snicked off all the fading violas and pansies. Then I turned to the pentstemons, my joy and pride.

Crouched low on a little rush mat, and moving serenely within my private tent of shade, I was singing a happy song as I went snip, snip, snip at the pentstemons, when all of a sudden a cool, detached voice from

## Continuing . . . WOMAN'S WORK

from page 23

somewhere above my head remarked conversationally, "Hallo!" And at the same time I became aware of a pair of feet planted like rather apologetic rocks just below my nose. Rising from the feet were legs. In trousers.

"Oh, no!" I thought. "It isn't possible. Not already!"

Slowly, imperceptibly, I sank even closer to the ground, then froze into immobility.

Perhaps if I don't move, and don't speak, I thought, he'll go away. Perhaps he'll think it's a kind of beehive in the border. Or the gardener, maybe. A Spanish gardener—with no English!

The voice, a very polite voice,

came again remotely: "Excuse me—but is there anyone at home under that hat?"

I raised my head a trifle until a pair of old fawn flannels, somewhat baggy and wrinkled at the knees, came into view.

"Yes?" I inquired, with equal politeness.

"I—I hope I'm not too early," the charming, remote voice went on. "But Bill said just come early and get settled in."

"Oh, no!" I thought. "This can't happen. Not in these overalls!"

But the laws of hospitality are inexorable and precise. I looked up

sadly from beneath the sheltering brim and rose slowly to my feet.

"How d'you do?" I said politely, and extended an earthy hand.

There was something appealing about him. He was gangling and brown-haired, with a special kind of smile, and grey eyes that looked like getting a teasing look in them. He had the sort of shoulders that looked as if they'd be good to rest on. He didn't look like a painter.

He was smiling apologetically. "I could go away and come back again later?"

"Not at all," I said graciously. "I'll take you to your room."

Unfortunately, one of the legs of Bill's overalls—which were, of course,

too big for me and which I wore rolled up to just below the knee—chose that moment to become unrolled. I tripped and might have fallen had not the painter put out a steadying arm.

"What a beautiful view," he said, anxious to spare me embarrassment. "Why, it might almost be painted!"

The rules of hostess-ship are clear on the subject of putting a guest at his ease. "Draw him out on his favorite topic or hobby," our great-aunt would always say.

"Yes," I said blithely, carefully re-adjusting Bill's overalls. "This view from the stables is so reminiscent of the Elder Breughel, I always feel. Those trees down there—pure Poussin, don't you think?"

"You are, without doubt, right," he hastily agreed.

"But then, of course," I said, leading the way upstairs and remembering in time this man's preference for moderns, "the purely representational form of painting can be so—limiting, don't you feel?"

"Oh, indubitably," he agreed once more.

"Which particular form would you say has had the greater influence?" I asked, looking at him brightly. "Cubism? Surrealism? Purely abstract?"

He blushed. He considered his answer with exquisite care. Finally, he said with the tact worthy of a diplomat, "Why—it is reasonable to suggest that all—er—forms play a necessary, indeed an incontrovertible part in—er—development."

"You are so right!" I declared warmly, opening the door of his room. "Look at this picture, for instance." I swept him, unresisting, up to the picture of "Desolation." "It shows a quite brilliantly thought-out technique, don't you think?" I had really got into my stride now. "Observe the clever use of Pointillism. And the skill with which mood and feeling is suggested by the nuance of texture and tone is truly remarkable, don't you think?"

HE regarded the picture intently for a while before replying. "Yes," he said at length. "It is."

Really, I thought, this is a very terse and self-contained man. Heretofore our guests without exception had been informed and brilliant conversationalists. I determined on one last try.

"What is your opinion of the existentialist philosophy?" I asked.

He looked at me helplessly for a moment and scarlet flooded his cheeks.

"Why, I do believe he's shy," I thought suddenly. "And I'll bet he hasn't had any lunch!"

"I really do beg your pardon," I said. "You must be starving. Come on down into the kitchen and I'll give you lunch."

I took him down to the huge, old-fashioned kitchen with its ancient range, the bright, bobble-fringed antimacassars, the rag rugs strewn about the stone-flagged floor.

"I always have my lunch here when I'm alone," I said. "It's cosy."

I took up the kettle and started to fill it. A terrible moaning sound came from the pipes upstairs. A trickle of water emerged, reluctant and spluttering, from the tap. The trickle stopped.

"Oh, dear," I gasped in distress. "The pipes! Whatever can we do?" I looked at him imploringly. "I should have sent for the plumber, but I forgot."

Mike's face had brightened. "It could be some obstruction in the valve," he said cautiously. "You don't need a plumber. Have you a spanner? And a torch! Then lead me to the storage tank. I'll soon fix it."

I hastened to the deep drawer in the settle where we kept the tools. We found the spanner eventually in the dog's basket and the torch in my father's evening jacket. We ran the ladder to earth in the hay-loft, and located the hammer in the airing cupboard, where Kit must have left it. I rounded up the saw, two chisels, some nails, the oilcan, and the pliers. Mike carried the ladder and I followed him up the stairs to the bathroom.

Mike climbed the ladder and disappeared into the loft. He found the stop-tap and turned off the water at the main. I climbed half-way up the ladder and handed the tools as he asked for them, and sped about turning taps on or off as he directed. I lost my hat, but I remained delightfully composed. I had forgotten about the bootlace in my hair. I felt very useful and very happy. In no time at all, it seemed, the job was finished. The water gushed out fast and clear into the kitchen sink.

Mike climbed down out of the loft with a tired pride.

To page 51



Ah—here's SURF cleanness! Ken's shirt welcomes a close-up look!



You can see that Ken's wife uses Surf—it's proved by the whiteness of his shirt! Look how clean it is! Even the closest close-up look shows it's perfect—perfect cleanness everyone admires, perfect cleanness you get only with Surf.

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**SURF GIVES YOU THE WORLD'S CLEANEST WASH**



## Continuing . . . WOMAN'S WORK

from page 50

"Just a small piece of solder stuck in the valve inlet," he said modestly. "By the way," he added a few minutes later, washing his hands at the basin, "I noticed a few tiles missing from the roof while I was up in the loft. I'll fix them if you like—I can get up easily from the coach-house roof. I'll bring some mortar tomorrow."

"Are you a plumber, too?" I asked admiringly.

"Well," he said carefully, "you might say that in a small kind of way I can plumb."

"And do you understand why hot water freezes faster than cold? And why pipes burst in winter?" I asked, awed.

"Well—yes—actually I do."

He was very modest about it.

"Well," I said, "I think that's marvellous. Do you know," I said with feeling, "it's going to be wonderful having you here. I can't begin to tell you how miraculous it is to find a man who can do things."

We returned to the dark, cool kitchen. I rinsed the kettle and filled it. I spread a clean, white cloth and got out the best cups and saucers, the silver knives and forks. I opened the last pot of Aunt Aggie's famous red-currant jelly. Nothing was too good for him.

"Do you like bacon?" I asked him anxiously. "And eggs? I know it's not proper summer diet, but it's so sustaining. Besides, we are having salad for dinner tonight."

"Let me help," said Mike. "I'm quite good at cooking."

He cut the bread. I buttered. He fried the bacon. I broke in the eggs. He cut up some of the bread and fried it into crisp golden squares. We served the late lunch on the best Wedgwood plates and sat down side by side, companionably, to eat it.

"However did you learn all this?" I marvelled.

He pondered for a while.

"My grandfather, I suppose. He brought me up. He was a sailor, you know, and sailors can do everything. I dare say the army did the rest." He grinned. "You learn to do most things there. Besides, it's natural for a man to do things."

"Not my men!" I replied sadly. "They are so helpless. Especially when things go wrong. Of course, it's not like that when Aunt Aggie's here. Aunt Aggie will tackle anything, even locks and fuses. She's wonderful. I do most of the cooking, of course, and all the mending—I really patch most beautifully. And stitch on buttons! I really think," I said, staring solemnly at Mike, "that I must stitch on hundreds of buttons a year."

"I dare say you spoil them," Mike said smiling. "You will have to be sterner!" He appeared to be thinking.

"Look," he said. "Tomorrow I have an early lecture. After that the day's my own. If you like I can start on some of the odd jobs then. The coach-house door. Then the roof. I can do it after lunch easily. I'll enjoy it." He hesitated a moment. "Shall you be able to come?"

"Yes," I said, "I think so."

The next morning I got up very early, as was my custom on fine summer mornings, to do a little gardening before breakfast. I wore a clean pair of overalls and a battered, paint-stained old Panama hat of my father's. This costume, though not elegant, was admirably suited for strenuous early morning toil in the vegetable garden. I was just putting my fork in the ground when Mike's voice called cheerfully from behind me. "What a glorious morning! There's a kind of sparkle over everything, a vibrancy of light which is pure Constable, don't you think?" He smiled happily. A little wind ruffled the blossom on the trees, turning the petals

delicately. "Just look at that, Van Gogh to the life," he cried with enthusiasm. "Don't you agree?" he asked with a rather anxious look at me.

I straightened slowly and stared out over the laughing orchard. "Yes," I said. "Oh—indubitably yes!" I felt a bit lonely all at once.

"What's the matter?" Mike asked. "You look harassed suddenly. Here—let me do this. This isn't women's work," he said, taking the heavy fork from my hand.

In no time at all Mike had filled the large chip basket with potatoes. Then he turned his attention to hoeing between the rows. He hoed beautifully. "How beautifully you dig," I was all admiration. "However did you learn to garden like this?"

"From my grandfather," he replied. "When I was a boy we had a huge garden. He taught me everything—about soil and drainage and plants. He was mad on gardening. Sailors often are, I've noticed. I helped him once to make a lawn out of a field. We drained it and everything. In three years it was beautiful."

He sat down on the handle of the wheelbarrow and lit a cigarette. I sat down on a box at his feet.

All those things—and gardening, too! I clasped my hands round my knees and stared at him dreamily.

"You make things look so neat," I sighed.

"Oh, that's Grandfather again! Everything had to be shipshape and Bristol fashion in his garden. No weeds. No unkempt paths. No straggly hedges. No tools left out all night!"

"You must have been very happy," I said, wistfully thinking of the beautiful order in his life.

"Why, yes!" he said, giving me his warm smile. "I was!"

"I've been thinking," he said presently. "Tomorrow I'll hoe the cabbages and beet, and ridge up the late potatoes. And if this weather holds," he squinted up at the sky, "we'll have to do some watering."

"Oh—could you really?" I asked. "But would that not, perhaps, be imposing on a guest? I'm afraid Bill and my father might think so!" I said, torn between doubt and desire.

"Well—let's not tell them!" Mike said promptly. "Look—let's come out here every morning early and do all the most urgent gardening jobs, and in the afternoons I'll mend doors and such-like things inside. You'll be surprised what a lot we can get through in a week."

"I'm making something special for lunch today," I said. "Fresh lobster salad. With mayonnaise!" We smiled at each other. We seemed to have arrived at a delightful degree of understanding.

We made an assignation for six o'clock next morning in the garden. And, of course, we had an appointment by the coach-house door for two o'clock that afternoon.

After that the days resolved themselves into a definite pattern. Mike had a lecture every morning and the evenings were fully occupied, of course, with Bill and the rest of the family.

I do not think I had ever been so happy at home with anyone. Our characters seemed to fit together so perfectly; we worked together and understood each other so well.

Mike knew so much. And he could do so many things! He cut and edged the lawn until it looked like velvet. He trimmed the hedges. He tidied

"Well, I'm an engineer," Mike teased. "Perhaps that makes a difference."

"So's Bill," I sighed, "in a high and mighty, physicist kind of way. But he never bends his mind to engineering about the house." I sighed again, contemplating my recalcitrant family. "They are so charming. They always mean so well. Sometimes," I said sadly, "I feel I am beginning to get a little bitter about it."

"I dare say you spoil them," Mike said smiling. "You will have to be sterner!" He appeared to be thinking.

"Look," he said. "Tomorrow I have an early lecture. After that the day's my own. If you like I can start on some of the odd jobs then. The coach-house door. Then the roof. I can do it after lunch easily. I'll enjoy it." He hesitated a moment. "Shall you be able to come?"

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Mike knew so much. And he could do so many things! He cut and edged the lawn until it looked like velvet. He trimmed the hedges. He tidied

up the rosebeds and the borders. He dug and prepared a celery trench. He planted six more rows of peas so that we should have a late successive crop throughout the summer.

He mended the roof and rehung the coach-house door. He oiled and sorted out all the implements in the tool-shed and saw that everything hung neatly in its place. He mended the step-ladders and the fire and the geyser, and put new washers on the bathroom taps.

I carried his tools and handed nails and accompanied him everywhere. He explained everything to me very slowly and painstakingly so that I would know what to do when he wasn't there. Truth to tell, my powers of concentration were not always at their best and my ignorance, to be candid, was shocking. But he never got cross or impatient with me.

And, in spite of everything, I was learning much.

I did not wear the overalls and battered hat after that first morning. I wore my best dress of corn-colored silk, which looked so striking against my tan and showed off my blond hair.

It wasn't, I knew, a proper working costume, but the tenets of civilised behaviour state quite clearly what is expected from a hostess in the way of dress.

Both the house and garden began to take on an extremely well-cared-for air. The golden days slipped by in an increasing atmosphere of peace, contentment, and goodwill. Nobody mentioned painting after that first day. I quite forgot that Mike was a part-time artist. And that I was a supposed patron of the arts.

It was Kit who inadvertently reminded me. I was sitting all alone on the verandah that Friday teatime toying with a

ing of the beautiful order in his life.

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To page 56

### Holiday Bargain of the year!

# ONE THIRD OFF

## New Zealand Holidays

### TEAL Air-Conomy TOURS

FROM £77.17.6  
(ex Sydney)

Not just the fare, the complete holiday.

1961 is opportunity year for your New Zealand holiday! From May to November you save up to one-third of the regular cost!

Choose from a whole new series of 1961 super-bargain holiday tours, specially priced and planned to save you pounds and pounds. Complete holiday itineraries—all inclusive—return air travel by TEAL Electra\* from Brisbane, Sydney or Melbourne, accommodation, meals, sightseeing and all travel within New Zealand. This is your opportunity for an overseas holiday at a cost less than many "stay at home" vacations. See your Travel Agent now for full details.

\* Economy-class

Typical 1961 Air-Conomy bargain holiday plans. Your Travel Agent can show you the full list.

17/NZ 101 7-DAY NORTH ISLAND

Sydney/Auckland by TEAL. Overnight in Auckland. Then Rotorua, covering Whakarewarewa Model Pa, thermal activity, and interesting attractions. Then to Hamilton and Waitomo. Overnight in Waitomo, visit Glow-worm Grotto, Aranui and Ruakiri Limestone Caves. Waitomo/Auckland. Overnight in Auckland. Depart TEAL for Sydney. £77/17/6

17/NZ 103 8-DAY SOUTH ISLAND

Sydney/Christchurch by TEAL. Overnight in Christchurch. Then to Hermitage (Mt. Cook), with excursion to Tasman Glacier. On to Queenstown via Lindus Pass. Launch excursion to Bob's Cove on Lake Wakatipu and motor excursion to for Sydney. Return Christchurch. Overnight in Christchurch. Depart TEAL £86/10/0

17/NZ 104 15-DAY NORTH AND SOUTH ISLAND

Sydney/Christchurch by TEAL. Overnight in Christchurch. Then to Hermitage (Mt. Cook), with excursion to Tasman Glacier. On to Queenstown via Lindus Pass. Launch and motor trips to nearby attractions. Then to Dunedin, on to Christchurch through Hamilton and on to Waitomo. Inspect Glow-worm Grotto. Then Rotorua, visit the Whakarewarewa Model Pa, thermal activities and various interesting attractions. On to Auckland, overnight in Auckland. Return TEAL to Sydney. £135/0/0



# How to choose your coat

*... Coverage  
for '61*

by BETTY KEEP

THE CHOICE of a winter coat is an important fashion event, because a coat worn through a season — mostly through several seasons — becomes the wearer's tag of identity. (Be sure the "tag" is becoming, and let it be alive with color.)

Here, to help the coat choice, are some of the newest trends.

No one "look" rules the field — the coat range holds something for everyone. For every woman there's a type as personal as her hairdo.

A vivid coat is a wonderful jolt for dark clothes; also, it can be worn over both "pales" and other "brights."

The big coat colors are red, violet, orange, rich brown, plaids that claim no clan, and checks.

But first a woman must know her type and the colors most flattering to her eyes and hair. Secondly, her coat must fit the type of life she leads.

A collarless cardigan-type and a classic design are the best all-purpose coats for women in all walks of life. Note, too, the fur-trimmed coat, the coat with a wrapped silhouette, and the one with new bias flares. Unless you have an extensive wardrobe and budget, be distrustful of fads.

Coat shopping is comparatively easy for the woman who knows her style, type, and best color. But the woman who is uncertain should "look around" — and "try on," too — before making the final decision.

Formula: Consider well the most typical occasions you're most likely to encounter in the coming months and buy to meet them. Where fashion is concerned, money certainly matters, but taste and good judgment are almost as important.

● The season's gayest coat in dashing red. News to note: Collarless neckline, uncuffed sleeves, and a side-fastening via one important button. Accessory note: Dark gloves in contrast to a vivid color.





## SOME OF THE NEW SHAPES



● New spring look—the coat that wraps and ties with a self-material belt; no buttons needed. The coal-heaver hat and color, orange, are more news. This coat was in the Cardin spring collection.



● The all-purpose cardigan coat falling straight and slim, with four flap pockets the only decoration. Above, the coat has its matching skirt. The color, violet, is one of the fancied shades for '61.



● The classic coat with roomy easy lines is smart and practical for town, country, and travel. Example at left, in blue, has a single-breasted fastening, low-placed pockets, and wrist-length, uncuffed sleeves.



# Dress Sense

● This princess-shaped coat-dress is my design choice for a reader who asks for a button-front dress which could also be worn as a coat to cover a late-day sheath dress.

HERE is the query from her letter and my reply:

*"Please supply me with a paper pattern for a button-front style to double as coat or frock. My bust size is 34in."*

I think your idea of a two-way coat-dress design is an extremely practical one. I hope you like the style I have chosen to carry out the idea. The cape-collar is new, so are the below-elbow, uncuffed sleeves. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Below, beside the illustration, are further details and how to order.

## Like Walking on Pillows



1. Relieve painful Calluses.
2. Cushioned comfort, ease pressure on nerves of the feet.
3. Help lessen strain of standing or walking.

Make each day a holiday for your feet. Cushion feet from toe to heel with new, luxury softness.

**Dr. Scholl's**  
**AIR-PILLO INSOLES**

442. — Princess-line coat-dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/9. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



By BETTY KEEP

*"Could you suggest some sort of warm head covering suitable to wear with casual sports clothes? The hat is for a teenager of 16."*

A bulky-knit head-hugging cap would be a perfect head covering to ward off cold and wind. Caps in this category were big fashion news in the last Paris autumn collections.

*"A dress and jacket to be made in Glen plaid wool is my present fashion problem. I could certainly use a few suggestions."*

There's more breadth and more of a fluid fit in the newest jackets, which, by the way, are mostly waist-length or a little longer. The newest thing about the dresses to go with these slick little jackets are that they are sleeveless.

*"Please suggest an all-purpose daytime outfit to suit a young woman with a size 40in. bust."*

Far the wisest choice for a woman in your size is a dress and matching coat ensemble, or dress and matching coat plus overblouse.

*"This is my problem: I am wearing a lemon satin bridesmaid frock. My hair is long and worn in a chignon, and I can't think of a suitable hat. The wedding is at 6.30 p.m."*

Don't wear a hat. A trio of little bows (mounted on a fine net the same color as your hair) arranged around the chignon would make a simple and pretty head decoration. The bows could be made from the satin you are using for the dress.

*"Please help me by suggesting a skating costume for a fifteen-year-old girl."*

A pinafore made with a very short-cut circular skirt worn with a short-sleeved blouse would make an ideal skating outfit. Have the pinafore made in a colorful clan plaid or scarlet velvet and the blouse in fine white wool.



Once there was woman who loved fine soft woollies... big fluffy blankets... cuddly woolly baby things.



But so often washing meant matting and shrinking. (Soap powders — great for most fabrics — are too harsh for wool.)



Then a neighbour told her of the marvellous new cold water wool shampoo — specially made for washing wool.



Well, she tried this Zero Concentrated Wool Shampoo in her next woolly wash.



Zero gently coaxed out all the dirt. Brightened colours. Didn't mat! Didn't shrink! Left her woollens soft, springy like new. Her hands smooth.



Now Zero keeps her woollens in good shape — beautifully soft and fluffy, wash after wash after wash! Zero will do the same for yours.

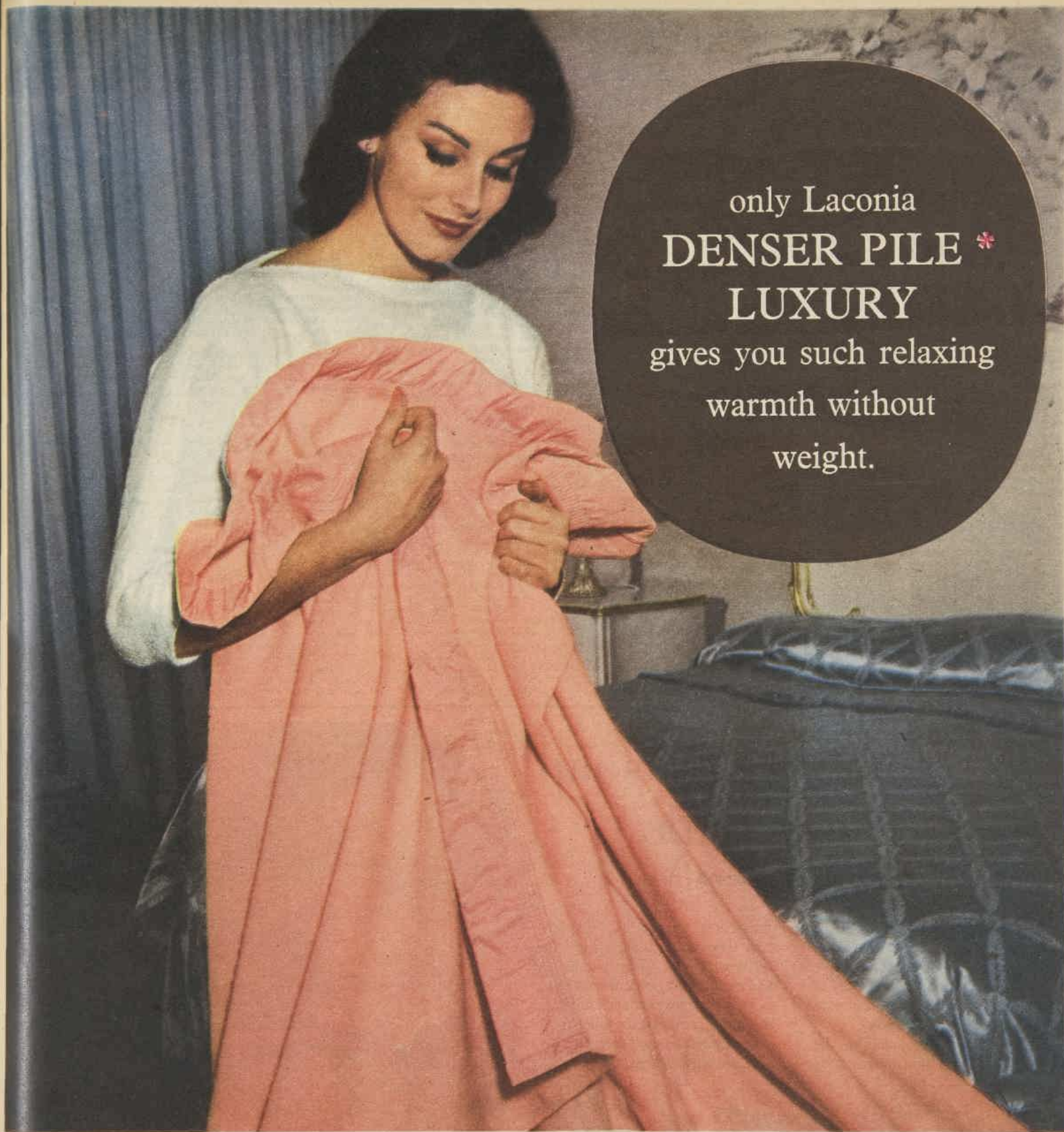


You'll find Zero the wisest 4/6 investment you ever made. Write it on your shopping list before you turn this page!



Zero Concentrated Wool Shampoo — the only washing product with a MONEY BACK GUARANTEE never to shrink or mat wool!





only Laconia  
**DENSER PILE** ✱  
**LUXURY**  
gives you such relaxing  
warmth without  
weight.

Blissful nights and joyful good mornings are yours *every night* with Laconia.

In lovely sleepytime colours - checks, rich contemporary  
tones and soft pastels - see them in the  
blanket department of any good store.

*Laconia*

100% pure lambs' wool blankets...  
make goodnight a certainty.

✱ WHAT IS DENSER PILE?

In the exclusive Laconia *Denser Pile* process, every blanket consists of wool from lambs shorn for the first time. The young, tapered staple which *has never been cut before* provides a lovely, soft 'feel'.

The superb quality of this virgin lambswool allows a thicker denser pile to be raised on the surface of the blanket. It completely covers the weave and traps many millions more tiny cells of air. It is this dense mass of air cells which gives Laconia extra warmth without exhausting weight.



sandwich. Mike had a late lecture and neither Bill nor my father was yet home. Kit came out and joined me.

"Did you know," Kit said thoughtfully, "that there are eight million earthworms to the acre of fertile land?"

"No," I said, "I didn't know."

"Mike told me," he said. "He mended my bike. I like him. I wish he were staying."

"So do I," I said, trying to sound casual about it.

"He quite likes you, I think," Kit went on. "He said you were very artistic and knew an awful lot about art. I was surprised."

"Stop! Stop!" I moaned. "Don't mention art to me. I quoted Cousin Giles at him like mad that first day, to put him at ease, you know, like Aunt Aggie says."

"Well, don't get this out of perspective," Kit said reasonably. "It can't make any difference to Mike whether you know a lot or not. Why should it? He won't care!"

"I—I still feel awful. He'll think I was t-trying to impress him. Or else p-poking fun at him. He'll think I've been—deceiving him," I said in faltering tones. "He'll never feel he can t-trust me again! I sniffed; a large tear trickled slowly down my nose.

Kit stared at me in amazement.

"Well, frankly," he said, "I can't understand what the fuss is about! You discover mountains when there isn't even a molehill. As if Mike could possibly care what you said. Anyway, I think you are just silly. It isn't a crime to pretend, even if you'd meant to."

But Kit's words must have had an effect, because later that evening I found myself broaching the subject to Mike.

"What," I blurted out, "is your candid opinion of people who pretend?"

## Continuing . . . WOMAN'S WORK

from page 51

"Pretend?" he asked in an astonished voice. "What sort of pretend?"

"Well," I swirled the mop vigorously in the washing-up—"people who give the impression they know a lot about art, for instance, when actually they don't."

**E**VEN without looking round, I knew that he had blushed.

"Why"—he stammered after a moment—"I—I suppose it would depend on—motive, don't you think?"

"Would you consider it—false?" I asked, turning the knife in my breast.

"Why," he said miserably, "I suppose in a way. But surely—"

I pulled myself up very straight and tall. "That's all I wanted to know," I said quietly. "We won't talk about it any more."

Mike shuffled his feet. "Well"—he sounded very shy again—"I expect I'll be leaving you tomorrow!"

He hesitated, then went on, with an attempt at jocularity, "I expect you've nothing else needs doing before I go? No more ladders to mend. No fuses. No windows to fix!"

I shook my head. I could not speak.

"Well," he said again, "I'd better go. I have a lot of work to do tonight. Important work. I've been rather neglecting things lately. I—I'll see you later in the evening, I expect. At supper. My last evening," he said heavily.

I thought what it would be like without him. The empty grey mornings. The sunless afternoons. I could not look at him. He turned and went away.

A tear plopped down into the washing-up water. Then another, and another. I rubbed them away. I finished the washing-up. I tidied and swept the floor. I set the table formally for supper. Proper high kind of supper in the dining-room because it was Mike's last evening. I went up to my room and started making my bed all over again. I could not keep still. I decided to whitewash the tool-shed. It might help me to forget the cold, hard lump that seemed to have settled in my chest.

I pulled on the old overalls. The battered, paint-stained hat. I walked slowly across to the tool-shed.

The sight of the wheelbarrow, hoes, forks, and spades, all standing in exquisite military precision as Mike had arranged them, affected me strongly.

I emptied the whitening into the bucket and added water gradually from the old blue jug. Something about the jug reminded me of Mike. I stirred the whitening with a stick and the tears spilled out of my eyes and started rolling down my cheeks. I stood fumbling in my pocket for a handkerchief.

"Julie!" came a polite, hesitant voice from behind me. "Julie—I saw you come here. I followed you."

I spun round. It was Mike. I was so relieved, so happy to see him standing there, I did not know how to bear it. I scowled at him.

"What are you doing here?" I asked rudely.

Mike came and stood beside me. "Julie," he said, "you're crying!"

"I'm not crying," I said beligerently. "And if I am, it's because I've got whitewash in my eye." I pulled out my handkerchief, sniffed and blew my nose. "I thought you had work to do," I said coldly. "I'd have you know that I disapprove strongly of people who come wasting people's time in toolsheds."

Mike drew down his brows. "Important work be hanged," he said. "I can do important work for the rest of my life. But—oh, Julie!—can't you say something? This is our last evening!"

I stared at him helplessly. I felt as if I were about to faint.

"Here, let me do that," said Mike, making a grab for the stick. "I'm supposed to be hot stuff at this kind of thing. True," he said sticking out his chin, "it's not the stuff your old pal Barbizon went in for, but it's just as useful I dare say."

I stopped. I stared. "My—my what?" I faltered.

"That fellow Barbizon you were always talking about," said Mike defiantly.

I lifted my chin. My tears had dried. I said slowly, carefully as though I were reading from a book, "There's a little village outside Fontainebleau called Barbizon. A little group of painters, of whom Corot is the best known, established themselves therein. They were known as the Barbizon School of painters. There is no fellow—Barbizon." My voice sank to a whisper. "Could it be—houses that you paint? Not pictures—Mike?"

We stared at each other. I saw the grey eyes, the brown unruly hair (already liberally sprinkled with whitewash) that

hung always so endearingly over his forehead. He flushed. He looked guilty.

"Yes," he said, "it's walls. Not pictures. I can't think what gave you the idea it was anything else! I'm just a plain, straightforward, simple sort of chap who calls a spade a spade. I didn't know the first thing about art until last week. I got it out of books." He gave a deep, deep sigh.

"I—I'm sorry, Julie. It—was love that made me do it. I've loved you since that first day in the garden with your funny hat and the bootlace in your hair. You frightened me to death with your erudition and your broadsides on art, but I still loved you. So I sat up half the night reading up the subject so's I could join in the conversation. But it was love made me, Julie. I never meant to deceive you! I was only being polite and wanting to please you."

"I was only being polite, too," I sobbed. "And mine's not even books; it's Cousin Giles and Aunt Aggie! I'm not a bit erudite!"

**H**E put his arm around me. "Oh, Julie, I do love you terribly."

"I love you terribly, too," I wailed, clinging to him.

After a while he said cautiously, "Actually, I'm beginning rather to like art, now that I'm getting acquainted."

"Do you like 'Hands in Prayer'?" I asked, "by Albrecht Durer?"

"Yes," he said, "I like it. Actually I really care for some of those old masters. They have serenity. Like gardens."

"I like old masters, too," I said. We smiled at each other.

"Oh, Julie," Mike said again, "I do truly love you!" He touched my hand and it was magic. It was like springtime. It was like all the stars in

glory dancing in the sky. I held on to his wonderful, dear, kind hand and rubbed my cheek against it. My hair caught in one of the buttons in his jacket. There was a little plop. The button fell off and rolled on the floor.

"Come along into the kitchen," I said dreamily, tenderly. "I'll stitch it for you."

Dreamily, tenderly, hand in hand we went up the steps and into the cosy, homely kitchen. I got out the needle and thread. I felt terribly happy, terribly useful, terribly busy. I sang a little song to myself as I knotted the thread and pushed the needle through the jacket for the first time. Mike held himself very straight and stiff. There was a pleased, almost a smug, expression on his face. Something in his attitude, in his air of resigned patience stirred some faint memory that filled me with unease. Something that reminded me of someone—of Kit. Of Bill. Of my father—

As in a dream I heard Aunt Aggie's dry and well-bred tones. "It's their helplessness that traps us—or their charm—"

My hand froze, extended in mid-air. I had a swift and clear-cut vision of socks to be darned, of washing, scrubbing, ironing; of buttons in their innumerable thousands all waiting to be stitched on.

And later on I knew, inexorable, inevitable, there would be the bathwater to let out, wet towels to wring out and dry, a razor to put away—

Mike's expression changed.

"Julie—what's the matter?"

I looked at him. I smiled. I pressed my cheek lovingly against his jacket. After all, I thought happily, for a husband it is bound to be quite, quite different. Once more I sang softly to myself as I picked up the needle.

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## DANGEROUS VISITOR

from page 25

sighing, rumbling with pleasure, he took his ease in the pool. "Shoot! Kill him!" hissed Bachi Ram, safe in high branches.

The elephant's need was now satisfied and he had time to think of other things. At the human voice he swung round, cocking his ears forward, then back. Chakravarti saw with alarm the slight tremble to the end of the trunk as it half began to curl in preparation for a charge.

Chakravarti's finger began to close on the trigger.

And then one of the camp babies — a little boy dressed

● To separate two glasses that have become stuck together, fill the inside glass with cold water and place both in warm water.

only in a loincloth — tottered out from among the bushes. He had escaped from his mother, who was trying to hold down six or seven other boys.

All the camp children were perfectly accustomed to the tame elephants who travelled with them, and this baby toddled forward with a happy cry on his lips.

The wild elephant turned towards him.

It was too late to fire. Even a perfect shot might not cause instant death. The tusker would think the child was the cause of his sudden agony, and could reach him before he died.

Chakravarti put down his rifle and ran full speed towards the child and elephant. He bent like a polo player, scooped him up in passing, and raced on.

Behind him sounded a blast

of astonished fury from the tusker.

Chakravarti found himself dodging among bamboo clumps, an angry elephant at his heels. But he was young, he had speed and agility, and he managed to outwit his pursuer.

The elephant's temper had been due to fright and it evaporated without delay. A final snort and he changed his mind, wheeled, and crashed off into the jungle.

Chakravarti returned to camp with a sobbing child in his arms. "Whose is this?" he asked, offering the baby.

"Mine," whispered Bachi Ram in shame and horror. With curses he ordered his wife to take the child, while he himself raced to pick up the rifle.

"Let me clean it for you, sir," he gabbled.

"It has not been fired."

"Nevertheless, I will clean it. I will clean everything."

He flashed off.

Clearly the man was suffering from shock. He needed activity to cure him. Chakravarti allowed him to do this work. And perhaps, after all, if the fellow were really sorry

Tension was going out of the air. From the south-western horizon purple cloud was foaming up fast in a straight line over the sky. Already, miles away, like falling shot, you could hear rain on dead leaves.

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picture sprang into her mind of the dark-browed man she had last seen sprawling at his ease with all the confidence of ownership in the firelit library.

"Ambrose," she cried urgently, "come back as quickly as you can."

"I shall. And I shall send you news when possible."

"You mean I'm to steal documents!"

"It isn't likely that our clever opponent will leave anything of any significance lying about, but if he does, yes. You are to steal it. Or let us say, borrow." Ambrose gave his faint smile that was intended to be reassuring. "Don't look so

## Continuing . . . SAMANTHA

from page 29

alarmed. Would you rather do nothing, accept this injustice?"

"Oh, no! I'm as determined as you," Sarah declared, "although I can't help thinking," she added, "that it would be simpler if you were to marry an heiress, after all."

"And let this impostor win! As well as lose you." (She had only imagined the last part of his sentence was a little belated.) "I love you, Sarah. You must wait for me. I'll be back as soon as possible, and all will be well. Now I must be off. The ship sails at full tide."

For a moment he clasped her in his arms. If it hadn't been for the tightness of his embrace she would have thought him only half with her, even then, the other half already in

the hot sunshine of the West Indies, intent on his revenge.

Sarah's only other farewell was to her two sisters, Amelia and Charlotte.

She looked from one to the other of her sisters. They were both dowdily dressed, as befitted their situations. Supposing Ambrose did not come back, supposing they could not succeed in their plan to unmask the false Blane Mallow, supposing, indeed, he were genuinely Blane, in spite of all the strange discrepancies, then she, too, would be in a similar case to Amelia and Charlotte.

Her back stiffened. She would go

through any kind of dubious and rash adventure rather than grow into a dowdy nonentity. Her last lingering doubts were dispelled. Now she was impatient to begin her task.

It was obvious that Amalie had been compelled to make the best of an infuriating situation.

She welcomed Sarah with chilly courtesy.

"I'm afraid, Miss Mildmay, that until we get to Mallow Hall you will have to take charge of Titus completely. We've had to give Annie notice."

"I'm sorry about that, Lady Mallow."

"Servants, I am told, are becoming far too independent. Annie had some idea that her rights were put upon, as she expressed it."

The implication of Amalie's words was unmistakable. Sarah met her cool gaze steadily.

"I shall be happy to do all I can, Lady Mallow."

"My husband insists that you know how to manage children. I warn you that Titus isn't easy. This sudden change in surroundings and climate has been too much for his delicate constitution. And then there's my mother-in-law. I had no idea—" But at that Amalie must have felt she was being too indiscreet, especially to a woman to whom she was already hostile.

"It is essential that Titus be in bed early," she said, "since we begin a long journey in the morning. Don't let him eat anything but bread and milk for his supper, and I'd suggest no noisy games."

Sarah looked surprised, until she realised that Lady Malvina was the difficulty. No doubt Amalie, in spite of her airs and graces, was already a little afraid of her.

"One more thing, Miss Mildmay. Since this is your first night here, perhaps you'd prefer supper on a tray in your room."

This gesture, Sarah knew, was no mark of thoughtfulness for her comfort. It was merely postponing the time when Sarah would share their table. But she welcomed it with inner excitement. While the family was at dinner she could do a little quiet investigating. It would be her only opportunity in this house.

A maid appeared and the cool, unfriendly interview was over. She was in the house, but on sufferance only. Blane was the dominating partner in this marriage and had exercised his will, from whom or perhaps genuine concern for his son's welfare. But one must not make the mistake of underestimating Amalie. She would have weapons of her own. She could attempt to make Sarah's position as intolerable as Ambrose had feared it might be.

THE little boy stood in the middle of the large nursery in his flannel nightshirt. His grandmother, obviously exhausted from recent activity, was sunk back in a chair fanning her flushed face. When Sarah came in she said wheezily, "Ah, here you are at last, Miss Mildmay. I have had the boy on my hands since that stupid Annie departed in a huff. But we've had a tremendous romp. Haven't we, my little love?"

Sarah went to take the child's hand. He didn't resist, but the hot little palm lay limply within her own.

"You remember me, don't you, Titus?"

He nodded. His sober face gave no sign of pleasure, but neither did it show dislike nor distress. It seemed that he had already learnt to accept what was in any way acceptable. Only the worse shocks, such as growing used to his alarming grandmother, or tolerating the unkind Annie, who had secretly pinched him, had badly shaken his self-control. He was already deciding, as his instinct had told him when he had clung to her, that this young woman with the gentle eyes would not pinch or bully him.

"We're going to be good friends," said Sarah quietly. "I'm to teach you a great many things, like reading and drawing pictures and where all the countries in the world are. We shall get an atlas and follow your journey in the ship from Trinidad to England. And we'll have walks in the woods and you'll have a pony to ride."

"That's right," said Lady Malvina approvingly. "Teach the lad some courage. He's the living image of my own son at that age, but he's got no fire. He's too quiet. What makes him so quiet?" she finished peevishly.

"Some children are naturally shy and quiet," Sarah said, thinking that neither of these characteristics would have belonged to Lady Malvina's own son. "But give Titus time. He's still adapting himself to a new environment."

"You seem a sensible young woman. I must say. You've no doubt had a good deal of experience with children?"

"Yes, Lady Malvina," Sarah lied.

"H'mm. Well, my son saw your point before I did, I admit that. I thought you were a most pushing and imperious young woman. So did my daughter-in-law. She was not at all pleased, I must say." The old lady paused to give a rich chuckle.

"Not at all pleased. She suspected Blane had spied a new pretty face. He's a great one, my son, for pretty faces. There was that dairymaid Maria when he was only a schoolboy. He's conveniently forgotten that. His amnesia serves him well. But all the same, I like a man to be a man, vigorous, lusty if you like. Better than that cold-blooded, correct cousin of his."

Sarah lifted her eyes innocently.

"Is that the person who would have

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inherited if your son hadn't returned, Lady Malvina?"

"Ambrose? Yes," Lady Malvina's lips were turned down in eloquent distaste. "Oh, he's well enough, perhaps. But he's a type I thoroughly dislike. Do you think he'd have paid my debts, taken me into his family, let me enjoy his children?"

Lady Malvina was too fat, was no doubt greedy at the table, and on her own admission she was extravagant and foolish with money. She also was indiscreet with servants, as she was being indiscreet now with Sarah, a virtual stranger. But already Sarah was conscious of an untidy warmth about her that was difficult to dislike. And there was no doubt that, with her careless talk, she was going to be of enormous help.

Sarah was already resolving to keep a diary, to note down settings of conversation that her memory might not otherwise retain.

"How very fortunate for you, Lady Malvina, that your son did come home. It was like a miracle, wasn't it?"

"In a way it was. Though there was no miracle about all those advertisements in papers all over the world. They cost a pretty penny, I can tell you."

"And was your son the only applicant?"

She must attend to Titus, get him to bed, but this conversation was too valuable to miss.

**L**ADY MALVINA'S heavy eyelids lifted. She gave Sarah a curious veiled stare that told nothing.

"What exactly do you mean by that, Miss Mildmay?"

"Only that the advertisement might have lured adventurers to try their luck for such an attractive inheritance."

Lady Malvina stood up, arranging her rustling skirts.

"And did you think, if that had happened, I wouldn't have recognised them for what they were? I'm not a fool, Miss Mildmay."

She sailed out of the room. Sarah was fearful that already she had gone too far. She didn't think so, however. Lady Malvina was garrulous and lonely. She couldn't have much in

## Continuing . . . SAMANTHA

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common with her daughter-in-law. Because of Titus she would be in the nursery constantly. She would talk again.

Titus meekly ate his bread and milk and allowed himself to be put to bed in the firelit nursery.

"Have you travelled in a train before?" Sarah asked. She discovered that Titus spoke only when spoken to, and then in shy monosyllables.

"No."

"Then that's very exciting, isn't it? Have you any toys you want to take?"

"No."

"But don't you have toys you like best? Didn't you have any in Trinidad?"

"I had Jose then."

"Who was Jose?"

"He was a black boy."

The sparse information showed Sarah another side to Titus' quietness. Had his father, in his ambitious gamble, stopped to give one thought to this minor tragedy it entailed? His son had lost a favorite playmate, and he had not yet learned to play with an English child's toys.

"Goodnight, Titus. Sleep well. Shall I leave the candle for a little while?"

The large dark eyes looked up at her beseechingly. She realised that neither Annie nor anyone else had pampered this weakness.

"All right. I won't blow it out," she promised. "Are we going to be friends, Titus?"

"Why don't you call me Georgie?"

"Why should I do that? Is that what —" she made a guess, — "Jose used to call you?"

"Yes. And Mamma, too. When I was a baby."

"But when you came to England she called you Titus?"

"She said Georgie was a baby name."

"And Papa used to call you Georgie, too?"

The little boy looked puzzled. "I think he called me Titus. When he came back from the sea."

"Was he away at sea a long time?"

"Ever so long. But Mamma says he won't go to sea again. And I have to be called Titus because that was my grand-papa's name."

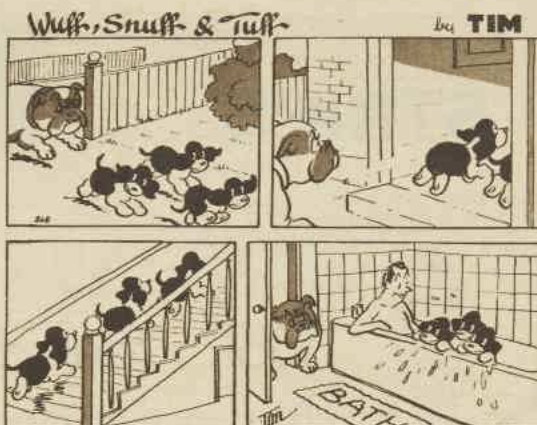
"It's a good name," Sarah said. (It was the family name that she would inevitably call her own son. In the meantime, she must not grudge it to this innocent little usurper.)

"I hope Mrs. Robbins is kind to you."

"Oh, yes, she's all right. And when the master and mistress isn't here she's easy-going, ma'am. Ever so kind, but I'll turn a blind eye if it suits her."

Lucy was blushing deeply, and Sarah was left to guess what Mrs. Robbins' particular easy-going habit was, men or the gin bottle. Like a magpie gathering treasure, she tucked

### FOR THE CHILDREN



But already she had significant entries to make in her diary.

It seemed that she was not to see Blane Mallow that night. A very young maid brought her her supper tray.

"Thank you," said Sarah pleasantly. "Are you to travel with us tomorrow?"

"No, ma'am. I'm to stay here with Mrs. Robbins, the housekeeper, ma'am."

"Oh! And what's your name?"

"Lucy, ma'am."

"You're very young. Is this your first position?"

"Yes, ma'am. I'm just fourteen."

the piece of information away in her mind.

"What time is dinner downstairs, Lucy?"

"Eight o'clock, ma'am."

"Thank you, Lucy. You may go."

Sarah set her supper tray on one side and tiptoed to the door of her room to open it a crack and listen. Almost at once she heard the dinner gong, and a few minutes later the heavy tread of Lady Malvina, followed by the lighter footsteps of Amalie, on the stairs. Blane must have been downstairs already, for, although she waited, scarcely breathing, at the door for another ten minutes, there was no more sound.

It did not take long to discover which rooms, on the first floor, were Blane's and Amalie's. The door she first opened was obviously Lady Malvina's, for such a lug of coal smoke and scented cologne and woollen garments came from the room that she withdrew quickly.

The next door she tried led to the master bedroom. The gas had been left burning low, and she could see the wide bed with its elaborate headboard, the carved ceiling, the glint of mirror, and the shine of Amalie's discarded silk gown. A maid might come at any moment to tidy up, and turn down the bed.

**S**ARAH moved swiftly, startled that she possessed such daring. What was she looking for? She didn't know. Just anything significant that caught her eye which she could add to her magpie board of information. Strangely enough, there was no sign of masculine occupation of this room. The dressing-table held nothing but Amalie's possessions, the wardrobes only women's clothing. But, of course, here was the communicating door leading to Blane's room.

Dare she open it? Sarah held her breath and turned the knob. But the door didn't open. It was locked on the other side.

It took only a moment to tiptoe quickly down the passage and open the main door, which showed that it certainly was Blane's room. Smaller than the bedroom next door, it was a finely proportioned room. The bed was quite narrow, and Blane, at present, obviously occupied it alone.

Her cheeks hot, Sarah silently closed the door and left. She had stumbled on more than she had bargained for. This, at least, was none of her business, and she was ashamed of herself for discovering it.

But she must not let herself be deterred. Her real goal was the library. If there were any papers to be discovered they would be in the desk behind which Blane had sat the other day. There would be plenty of

time to make a search while the family was at dinner, and her chances of being disturbed there were much less. If she were she could make the excuse that she had come to look for a book to read.

She had to descend the stairs and actually pass the dining-room door. It was almost closed, however, and, safely past, she could not resist stopping to listen a moment.

The only person talking was Lady Malvina, and she was doing so with her usual garrulity, and obviously with her mouth full. "Better than that sly Annie, anyway," she was saying. "And Titus seems to take to her. She's as prim as they come, of course."

"I thought she was remarkably forward and impudent for a person in her position," Amalie said coldly.

"Oh, that was just a pose. She obviously desperately needed this position, poor thing. Governesses are two a penny at present. And what else can an educated young woman do, if she's forced to earn her own living? Anyway, the main thing is, Titus likes her. All that child needs is a little tenderness. You've been too hard on him, Blane."

"I won't have him spoiled." The uncompromising tones were

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from page 59

already so familiar that they should not have made Sarah hurt. "If this girl is going to goil him she'll have to go, tender heart or not. Pretty face or not."

"I thought you said you hadn't noticed her face," Amalie said in her cool voice.

"It was Mamma who told me it was pretty. Wasn't it, Mamma? But naturally it's a point I shall probably check on. After all, it's pleasant to have a pretty face around. I hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing Miss Mildmay at the dining table tomorrow evening. My love, can I help you to some more chicken?"

Sarah, her cheeks now flaming, moved on. At the moment the important thing was to take a quick look about the library. Not to stand reflecting on remarks made by a man who locked his door against his wife.

The fire was burning brightly and the room again had a cosy welcoming appearance. She had to overcome the impulse to stand by the warm fire, and

go instead to the desk where writing materials were laid out and a letter begun. There was the address, Thomas Whitehouse, Esquire, and then a street name in Trinidad.

"My dear Whitehouse, It is my wish to express my gratitude to you in some more tangible form than already

Whitehouse! That was the man whom Ambrose had sought unavailingly, who had always moved on when his lodgings were located, and who now had reputedly sailed for the West Indies. The man who swore he had known Blane since he first arrived in Trinidad, a runaway youth with his first sailing experience behind him.

So he had been bribed! And now was being rewarded again whether from desire or because already he had discovered it would be easy to try a little blackmail.

Hesitating as to whether she

should merely memorise the letter, or take it with her, as evidence even more tangible than the reward Blane was promising the man, Sarah stiffened as she heard approaching footsteps.

In a flash she had crossed the room and concealed herself behind the heavy curtains drawn against the cold foggy night.

● Men kiss women when they are happy, and women kiss them when they are unhappy.  
— George Meredith

It was the butler, Tomkins, who had entered the room. He was merely doing a little tidying, replenishing the fire, and straightening papers on the desk. But he took an unconscionable time about it and finally lingered to warm himself at the fire. Sarah was rigid with nervousness and impatience.

Ten precious minutes went by. Then Tomkins' head shot up as he listened. Deliberately composing his face he crossed the room with his pompous tread and held the door open and bowed as Blane came in.

"I'll take my coffee in here tonight, Tomkins. I have some letters to finish."

"Very well, My Lord."

Sarah was almost in tears. Through the infinitesimal parting in the curtains she saw Blane seat himself at the desk and pick up his pen. His dark head was bent as he began to write. He seemed to be scowling. But he wrote without hesitation. Presently Tomkins returned with the coffee service on a silver tray. He put it down and withdrew.

The tantalising smell of hot coffee reached Sarah's nostrils. She remembered that she had left her own supper tray un-

touched. If anyone should go into her room and find it and wonder where she was, she would be in serious trouble. But she must stand here until midnight, if need be, scarcely breathing.

Perhaps half an hour went by, while the little French clock ticked on in its glass case on the mantelpiece, and Blane's pen made a faint scratching. Then abruptly the door burst open.

"Blane! We've been waiting in the drawing-room for you."

"You heard me say I was coming here to work."

"But not until after your coffee. Oh, you've had it here."

"I have. And now, my love, if you don't mind, I have urgent business to finish."

"But, darling, I waited. You know I waited."

NOW Amalie was referring to something that had nothing to do with the coffee, for her voice, uncertain, pleading, strangely humble, seemed not to belong to her.

Blane looked up then. His brows were drawn together in a look of barely controlled patience.

"Yes, I know, and you know my answer to that. Now please leave me."

"But we haven't quarrelled."

"No, we haven't quarrelled. And there are many other compensations, as you know."

Amalie's voice grew high and edgy.

"Including the pretty governess?"

"Including the pretty governess, if you insist. There, you see, I'm humoring you, agreeing to your foolish remarks. But Titus, if you will remember, didn't have a pretty governess in Trinidad. He only had a small, rather odorous black boy."

"Whom he misses a great deal," Amalie flashed.

"Does he? Then we must

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## Can friends criticise your most-noticed room?

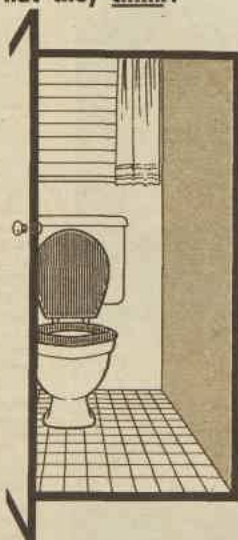


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## YOUR BOOKSHELF

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### "Dame of Sark"

Sibyl Hathaway (Heinemann) 26/-.

Sark is a feudal tenure dating back to 1565 when Queen Elizabeth I granted a Royal Charter to the first Seigneur. But its link with Britain goes back to the Norman Conquest. Dame Sibyl in this autobiography tells with love and pride of the island's history, and describes its rugged contours, divided by often turbulent seas from its nearest neighbor, Guernsey. She married first an Englishman, Dudley Beaumont, and they had six children; then an American, Bob Hathaway. The Dame's account of wartime occupation is moving and commands respect for the obvious dignity and courage with which she conducted herself and the island's affairs. Sark, since the war, has come into its own as a tourist resort, and has received a visit from the Queen.

### "The Loser"

Peter Ustinov (Heinemann) 20/-.

Dreary is the only word to describe the rise of Hans from German schoolboy, indoctrinated by the Nazis, to German officer serving in Russia, then Italy. He is self-righteous, pompous, inhumanly efficient. He leads the shooting of inhabitants of a small village near Florence as reprisal for a partisan uprising. A pathetic dawning of human feelings glimmers when he falls in love with Teresa, a 16-year-old Italian street girl. After the war he is a hunted man; the Italian police want him for retribution. A quite exciting chase ensues, and a post-war film outfit get into the act. Teresa is Hans' undoing—she draws him back to Florence like a magnet, but by the time she is ready to receive him he has reverted to being a single-minded dutiful German. Ustinov spices the story with accurate wit to spoof the whole German Army, and show up the lovable characteristics of the whole Italian nation; but one gets the feeling that he fitted this book in rather hurriedly between making films, writing plays, and leading his extremely busy life.

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get him another. But please leave me in peace now."

"Blane! If you only thought a little —" She was in tears, groping for a handkerchief and looking intensely pathetic.

Sarah heard Blane give an impatient exclamation, then saw him spring to his feet and cross over to his wife.

"I warn you I can't stand this sort of tiresome behaviour. Come, then. I'll have coffee with you in the drawing-room and talk to Mamma. And then you shall play and sing to me for half an hour, and we'll be a completely devoted couple. But heaven knows what time I'll get to bed tonight."

Sarah slumped back wearily. She had been rescued by Amalie's display of temperment. Now she would always remember, when Amalie put on her haughty, confident air, that underneath there was this pathetic

## Continuing . . . SAMANTHA

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pleading person, begging something of her husband that he was reluctant to give. Or was that poignant little scene an act? Was she merely a spoiled little creature constantly demanding attention?

Then why the locked bedroom door?

Baffled and more than a little disturbed, Sarah at last ventured forth and crept upstairs. From the drawing-room Amalie's voice, with the high virginal note of a young girl, sang a popular sentimental ballad. Lady Malvina talked resolutely through it.

And Sarah remembered, as she reached her room, that she had been too distraught to read the remainder of Blane's letter to Mr. Whitehouse. But she had memorised the address.

She must quickly write a letter to Ambrose so that when he received it he could call on Mr. Whitehouse in Trinidad. The opportunity to send the letter may not come for a few days, but eventually it would.

The departure the next morning was complicated by the immense amount of luggage. In addition to her several trunks, Lady Malvina insisted on carrying a canary in a cage. It was a present for Titus, she said, to amuse him on the journey.

Titus clung to Sarah's hand. He had as yet talked very little and his face looked piqued beneath the tweed cap. But at least he seemed to trust

her and did not wince away as he did from his grandmother.

Amalie was elegantly and discreetly dressed in dark blue, but for all her elegance she looked pinched and cold. She shivered in the morning mist and hoped there was some sort of heating in the train.

"There'll be nothing but a fug," Lady Malvina said. "You'd better take a hot brick for your feet. And when you learn to dress for your climate you'll feel the cold less. I warrant you haven't a single flannel petticoat on."

Amalie winced and Lady Malvina went on, "I have four, no less. And need 'em all."

At this moment Blane appeared in his travelling cape and top hat. He also looked impatient and irritable, and scarcely greeted anyone.

"Must all this luggage go?" Blane demanded. "And what the deuce is that bird for?"

"For your son," Lady Malvina retorted. "The journey is slow and tiresome. And it doesn't seem as if you're going to do much about amusing him with that scowl on your face."

The early-morning start seemed to have everyone in a bad temper. Blane made a belated attempt to be more gracious.

"Sorry, Mamma. That's very kind of you." The irony which Sarah suspected was never very far away came back into his voice. "After all, there'll be no hands out for us at Mallow. So perhaps a canary singing will keep up all our spirits."

"You'll be welcomed," said Lady Malvina briefly. "You're my son."

Was there a touch of defiance in her voice, as if she challenged anyone to disagree with her. No doubt she had been convincing people for so long that now her emphasis was automatic. At least, Blane flashed her a glance that was half grateful, half amused. But his ill-temper vanished and he got Titus and the ladies into the waiting cab with brisk efficiency. He himself followed with the luggage, and Tomkins and Bessie in a second cab.

They were to be met by Soames with the carriage at Yarby, the nearest railway station to Mallow Hall. After that there was a ten-mile journey across the marshes, but they expected to reach their destination before dusk. It should not have been an arduous journey, and Sarah was a little perplexed at Amalie making it so.

Titus was the most unfidgety small boy Sarah had met. In spite of the fact that it was his first journey by railway train, his excitement was shown only by a tighter grip of Sarah's hand and an increased pallor. It was his father who was restless. He spent the journey strolling up and down the corridor.

THE canary in its cage remained silent, but Lady Malvina talked incessantly. After an hour had gone by she produced the hamper Mrs. Robbins had packed and distributed sandwiches and cold chicken. She also, while Amalie was dozing, persuaded Titus to drink a little out of her glass of port.

"It will put some color in his cheeks," she said, and Amalie woke up and exclaimed, "Mamma, how can you be so foolish! Now he'll be ill. Miss Mildmay, couldn't you have had more sense?"

"I'm sorry," Sarah murmured meekly. How did a servant oppose this preposterous and determined old lady? She felt her first flash of sympathy for the departed Annie.

Sure enough, an hour later Titus was sick, and his father exclaimed in irritation, "When you know the boy's a bad traveller, why do you give him things to eat?"

"Or drink," Amalie finished crossly. "You must blame your mother."

Lady Malvina, who had eaten well and partaken liberally of the port herself, nodded amiably.

"Oh, yes. I'm a foolish old woman. But the boy's got to grow. He's got to be built up. He's only half the size you were at that age, Blane."

Titus, shivering a little on Sarah's lap, curled up and presently went to sleep. Sarah was aware, for the first time that day, of Blane's gaze on her. She had said nothing during the whole episode, merely cleaned the child up and comforted him.

"I've told you not to spoil the boy," Blane said.

Sarah wondered indignantly if the poor baby, sick and tired, was expected to sit upright in his corner for the entire journey.

She raised her eyes innocently and said, "I won't spoil him, Lord Mallow. Indeed, I don't think he's at all spoiled. He's over-excited and bewildered by his new environment." Her voice was gentle and unassuming. Was she being a little too rash? "But I did wonder last night why he asked me to call him George. Is that a pet name?"

Amalie's eyes flickered slightly. But Blane was level and composed.

"His baby name, yes. But he's old enough to be called Titus now. I hope you will do so, Miss Mildmay. The boy's no longer a baby."

"You never told me that, Blane," Lady Malvina said in her rich, drowsy voice. "Had you just that moment begun to call him Titus?"

"Which moment, Mamma?"

"Why, when you appeared in my hall that day."

"Of course not. We'd been doing so for months. Good heavens, what a trifle to argue about it. The child's name is Titus Blane George Mallow. And I don't want him pampered."

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## Bayer's Aspirin Gives FAST Pain Relief

Whether you use it to relieve the symptoms of colds and 'flu, headache, or nerve and muscular pain, of one thing you can be sure: Bayer's Aspirin will bring the fastest, most gentle-to-the-stomach relief you can get!

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# BAYER'S ASPIRIN

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—May 24, 1961



For the first time Amalie spoke vaguely of Sarah's defence. "Being a bad traveller doesn't consist in being pampered. But this settles it. I don't travel any farther today. We'll spend the night at Yabby." "Don't be absurd," Soames is meeting with the carriage. "Then he can be put up for the night and return again in the morning. I, for one, don't intend to arrive at Mallow completely exhausted." Blane made an impatient exclamation. "Lady Malvina, wouldn't you prefer to spend the night in a comfortable inn?" Amalie appealed. "You don't want to go all those miles in the dark." "I certainly don't," Lady Malvina agreed. "I want a good fire and a comfortable bed. I'm not as young as I was, and I think we'd make a much more agreeable arrival fresh and tidy in the morning." Blane shrugged. "Very well. As you wish. I'll arrange rooms at the George. If they can accommodate such a large party." "Don't be silly, Blane. You must remember Tom Mercer. He'd never turn up from Mallow away." But again Sarah caught the flicker of uncertainty in Lady Malvina's eyes. She wondered how she could be present at the meeting with Tom Mercer, and how at once that it would be impossible. When they arrived, Soames, a dark man with a narrow face, was waiting with the carriage, and in this they were the short distance to the George, where the ladies were ordered to wait while arrangements for accommodation were being made.

**W**HETHER Tom Mercer recognised Blane at once, Sarah was not to know. But at least he acknowledged the importance of the arrivals by coming out to greet them with genuine pleasure. "Well, Tom," said Lady Malvina in her penetrating voice, "do you recognise my scallywag son? Do you remember seeing him drink too much ale when he was a schoolboy, and him coming home rolling drunk?" "That I do, my lady," said Tom. "But I may say so, Master Blane was not and you could say no to." Lady Malvina chuckled reminiscently. "No, I grant you that." Strangely enough, there was little mirth in her eyes. "If you'd gossip a little less, Mamma, and come inside," Blane said. "Rooms are being got ready, and there's tea in the parlor." His voice was calm. He gave no sign of gratitude to Lady Malvina for putting memories into his mind — were those memories there already? If not, the man was a fine actor. Sarah found she was to share a room with Titus, Lady Malvina had the adjoining one, and Amalie and Blane the large double chamber at the head of the stairs. Bessie was called on to do some quick unpacking and attendance on the ladies, and then was dispatched to her own quarters downstairs. Sarah put Titus to bed immediately where, worn out with the day's exertions, he at once fell asleep. Already, in twenty-four hours, she had settled herself into the part she was to play and was able quite meekly to offer her services to Lady Malvina or Amalie. Lady Malvina, seated comfortably before a fire, her bonnet replaced by a lace cap, the canary cage at her side, said, "Thank you, my dear. How kind. But I don't intend to dress this evening. I shall have a tray sent up here. How's the boy?" "Asleep, Lady Malvina." "Good. But he'll have to get more mamma, as my son says. By the way, you didn't notice—" Her cheeks puffed in and out. Then she sank back, changing her mind, deflated. "Didn't notice what, Lady Malvina?" Sarah asked. "No matter. I was just over curious. A great many people, I've discovered, have short memories for faces. It's absurd that my son has had to be humiliated like this, establishing his identity." "You mean, did the landlord know him?" Sarah asked boldly. "But he must have, because we have all the attention, as usual. And tomorrow we'll be safely at Mallow. Ha-ah!" She gave a great sigh. "I must buy some more jewels. I like jewels. My husband got a little eccentric for some time before his death. He became most parsimonious with money. I had to sell my pearls. Sacrifice them to that hungry man of mine in Bond Street. But now he can get me some more. Yes, pearls. They're the kindest to ageing throats."

"It has been quite a change of fortune for you, hasn't it, Lady Malvina?" The old lady shot Sarah a quick, suspicious glance. But her love of a sympathetic listener got the better of discretion. "Yes, it has. Couldn't imagine my nephew Ambrose buying me jewels. He's a cold fish." "Cold?" "You know what I mean. Careful, self-contained, minds about gossip, hates to be embarrassed. Correct. That's the word. I'd have embarrassed him greatly, but Blane's like myself. Doesn't give a brass farthing for what people say." Sarah didn't enjoy the old lady's ability to put people into words so effectively, whether the words were true or not. And, of course, they were not. She had left out all Am-

brose's fine points, his honor and courtesy, his cultured mind, his gentleness. Blane would not know what it was to be gentle. "Tell me about your son when he was a boy, Lady Malvina? Was he like Titus?" "In looks, yes. But that's all. He was twice the boy Titus is, sturdy, not afraid of anything or anybody, rode almost before he walked, did everything. But difficult and hot-tempered. That's how he came to quarrel with his father. It was all or nothing with Blane. He had his own way or walked out."

"Do you think he's still like that?" "Oh, no. He's grown up. He's an adult. I'm exceedingly proud of him. Exceedingly. But that was strange. Miss Mildmay, wasn't it? The boy wanting to be called Georgie. But he really is Titus on his birth certificate. I've seen it. It was one of the exhibits at court. So don't get any odd ideas in your head." "But why should I, Lady Malvina?" Sarah inquired innocently. "Yes, why should you? I've been asked so many questions lately that I've got a phobia about it. I think everybody is suspicious, even harmless old Tom Mercer." (And if their suspicions were

proved correct you wouldn't get those pearls, Sarah thought. Or have a grandson to pamper or plenty of servants to bring you your port and your good food.) "It's been a difficult time for you, Lady Malvina," she murmured. "Yes, it has. But now all is well, and I'd like a glass of port before my supper. Would you ring the bell, there's a good girl. I can see I'm going to grow quite fond of you, Miss Mildmay. You're intelligent as well as attractive. But I wouldn't let my daughter-in-law see too much of either of those qualities. She's suspicious, too." Sarah left the room to the accompaniment of Lady Malvina's deep malicious chuckle. So that was another thing. She was not over-fond of her daughter-in-law.

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# natural loveliness can be yours



## Rexona Soap nourishes your skin with four rare beauty oils

The radiant glow of natural, petal-soft skin beauty is yours — with cool, jade green Rexona Soap. Caught and held in each Rexona tablet is Cadyl, an exquisite blend of four rare beauty oils — oils of Cade, Cassia, Cloves and Terebinth. Cadyl cleanses deep into the pores of your skin . . . healing, nourishing. Rexona Soap with Cadyl is your secret of true feminine loveliness. And it's fragrant and fresh as the morning air in Springtime.



Medicated with Cadyl, a blend of oils of Cade, Cassia, Cloves and Terebinth.

A.S. WELCH/CP.

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Sarah had scarcely gone back to her room before Amalie tapped at the door and came in.

She had made a complete new toilette, and wore one of her taffeta dinner-gowns, cut low so that her narrow sloping shoulders were shown off. A Paisley shawl, a mere gesture towards the chilly evening, hung negligently over her arms.

"How is my son, Miss Mildmay?"

"He's asleep, Lady Mallow. I scarcely like to wake him for supper."

"I shouldn't. By the way, my mother-in-law isn't going down, so my husband and I will also dine in our room. Perhaps you'd make what arrangements you care to for yourself."

"Thank you, Lady Mallow." "I'd recommend an early night. We'll be starting at the crack of dawn, if I know my husband."

She went out leaving a trail of scent behind her. She had

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not smiled, but she had been almost human. Almost. Sarah thought, conspiratorial. As if something she had planned had worked out very well. There had been an excitement about her that had included Sarah in it. She had not been like that this morning, so it could not have been caused by the triumph of going to Mallow Hall as the new mistress.

Surely it was not because tonight there could be no locked door between herself and her husband!

**B**UT that must be it. For it was Amalie who had insisted on breaking the journey, knowing that as a matter of course she and Blane would share a room. And she was the only one who had thought it necessary to dress—and to dress as if for a party.

Sarah made another note in her diary. "Lady M. extravagant—must have squandered a great amount of money and was embarrassed by debts when her husband died. Looks to Blane to buy her the new jewels she loves. Goes on being determined to think Blane her son when all the time she is uncertain and a little frightened."

Here Sarah paused, then made another cryptic note. "I think Amalie uncertain of her husband's love. Blane obviously has always been and probably still is a philanderer."

Then she scratched out the last sentence vigorously. For this man was not Blane, and no one knew whether he were a philanderer or not. Except, perhaps, Amalie.

Determined to find out something about Tom Mercer

at least, Sarah went downstairs. She asked for her supper to be served in the parlor, and sat down to wait. Luck was with her for Tom himself carried in the tray.

"We're short of help tonight, with so many unexpected guests. Hope this is to your liking, ma'am."

"Thank you," said Sarah. "I expect it was a great sur-

prise for you to see Lord Mallow. "It was that. I'd heard he was coming any day, but I didn't expect him unannounced like this."

"And would you have known him anywhere?" Sarah asked, her eyes downcast.

"Well, ma'am, speaking fairly, I can't say that I would

over, for when she returned upstairs Lady Malvina was standing at her half-open door. She grabbed Sarah's arm and pulled her to her.

"Are those two downstairs or in their room?" she whispered. "In their room, I imagine."

"That'll please her ladyship. At last, eh? Don't be shocked, Miss Mildmay. You'll find

that's how the Mallows are, and my son the worst of them all. But he's learned to behave like a gentleman now. Outwardly, at least. So you need have no fears, Miss Mildmay."

The outrageous old woman pinched Sarah's cheek and retreated into her room. The door banged. Stiff with indignation, Sarah stood controlling her impulse to march in after the old woman and slap her soundly. In that moment the door of the double room at the head of the stairs opened and Blane came out. He was still dressed in his travelling clothes. He began going downstairs with a purposeful air. At the last moment he lifted his head and saw Sarah.

Titus awoke early in the morning. He said he was hungry, which was not to be wondered at, since he had fallen asleep supperless. Sarah decided to go down and find someone who would give her some milk and some bread and butter for Titus.

Putting a wrap on and leaving her hair loose, for she would encounter no one but a servant, she slipped quietly down the stairs. The parlor was empty and so was the dining-room. The clattering came from behind some other door. She tentatively tried one or two, seeking a way to the kitchen. But one led to the bar parlor and the other to a kind of office. In this was a leather couch and stretched out on it sound asleep lay the new Lord Mallow.

Was he drunk? Too drunk to have climbed the stairs? Or had Amalie this time been the one who locked the door in revenge?

Sarah closed the door softly and tiptoed away. She was stumbling on the wrong secrets. This was not amusing at all.

The servants were lined up in

the hall. Blane with Amalie clinging to his arm acknowledged their bows and curtseys with an offhand ease. He was the master come home. Standing a little behind them Sarah watched with resentment and indignation.

"Ah, Betsey!" she suddenly heard Blane exclaiming, and an elderly woman smiled with gratification. "At last one face I know."

No one had prompted him. Lady Malvina was a little distance away. Yet it was simple enough, for the woman he had spoken to was definitely the oldest servant present. He had had only to be warned that there was one elderly woman he should recognise.

But when she was inside the hall Sarah's cool and calculated reasoning left her. For at the foot of the stairs hung the controversial portrait.

She must have stood too long gazing at the portrait, for she had attracted Blane's attention. He came to stand beside her.

"Is there any hope for Titus, do you think, Miss Mildmay?"

"I am not good at predictions, Lord Mallow."

"One doesn't wonder without surmising. You, if I'm not mistaken, have been busily surmising ever since you arrived in my house."

Sarah had a flash of alarm. She must be careful. She couldn't risk being dismissed.

But if he noticed her involuntary look of guilt there was no time to comment on it, for Amalie had come up to say, "Let's go over the house room by room, my love."

"Certainly. Perhaps we could take Titus and Miss Mildmay to the nursery first. On the second floor. That's one direction I couldn't forget. I don't suppose a single thing has been changed in the nursery. Has it, Mamma? Although I

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### CORNS are just a memory

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If I drink that I'll be fit once more To dodge them—it's the good."

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### HONEY NUT SCONES (illustrated)

8 oz. self raising flour, 1 tablesp. butter, 2 rounded tablesp. Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk, 1 1/2 tablesp. chopped walnuts, 2 tablesp. honey, 1/4 cup water.

Sift flour, Sunshine together. Rub in butter and add 1 tablespoon chopped walnuts. Mix water and honey together and heat a little until honey disperses in the water. Add this to the flour mixture and mix to a soft dough. Turn on a floured board and press out to 1" thickness. Cut in rounds and place on greased oven slide. Press chopped nuts into the top of scones and glaze with a little milk. Bake in hot oven for 10 minutes. When cooked, turn on to a cooler and brush top of scones with honey. Sprinkle with remaining chopped walnuts.

### TUTTI FRUTTI SCONES

8 oz. self raising flour, 1 tablesp. butter, 2 rounded tablesp. Sunshine

Full Cream Powdered Milk, 1 tablesp. mixed dried fruits, 1 tablesp. chopped nuts, 1 tablesp. sugar, 1/4 cup water.

Sift flour and Sunshine together. Rub butter into flour mixture. Add sugar, fruits and nuts and mix through the flour. Add water and mix to a soft dough. Turn out on a floured board and pat out to 1" thick. Cut into rounds with scone cutter and glaze with milk. Place on greased baking slide and bake in a hot oven (450° F.) for 10 minutes.

### DATE AND CINNAMON SCONES

8 oz. self raising flour, 1 tablesp. butter, 2 rounded tablesp. Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk, 2 tablesp. chopped dates, 1 tablesp. sugar, 1 tablesp. cinnamon, 1/4 cup water.

Sift flour, Sunshine together. Rub butter into flour mixture and add dates, sugar and cinnamon. Add water and mix to a soft dough. Turn out on a floured board and

pat out to 1" thickness. Cut into rounds with scone cutter and glaze with milk. Place on greased baking slide and bake in a hot oven (450° F.) for 10 minutes.

### LEMON AND GINGER SCONES

8 oz. self raising flour, 1 tablesp. butter, 2 rounded tablesp. Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk, 1 tablesp. lemon rind, 1 tablesp. ground ginger, 1 tablesp. chopped preserved ginger, 1 tablesp. sugar, squeeze lemon juice, 1/4 cup water.

Sift flour, Sunshine together. Rub in the butter and add sugar, lemon rind, ground ginger and preserved ginger. Add lemon juice to the water and add to the flour mixture, mix to a soft dough. Turn out on a floured board and pat out to 1" thickness. Cut into rounds with scone cutter and glaze with milk. Place on greased baking slide and bake in a hot oven (450° F.) for 10 minutes.



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Right: Most powdered milk has no cream at all.



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remember being rather destructive."

"You were very destructive, indeed. We had to have new wallpapers after you went to school. Don't you remember? We put up the new varnished ones."

"I remember. A beautiful glossy brown. A hotel I stayed at in San Francisco reminded me of my old nursery. I wondered why I felt so depressed!"

He laughed and took his mother's arm. "But let's go and look at the brown nursery and decide what color Titus shall have instead. It's most important after all. One day he may have to tell a jury what color his nursery was."

"Don't be absurd!" Amalie said sharply.

"Life is full of uncertainties and surprises," her husband returned airily.

Sarah's room looked out over the garden towards the lake. Early in November this view was melancholy and the sea wind pressed against the window. Halfway through her unpacking she felt intensely lonely and homesick. She thought of Ambrose, already separated by three days' sailing, and wondering how she could endure months of meekness and self-effacement in a house that should be her own.

**A** GAUCHE, eager country girl called Eliza Matthews had been employed to help in the nursery. She had just come to work at the Hall and was very nervous. As a source of information she would be useless, but her nervousness proved a good thing for Titus. It gave him confidence. For the first time Sarah heard him laugh.

"Miss Mildmay, Eliza doesn't know how to do anything. She's funny."

Eliza blushed and hung her head. She was a plump, healthy creature with bright cheeks and chilblains on her fingers. Her mental age was probably not greatly in advance of Titus', but she was obviously good-natured and eager to learn.

"Have you any brothers and sisters, Eliza?"

"Yes'm. Seven."

"Then Titus is a child just like them, so don't be afraid."

"It's the old lady, ma'am," Eliza confessed in a rush. "I'm frit of her."

"That's Grandmamma," Titus explained. "But she's only playing games, isn't she, Miss Mildmay? Eliza doesn't need to be afraid."

Already they were allies, the thin little boy and the awkward country girl. Titus seemed to have grown up several years already. For him, at least, Mallow Hall was going to be good.

Later, when Lady Malvina came sweeping in to play her favorite game of grizzly bears, it was Eliza who crouched in a corner, all eyes, while Titus shouted hysterically and allowed himself to be hugged to Lady Malvina's vast bosom and grumbled and growled at.

"Look at that, Miss Mildmay! No tears tonight. He's growing tough already. It's the sea air. He'll soon be strong and bold like his father used to be. What's that girl goggling at?"

"That's Eliza, Grandmamma," Titus explained. "She's frightened of you."

Lady Malvina gave her an alarming stare. She must have put on more petticoats against the cold, for she looked enormous. Jewels flashed on her fingers. Her hair had been done in an alarming erection

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

from page 64

of curls that nodded beneath her cap.

"They're all frightened of me. Silly creatures! But you'll have to put up with me, my girl, because I'll be in and out of the nursery a great deal with my grandson. He has to get used to vigorous games. Well, Miss Mildmay, which room have they put you in? May I see it?"

"By all means. It's just next door."

Sarah took Lady Malvina into her room, and the old lady poked about inquisitively, observing everything.

"You haven't got a lot of things, have you? But there's good material in that gown. That didn't cost sixpence. I thought governesses were poor."

Lady Malvina gave a short laugh and went on, "What do you think of Mallow?"

"It's a beautiful house."

"Falling to bits. Everything needs repairs. But my daughter-in-law intends to ignore the dull necessities and spend a fortune on furnishings."

"Does your son agree to this, Lady Malvina?"

"Of course he doesn't. He's thinking quite rightly of Titus' inheritance. There's money, but not that much. His silly wife will ruin him." Lady Malvina fiddled with the rings on her fingers. "And she forgets about me. I have requirements also. It's preposterous

how little jewellery I have for a woman in my position. Amalie forgets — or chooses to forget — how I had to sacrifice most of it. Well, Miss Mildmay, you'll be dining with us tonight and you'll be treated to an edifying conversation on Italian brocades and carpets from Turkey."

"She wants to cut a dash. Her first opportunity, if you ask me. She can't hold her own without expensive trappings. Strip her and you'd find a straw figure blowing in the wind. Where did she come from, anyway? A shack that would collapse in a hurricane, I'll be bound. Ask my son. He won't tell me. He's loyal to his wife."

So Blane had his hands full already with two jealous women, one who may have been his mother and the other who certainly was his wife.

"What time is dinner, Lady Malvina?"

The old lady's eyes met Sarah's suspiciously.

"You think I talk too much. Perhaps I do, but I must talk to someone, and Bessie hasn't a brain in her head."

"You have your son home now," Sarah pointed out.

"My son is a busy man. He has all the estate affairs to manage. I waste as little of his time as possible. However, what am I complaining of? I have my grandson now. We shall teach him everything."

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8" LEMON

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## Continuing . . . SAMANTHA

from page 66

Miss Mildmay. Riding, shooting, fishing, hunting."

"And his letters, I hope."  
"Ah, I like you, Miss Mildmay. You're not afraid of me. I hope you'll stay here a long time."

"I shall stay as long as I need to, Lady Malvina."

"You mean until you get a husband. Well, you're an attractive young woman. But who are you going to marry, my dear? Governesses fall between two stools, you know, the gentry and the working classes. But don't despair. I could persuade the vicar, who's an old friend of mine, to get a young marriageable curate. And if it doesn't work out, then I shall give you a present, at least. Not a gown, but a ring perhaps, or a brooch. But a husband would be the most welcome, eh?"

IT was impossible to dislike the old lady, who had a streak of earthiness and vulgarity that certainly did not belong to these prim times. Sarah imagined her face when Ambrose came home and things were as they should be. Would Lady Malvina ever forgive her? It would be sad if she did not.

Nevertheless, she dressed for her first dinner with the family with some nervousness. If Lady Malvina were feeling bored, or at odds with Amalie, she was likely to say anything she pleased. The results might be either entertaining or embarrassing.

In the drawing-room a fire crackled on the hearth. Amalie was there already. She was a slim, graceful figure with her head bent and tiny waist. But when she turned Sarah saw that the sulkeness was still in her face. Her dark eyes glittered.

"Well, Miss Mildmay, is Titus settled?"

"Very well, Lady Mallow. And he likes the new nursemaid."

"Splendid. Though what he likes or dislikes is not here nor there according to my husband. He must not be spoiled. And he's such a little boy still. I'll go up to him presently. Ugh! What a draughty house this is. I've been shivering ever since we arrived."

"Then, as my mother recommends, you must wear more petticoats, my love," came Blane's deep pleasant voice from the doorway.

"Good evening, Miss Mildmay. I'm glad to see you're joining us."

Sarah dropped her eyes. She would like to have returned his bold stare. She had always known how to deal with men of his kind when Amelia and Charlotte had only blushed and giggled. But now, to play her

## FROM THE BIBLE

— Two versions

● "My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness."

— 2 Corinthians 12:9 (Authorised version)

● "My grace is all you need; power comes to its full strength in weakness."

— 2 Corinthians 12:9 (New English Bible)

part, she had to blush, too, and let the wretched man think he was getting away with his impudence.

"And are you settled comfortably, Miss Mildmay? Do you agree with my wife that this is a cold house?"

"Perhaps it hasn't had time to be thoroughly heated yet, Lord Mallow."

"That's what I say. But my wife insists the furnishings are at fault. We're to import miles of Genoese velvet, and acres of carpet, handpainted wallpapers, new chandeliers, goodness knows what else. What, I ask you, does Titus care for all that?"

"Blane! This isn't only for Titus. We're living here."

"I came back solely for Titus, as you know. Let's simply preserve this place for him, as was our intention."

Sarah was suddenly conscious of his black gaze on her.

"Does that seem strange to you, Miss Mildmay? That I should want to preserve an inheritance for my son?"

He was a better actor than she was. He was also a hypocrite. To pretend not to care for Mallow Hall himself, when he had fought for it for months.

"Blane, Miss Mildmay isn't interested in what you're planning to do," Amalie said sharply.

"Isn't she?" Not even in hearing I've promised to read the lesson in church tomorrow?"

For the first time Amalie seemed amused.

"You!"  
"Yes, I. The vicar called while you were resting. It's the custom to do this. My father always did."

Amalie was laughing openly. "Forgive me, my love. But how long is it since you opened a Bible?"

"If you think I'm more at home at sea, then I'm prepared to agree with you. All the same you'll be at church tomorrow, and you'll take Titus. He might as well know what's in store for him."

AFTER that, dinner at the candlelit dining table was an amicable enough meal, even Lady Malvina refraining from making any too outrageous remarks. Afterwards Blane sprawled in a chair in front of the fire, his head tilted back, his long nose pointing to the ceiling, while Lady Malvina dozed noisily, and Amalie played the piano in a desultory way. Amalie was trying hard to be a fashionable lady.

"We must have dinner parties, Blane."

"We came down here to rest, don't you remember?"

"Oh, nonsense. Nothing makes you tired. And the case was no strain since you knew you must win it. Besides, there'll be people here who expect to be invited to the hall. Old friends. Isn't that so, Mamma?"

"Oh, yes, there'll be plenty

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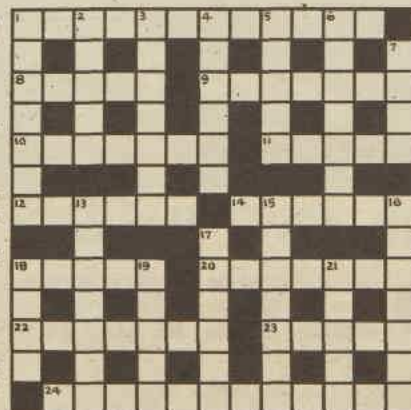
## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Fruits disliked by lovers (12).
8. Obsolete gold coin of high birth (5).
9. Coal pit (Anagr., 7).
10. Objectiveness is not Sue's (7).
11. Rigid with a fit but backward inside (5).
12. High hill leads to a policeman on horseback (6).
14. Set Tom on choral compositions of religious character (6).
18. Lengthwise (5).
20. Find fee for a civil official round Constantinople (7).
22. Mouth-like opening starting with an alternative and ending with frozen water (7).
23. Vehicle at a fine weight (5).
24. Variable graduated measure, not necessarily for an ice-rink (7, 5).



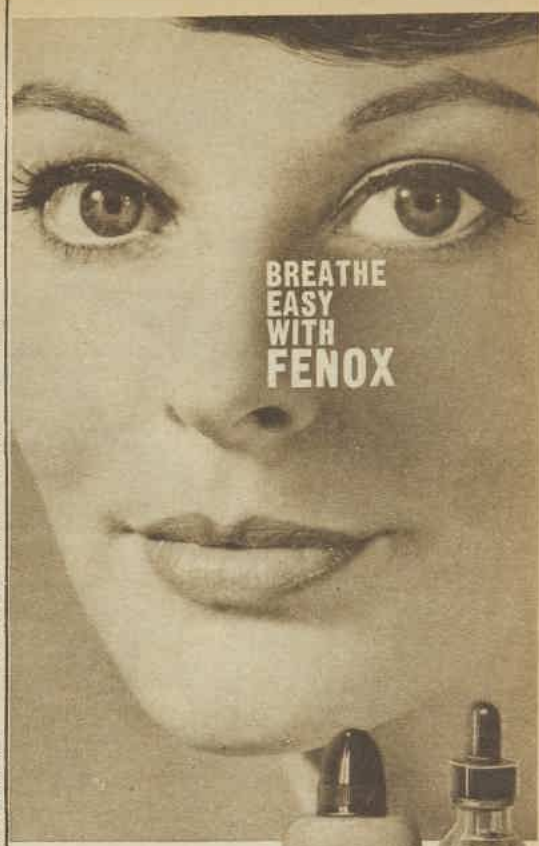
Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Messroom for junior officer and not for hunters (3-4).
2. Where the eyeball rests or a morsel (5).
3. A very old lady to repose on the highest mountain (7).
4. So I get a person who thinks too much of himself (6).
5. I rest in ceremonial forms (5).
6. See crib (Anagr., 7).
7. This may be treble or bass in a choleric leftist (4).
13. Starting with you an ox turns before the dismembered liar of a wife (7).
15. Working places away from frozen waters (7).
16. More than one of such, connected with beer, denotes amusement (7).
17. The dean having swallowed me must behave (6).
18. Declare a solemn promise (4).
19. Wear down mostly to a crust (5).
21. Model opera by Bellini (5).



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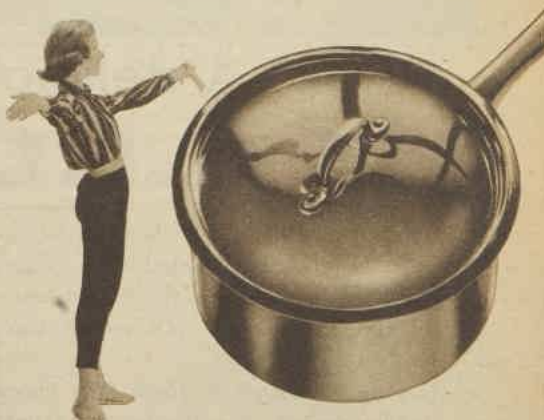
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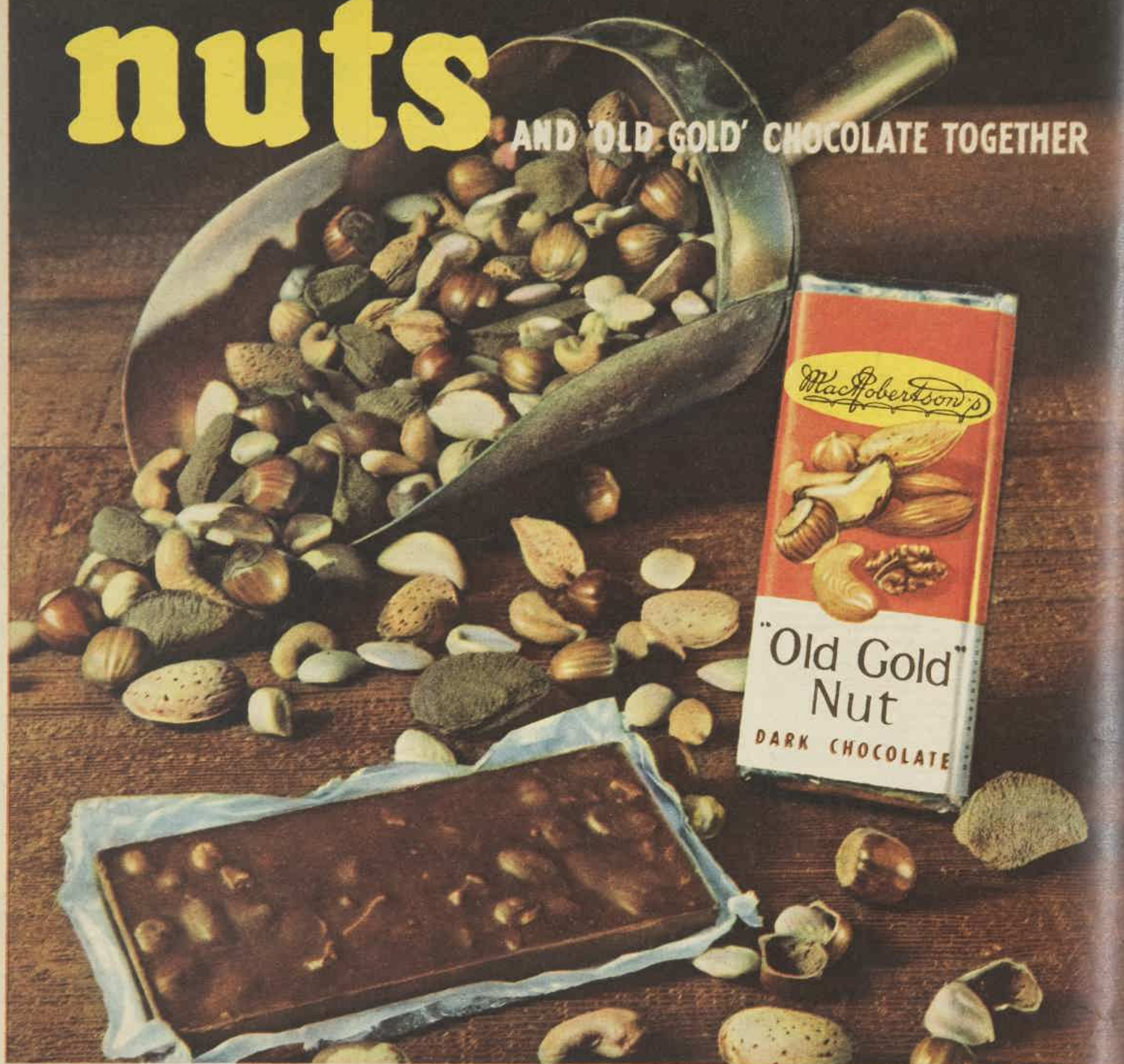
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2.713





from page 67

who expect it. But I warn you, everyone in these parts is as dull as ditchwater."

"Will you make up a list, Mamma? After all, Blane can't be expected to know who lives here, after twenty years away."

"No," Lady Malvina murmured. "But you'd remember the Fortescues, Blane?" Her voice was suddenly uncertain, worried.

"The colonel? Of course. Is he still alive?"

Lady Malvina relaxed.

"Do you think anything would kill him? And the Freys and the Blounts. They're all still here."

"There you are," said Amalie triumphantly. "So we'll give a dinner-party as soon as we can. After all we must lead some kind of social life in the depths of the country."

"Aren't you afraid, my love, you may dig up too much of my past?"

**A**MALIE'S eyes twinkled.

"I don't think so."

"No fair Marias? Eh, Mamma? Now Miss Mildmay is shocked."

Sarah shook her head depressingly.

"I'm not shocked, but I am very tired. May I say good-night?"

Blane sprang to his feet.

"We'll expect to see you at church in the morning." His eye lingered quite deliberately on her throat. Then he seemed to collect himself and said lightly, "You might even rehearse me in my dictation. You look sceptical, as if you really think I'm an illiterate sailor." Amalie said crisply, "Blane, Miss Mildmay is tired. Don't keep her standing. Goodnight, Miss Mildmay."

"Goodnight," Sarah murmured and hastened up the lonely stairs.

How could the man be such a hypocrite? She believed he knew how suspicious she was, and was finding the situation amusing.

But he didn't know about

Ambrose. She still held the strongest card.

But it was extraordinarily difficult to write her diary that night. She wanted to set down Blane's blatant hypocrisy about reading the lesson in church, then against that remembered his determination to preserve the Mallow fortune for his son. No one would have doubted his sincerity when he said that. He behaved, too, as if he were used to being master of a place like this. That was instinctive, and not learned in a few short months.

Yet there was no doubt that Lady Malvina was uncertain of him. She was scheming to get all that she could, money or jewels, while it was possible. Again, contrarily, she was genuinely deeply attached to Titus, and certainly believed, or deceived herself, that he was her grandson.

"Everything is a complex web," Sarah wrote helplessly by the light of the candle on her bedside table. "So far there is no tangible proof at all. But tomorrow I will observe closely the people at church and the way they greet the new family."

She closed and locked the little book, and put it back in her reticule, so that it was never out of her possession, then blew out the candle and settled to sleep.

It was in the early hours that Sarah heard Titus crying. She fumbled for matches to light her candle. The whimper coming from the nursery was stifled and forlorn. When she reached Titus she found him only half awake but obviously frightened. He had heard strange noises, he said. His thin arms clung round Sarah's neck.

"What sort of noises?" she asked. The wind had died and the big house seemed quite still.

"I don't know. From up there."

He pointed to the ceiling, and Sarah's breath caught in-

voluntarily. The floor above this one comprised the attic rooms. The servants slept up there, and it was in one of those rooms that the unhappy maid, fifty years ago, had hanged herself. Now no one slept in that room if it could be avoided. Betsey had told her and a wide-eyed Eliza the story.

"It was probably a seagull. Or perhaps the canary. Or a mouse behind the wall. You were asleep. You didn't hear properly."

"Was it a mouse?" Titus asked.

"I expect so. Lie down and go back to sleep. I'll leave the candle."

The little boy looked up at her with his docile gaze. The room was draughty, for the candle flame flickered constantly. Tomorrow Sarah decided to arrange for a night-light, something in a globe that did not flicker, creating shadows. A child's imagination could so easily become distorted.

It was bright and cold the next morning, and they were all preparing for church. Sarah going down early with Titus, had an opportunity to talk to Soames, who had brought the carriage to the door. This was the man whom Ambrose believed had coached Blane in his knowledge of the past. It could well be, for the man had a narrow face and an air of servility that was displeasing.

"The young master will be wanting a pony," he said. "I've just the one, a half-brother to the one his father used to ride."

"Did you teach his father to ride, Soames?"

"Oh, aye. And a desperate rider he was, wanting to jump before he could canter. This wee lad now will be more cautious."

"You'd notice a great change in the master?"

Sarah disliked having to chat to this man who had begun to look at her with sly interest.

He would have to be dismissed when Ambrose came home, if only because of this necessary familiarity now.

"Not that much, miss. He's still the same devil-may-care person. You wouldn't mistake that face in a lifetime. You ask old Betsey. She remembers him. This is a good day for the old place, miss. Never thought I'd live to see it."

"Then you wouldn't have cared for the—cousin—to be master here?"

"I've nothing against Mr. Ambrose." The man's voice was unctuous. "But if you ask me, he's not the type for Mallow."

It was time the conversation stopped. Sarah's cheeks were already hot with indignation. Ambrose, not the type for Mallow, indeed! He certainly wouldn't be the type for this nasty sly creature who knew that dismissal would await him the moment Ambrose arrived. This certainly confirmed Ambrose's opinion that Soames was in the conspiracy.

That was two of them, Soames and the elusive Thomas Whitehouse, whom presently Ambrose would track down in Trinidad.

**B**UT in church clarity and good sense left her again. She was hypnotised by Blane's voice as he stood, tall and confident in the pulpit, reading the lesson. He did it as if he had been doing a similar thing every Sunday of his adult life. His voice had the right touch of sonority and depth. He neither hurried nor stumbled over the words. He obviously hypnotised the entire congregation, for the church, except for the grave, beautiful voice, was utterly still.

Amalie's lips, she noticed, were slightly parted, her whole face eager and queerly hungry. Although she sulked and made extravagant demands and assumed haughtiness, she clearly worshipped her husband. Like this congregation, he had her in his spell. It amused him to play with people, to exert his power. He knew he could twist most of them round his little finger. Even his shrewd old mother, who now looked fatuous and doting.

As he slowly closed the Bible on the last words, his curious

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moody gaze swept the church. It still seemed to hold irony, an almost sad irony, as if even he felt this was going a little too far. But what a victory it was, for when the service was over he was besieged by eager people claiming friendship and recognition. Amalie began to flush and bridle with pleasure. Lady Malvina, for all her air of torpor after a too-long sermon, was always in the right place to say names clearly for the benefit of a possibly lethargic memory.

"Ah, Colonel Fortescue! How nice to see you. Of course my son remembers you. Mrs. Blount, Miss Blount. And Sir Geoffrey. And dear Lady Mary. Thank you, my dear, but you can't be as happy as I am. Let me present my daughter-in-law. And my grandson. Where's Titus? Miss Mildmay, bring Titus. I want you to see how extraordinarily he resembles his

## Continuing . . . SAMANTHA

from page 69

father as a child. You remember Blane at this age?"

The seawind stirred in the long grass about the old gravestones. Even the stones, tilted with age, seemed to be bowing deferentially. The lord of the manor was home.

The next day, helped by the elderly Betsey and Eliza, Sarah organised the schoolroom. Betsey was full of sentiment about leaving things exactly as they had always been, but Sarah firmly suggested changes that would brighten up the rather gloomy room. Titus was little more than a baby. Why should he have to endure this dreariness just because his father had? Sarah pulled herself up sharply. She was falling into the treacherous habit of accepting what everyone else

in the house apparently accepted without question — that Titus' father had spent his childhood there.

"Look, miss," Betsey exclaimed triumphantly. "Here's where the master wrote on the window-pane. He borrowed his mother's diamond ring. There was such a row because afterwards he hid it."

The scratching on the lowest pane behind the curtain was perfectly visible. It was a childish scrawl, and the verse was the invention of an irreverent schoolboy.

"I hate this room, it's full of gloom, I'd rather go away than stay."

"How old was he when he did that?" Sarah asked.

"Old enough to know better, miss. About ten or eleven. His father punished him severely."

Old enough to remember, Sarah thought privately. Especially after the severe punishment had emphasised his misdoing.

"Look what naughty Papa did," Sarah said deliberately to Titus. "He wrote on the window and it will never come out."

Titus scrambled up to see.

"What does it say?"

"Why don't you ask Papa to tell you?"

Titus' small fingers scratched at the indelible marks.

"Does Papa know what it says?"

"If he wrote it he'd know, won't he?" Betsey had given her a rather odd glance. Sarah smoothly changed the subject.

"It's time for your walk. Go and tell Eliza to put on your outdoor things."

She had thought she would have had to do a little more discreet coaching before Titus did what she wanted. But Titus, for all his nervousness and timidity, was a sharp little boy. When, following the custom Amalie had established in London, he was taken down to the drawing-room for an hour before his bath and bedtime, he immediately approached his father and said, "Papa, what did you write on the window?"

Blane looked bewildered.

"On the window? What window?" "In the schoolroom. Betsey said you wrote with a diamond. How did you write with a diamond?"

Blane grimaced and said easily, "Looks as if my untidy childhood is catching up on me."

"But what does the writing say?" "What does it say?"

Blane looked at Sarah.

"Is it illegible, Miss Mildmay? I know I was an almost illiterate child."

"No, it isn't illegible, Lord Mallow. It's quite a clever verse for a ten-year-old boy. I gather from Betsey you were punished rather severely. I don't know whether for writing on the window or for having such a thing as a diamond in your possession."

Amalie sprang to her feet.

"I must go up and see this evidence of your precocious talents, my love."

Sarah had not missed her unconscious and now she didn't miss the significance of her action. Let Blane read the silly verse before he should be challenged again to remember it.

But Blane was not challenged. He merely shrugged and said, "Frankly, I haven't the slightest recollection of it. What does it say, Miss Mildmay?"

SARAH repeated the verse without expression, and Blane burst into a roar of laughter.

"By jove, it's deuced appropriate. It expressed my feelings. But I wonder where I picked up the diamond?"

"Off your mother's dressing-table," came Lady Malvina's voice from the door. She stood there, flushed and aggressive. "It was my most valuable ring. Afterwards you hid it in a bird's nest in the guttering and only confessed when your father had whipped you. Disgusting child that you were."

Blane shrugged again, unperturbed. "This shows how fascinating the sub-conscious mind is. It deliberately shuts out unpleasant memories. Isn't that so, Miss Mildmay? You're the highly educated person here."

He had subtly turned the challenge to her. He was very clever, much more clever than the rebellious little boy who had thought up a schoolboy rhyme. He was trying to discover whether anyone found this little scene significant. Apart from Titus, who was too small, and Betsey, who was too unsuspecting, she was the only one who might inconveniently at some time have too good a memory.

She answered carefully, "I believe the sub-conscious can do quite remarkable things, Lord Mallow. Personally I would not have thought a child likely to forget an escapade like that. But there is, of course, the amnesia from which you suffered."

"I didn't intend to make use of that reason again," Blane said. "The jury were beginning to consider it a too convenient one, and my cousin Ambrose didn't believe a word of it. But it is perfectly true that I have the most extraordinary blanks, isn't it, Mamma?"

"Perfectly," Lady Mallow agreed. "Especially as regards your modesty, whether that's due to your sub-conscious mind or not. I don't understand those modern ideas. But I do know that time was an exceptionally good one, and I lost it for weeks. Most upsetting."

"Poor Mamma. Then I must make belated amends. We shall find you another one."

Lady Malvina relaxed and glowed with pleasure.

"What a trifling thing to be making a fuss about," Amalie said pettishly. "All little boys are mischievous. And this doesn't seem to have been a very heinous crime. Titus, it's your bedtime. Come and kiss Mamma goodnight."

Lady Malvina looked pointedly at the very fine yellow diamond on Amalie's finger.

"I wonder if you would think it trifling, my dear, if Titus followed his father's example."

"Oh, tush! What nonsense! Titus is an obedient child."

(To be continued)

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

May 24, 1961

# Teenagers'

## WEEKLY



**LEARN THE BASIC  
RULES OF SKIING**  
*—pages 6, 7*

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately



# LETTERS

## Are teens ready to take over?

INTERFERENCE is beating the teenage world. Adults give us no credit for integrity or sense at all. They see only irresponsibility because that's all they look for. All their imaginative powers are used to guide us to their ways. What great things have they achieved that we should throw over our own new concepts to plod along the old routes? They did achieve two World Wars.

I doubt that we could do worse, so why are they so loth to hand over the burdens of leadership to those who must shoulder them soon, anyway? Our ideas are too new . . . we're inexperienced . . . we haven't lived. At that rate no one under 100 should take political office. — *Janice Leahy, Ryrie St., Geelong, Vic.*

## Holiday hint

WHENEVER I think of an interesting activity I jot it down in a notebook. By the time my holidays arrive I have a long list of things to do, and the holidays are not long enough to accomplish them all. I'm never bored.

These past holidays I made out a menu for the two weeks we spent at the beach. I read up recipe books beforehand, choosing simple but interesting meals which we would all enjoy, yet weren't much trouble to prepare. This has given me valuable experience and also gave my mother a rest from cooking. — *Anne Harman, Brisbane Corso, Yeronga, Qld.*

## "Snowy" days

MY father worked as a supervisor on the Adamina Dam for 18 months, and living in the Snowy Mountains was a wonderful experience. During the day it was terribly quiet at home—no games were allowed in the streets in case the men doing night shift were disturbed. The school was a very small one.

I was in fifth class, and our teacher also had to teach third, fourth, and sixth classes in the same room. But we all worked hard and passed our exams. Children attending high school had to travel 80 miles to Cooma through all kinds of weather.

There was one store, a post office, one butcher, and a bank. In the winter it was very cold, and snow was often four to five feet deep. I remember skiing down our driveway. In our street there were five families—Americans, Italians, Polish, Swiss, and, of course, ourselves—Australians. I will never forget my days on the Snowy. — *Terrian Rae, Hume Highway, Yagoona, N.S.W.*

THERE are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

## Happily married

A WORD in defence of teenage marriages . . . I was 16 when I married my husband. He was 20. In April we celebrated our seventh anniversary, and we are looking forward to many more happy years. We have five wonderful children. — *Mrs. F. Moore, Charlton Rd., Lalor Park, N.S.W.*

## Hexagonal?

I AM a 16-year-old, but don't know what I am. I hate getting up in the morning. I love school, although it wouldn't be much without the boys. I love jazzy music. I simply live to eat. I would love to go to an all-night party. I can sit through a Shakespearean play completely absorbed. My favorite pin-up boy is Elvis Presley. I don't dig many of the latest fashions, as I think they belong to outside. I love cars and horses. Am I widge, beat, round, or cube? — *Roby Trehilcock, Bellett St., Camberwell, N.S.W.*

## Out exams . . .

SCHOOL examinations should be abolished, as they are not a true test of ability. Many students who are consistently lazy throughout the year manage to "cram" the work a few weeks before the examination, getting quite good passes but usually forgetting most of what they wrote down as soon as they leave the examination room.

It would be much better if the student received marks for his work over the whole year. Knowing he would have to work hard during the whole year, he would learn more. Then he would be able to leave school an educated person—not someone with a few vague ideas on each subject.

As it is, I think many students

## Next Week

EXOTIC Paris fashions which point the way to the latest trends in casual winter clothes are the big color feature of our next issue. You can't buy them in Australia yet—but with a bit of ingenuity you could copy them for the most effective eye catchers of the season. ALSO, pictures of Australia's most popular Country and Western singers . . . AND a lovely pin-up of the latest local lass to slay the lovelorn lads—Judy Stone.

## Migrants are mostly welcome

I HAVE an Italian brother-in-law who is generous, well-mannered, and almost everything a girl could wish for (although I must say he's inclined to be jealous at times), and he treats our family and his friends with respect. There's good and bad in every race. People should get to know New Australians really well before they say unfair things about them. — *"Fair's Fair," Salisbury Highway, Salisbury, S.A.*

TOO often Italians experience this type of welcome from bad-mannered children whose parents encourage it. I was born and raised in Stanthorpe among Italians, and I found them happier and more sociable than Australians. Allani Lawtonio had better come to Stanthorpe to live and be happy. I eat spaghetti, too, and love it. It's about time Australians started bringing their children up to be fair to all people, migrants included, instead of encouraging them to be selfish and narrow-minded. — *"Fair Australian," Stanthorpe, Qld.*

• Allani Lawtonio, of Fairmont, Vic. felt (T.W., 5/4/61) unwelcome and unhappy in Australia. A busload of children had called out to her, "Go home, Dago," and "Get back where you came from, spaghetti-eater." Many readers wrote in—some indignant, some cynical—but nearly all sympathetic.

YOU must not judge all Australians by a busload of immature children. Some Australians, like some Italians, do many things in a crowd that they don't even mean as individuals. Try to mix with people who are not too immature, ignorant, and selfish to realise that migrants are our only hope of survival as a democratic country. Don't be disheartened and do not segregate yourself as so many Italians seem to do. — *K. Archiebald, Harp Road, Kew, Vic.*

ALLANI LAWTONIO has an inferiority complex or is just plain lonely. Old Australians, too, have to put up with rudeness from children; for instance, fat people are called "Fatso," and people with red hair get "Carrot top" all the time. We show friendliness to New Australians in our district as long as they are friendly, too. — *Miss Y. Herden, Warialda Street, Moree, N.S.W.*

THROUGHOUT the playing of the National Anthem at the cinema recently a buzz of foreign voices could be heard. Surely these people could have paid respect to the Sovereign. In migrating to Australia they should have been prepared to accept the Australian way of life and customs. Australians pay respect to their Queen, and migrants must also accept and respect her. May I ask you, Allani Lawtonio, your question in reverse? Is the cinema incident typical of the attitude of migrants towards Australians and Australian life? — *Michelle McKenzie, Florence Street, Murray Bridge, S.A.*

## BEATNIK



"If it hurt that much, maybe you'd better see one of them brain surgeons."

who present their certificates to prospective employers are sailing under false colors. — *Diane Sturgis, Cavendish St., Pimlico, Qld.*

## . . . sport, too

I PLAY sport for the school three afternoons a week, and on the other two there is debating and a compulsory cadet parade. All these activities keep me back until about 5.30, so that after changing and catching trains I usually arrive home at half-past six or a quarter to seven. I then have to do my homework, which I usually finish at half-past ten or eleven o'clock.

Saturday morning is taken up

by matches, and the afternoon by watching the school firsts. As a result of these activities my schoolwork has suffered, and the masters and my parents want to know why. I do not wish to abolish sport—far from it. I simply suggest the time for practice be lessened and outside activities restricted. — *Douglas Grose, Kiparra St., West Pymble, N.S.W.*

## A boys' world

A FEW months ago there was a letter in T.W. saying how wonderful it was to be a girl. I thoroughly disagree. When going out, a boy only has to wear a shirt, slacks, and a tie to be nicely dressed. A girl isn't quite sure what to wear, as she doesn't want to be too much like all the others, and yet she doesn't want to be different. At dances the boys come in, look critically at all the girls, and sometimes deign to ask for a dance. A boy can ask the girl he likes to go out with him, but a girl has to sit at home hoping the boy she likes will ask her! And girls always have to wash up and do the cleaning while boys just relax. Whose life would you prefer? — *"R," Kew, Vic.*

## Minor tactics

WHEN Dad asks that someone get him a packet of cigarettes from the corner store, lazy teenagers can quote a wonderful excuse thoughtfully provided for them by the N.S.W. Government—in the form of a Statute of the N.S.W. Parliament. The Juvenile Smoking Suppression Act of 1903 states that "Any dealer in tobacco, cigars, or cigarettes, and any licensed tobacconist, or other person who supplies any person actually or apparently under the age of sixteen years with tobacco in any shape or form, cigars, or cigarettes, shall be liable to a fine not exceeding £5." My Dad set me back by asking, "What do they mean by 'supplies'?" I'm still trying to work out an answer. — *John Forster, Morrison Rd., Gladesville, N.S.W.*



# GROWING OLDER — GRATEFULLY

By KERRY YATES

● At last my "sweet sixteenth" has come — and passed. I don't feel any different, any older, any sadder . . . just happy that the trials and tricks of becoming a teenager are over. Some kids think they become teenagers on their 13th birthday, but they're kidding themselves.

WHEN you reach 16 it's no time to start *learning* to become a successful teen. At 16 you should *be* a successful teenager.

Kids of today don't have to wait until 16 to have fun and enjoy themselves. Why, at 16 we're ancient — in our middle-teens.

I don't mean that as soon as the 13th birthday candle is blown out the cigarettes are lit, the drinks are poured, stockings and heels and long pants put on—and off to the night-club. No. If this were the pace, we teens would be beat before we began.

Growing up is a slow, boring business, but once you start to feel the power of being an adult — or near-adult—there's no stopping the process. In no time at all you're GROWN UP.

## Learning to live

But back to the 13th year. You've just been "born" a brand-new teen.

What does this mean? It simply means that now you can learn to live how you'd love to live.

At 13 girls become more independent in their dress and behaviour, and if they don't take their new privileges too far they are popular with parents and friends.

Now's the time for you to apply a little pale pink lipstick, with matching nail varnish for special outings.

You can wear full skirts and flaties and stockings for best, and on some occasions try a chunky bracelet.

Have a natural, young hairstyle and you'll be the cutest little 13-year-old in town.

For boys of this age long pants are fine for the weekends. You're old enough to go to the beach or play football with the boys, and, although sports jackets are a little "old," school or sporting blazers look great over plain trousers.

Stick to plain leather shoes, plain colored ties, and white shirts for best. Main clothes essentials for this age are shorts and T-shirts.

At 14 you've had your trial run as a teenager and should be able to settle down to mixing your study and social life with a proper balance.

Girls AT 14 are old enough to attend a local dance or party every month or so. You can choose a pair of tiny heels for your best outfit and in winter a straight skirt topped with a chunky-knit sweater, worn with flaties.

Stick to lighter-colored nail polish

and lipstick. You're old enough to go to the beach with the girls and a mixed crowd as long as Mum has met and approved of them first.

Boys at 14 are old enough to go skating, to tennis, and to the beach with the boys. Also old enough to have an important say in the choice of clothes. Nothing too bright in the way of sports shirts — preferably cotton T-shirts and cotton strides. A "sporting" haircut is best, but you are old enough to choose your own style.

At 15 you're getting older and it's usual around this age to start taking an interest in the opposite sex. Don't fight it, just sail along and treat your new friends with ease and interest. Don't worry about the "do's" and "don'ts" when talking to them—just act naturally and you'll have no trouble being a success with each and every one of them.

Girls of 15 are old enough to wear straight dresses. Darker lipstick, with nail and toe polish, is suitable and a dab of powder on the nose is fine. At 15 double-dating to the local pictures every once in a while is O.K. so long as you are home at the required time.

At 15 you are NOT old enough to invite your date in after the pictures. If you want your parents to get to know him, invite him around for records one Sunday. You're old enough to go to the beach with the crowd and, if Mum permits, a two-piece swimsuit is right.

Boys at 15 are old enough to go to parties and to the movies with the boys or a mixed crowd. Many go to the big sporting matches or boating, fishing, or camping with the local youth club. Bermuda jackets, suede shoes, sports trousers, and shirts are great for the dress of this age.

## Frequent loves

AT 16 why not join me?

I'm NOT GOING TO WORRY about my social life any more. I'm going to go on dates, wear make-up, go to parties and dances, and live for the present.

I'm not going to act sophisticated or go steady with the first boy I date. I'm just going to be myself and have fun.

Sure, I do get a little worried when every couple of days I find I'm in love with someone new. I can't help it . . . everyone I meet seems to be so divine. And the great part about it is that my folks know it's only puppy-love and don't object. They say it's all in the game of being 16.

Just one more thing: Now that I'm a regular teenager I will no longer rebel

against my parents, but will take their advice and remember that they were in the same boat some years back.

I'll take their help seriously . . . even though I'll laugh a little when Mum tells me she never dated a handsome lad. How come I have such a handsome Dad?

## How much pocket money?

● Do teenagers get too much pocket money — or not enough?

WE'D like to have opinions on this problem—a very real one—so we can later on analyse them and prepare a comprehensive story about pocket money.

So, TEENAGERS, you write and tell us how much you reckon you should get and what you'd do with the ideal amount.

And, PARENTS, we want you to let us know how much you think you should give — and what, in your opinion, should be done with it.

Address your letters to "Pocket Money," Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Keep opinions to about 150 words, but the shorter the better.

## Evens on Stevens



CONNIE STEVENS knew nothing of the ancient art of judo until she had to play a girl judo expert in a TV series. Instructor Bill Saito took the young American actress in hand, and in less time than it takes to say *hara-kiri* she was able to toss him on the mat at the flick of her wrist.



# There's room at...



FACTORY BOY Billy Smith.



BOILERMAKER Billy McKell.



TELEGRAM BOY Norman Gilroy.

By Robin Adair

● So you're 13 or 14 or maybe more, and you think you mightn't make the grade as a success when you grow up?

**T**HIS is a very real problem. For teenagers the future CAN be rather frightening—how they will make out, with work, a mystery.

This growing-pain is particularly found among young people who leave school early and find the work available limited in scope, who cannot straight-off choose the career, or who drift into dead-end jobs.

However, for anyone starting out in life who is bedevilled by such doubts about getting to the top of the tree (or at least on to a reasonably high branch) there is considerable comfort.

This solace can be drawn from the stories of people of humble origin who ride, or have ridden, high in Australian commerce, politics, religion, and public service. They overcame hardships, poor education, and other apparent stumbling blocks to success.

These tenacious top-liners prove clearly that just as "great oaks from little acorns grow," great leaders, too, grow from "little" people.

Take, for instance, the story of a Melbourne boy called Billy.

In the 1890s, at the tender age of 12, Billy's boyhood—school, skinned knees, "shiners," stick-jaw sweets—ended, and he went to work as a water-boy in a glass factory, serving thirsty workmen.

He worked his way up in the business, in both the fields of labor—at 18 he was a union secretary—and management.

Who is Billy, the boy laborer and teenage trade unionist? In 1957, aged 75, he retired—internationally known as Mr. W. J. (for William John) Smith, managing-director of the huge Australian Consolidated Industries group.

Now, let's meet Reggie, who, in 1923, left his Victorian technical college at the age of 14 with little more than a love for machinery.

At 17, Reggie was assembling knit-

ting and sewing-machines in a factory for 7/6 an hour.

He then struck out on his own, running a hire-car service and operating a one-plane "airline."

Today Mr. Reginald Myles Ansett owns, among other things, thriving airlines, a chain of hotels, and a fleet of tourist buses—a business empire ruler who started his climb, with the sky the limit, literally, at 14.

Then there was a young Englishman named Bill, who migrated to America late last century at the age of 16.

He didn't prosper there, so three years later, in 1884, he arrived in Rockhampton, Queensland.

He missed out, however, on the first job for which he applied there, in a meatworks.

## Left huge estate

After eventually becoming a butcher-boy he moved to Melbourne, where, with his savings, he bought a butcher shop.

From the time he arrived in Australia Bill had been fascinated by the idea of exporting frozen meat. He decided, literally, to get in for his chop!

What became of the ambitious butcher-boy?

When he died, in 1957, Sir William Angliss left an estate of £3,932,542—the largest ever granted probate in Australia.

And let's not overlook Franc, 19, a fine broth of an Irish bhoys who arrived in Victoria in 1852 from County Tipperary, with little more than the clothes he wore, £20 borrowed from his mother, and the legendary luck of the Irish.

Young Franc, although he probably had time for youthful pastimes (I suppose they had shamrock-n-roll in Ireland!), mainly sought fame and fortune on the Victorian goldfields.

His gold-digging didn't pan out but he became a successful dealer and trader on the fields.



TYCOON W. J. Smith—aged 12.

With his profits he soon bought a Victorian sheep station, then more pastoral property—and more.

Franc—the 19-year-old to whom a gold-digger wasn't just a greedy date!—is remembered today as the founder of the famous Australian pastoral dynasty the Falkiners.

In 1900, a Bathurst, N.S.W., boy everyone called Ben (even though his first Christian name was, in fact, Joe), left school, aged 15, and took a job as a cashier's assistant in a general store.

At 17 he became an N.S.W. Govern-



SIR W. McKELL—aged 20



# ...the top of the tree



MACHINIST Reggie Ansett.



OFFICE BOY Les Hooker.



RAILWAY BOY Ben Chifley.

leaders in various fields of endeavor went out to work.

At 13, Stan Wilson was a copy-boy on a Sydney newspaper.

After working his way up to important journalistic jobs he became secretary of two companies and later assistant to the then manager of Farmer's big Sydney store.

Recently, Mr. Stanley E. Wilson was a leading figure, as chairman of directors of Farmer's, in the £22 million take-over of the Sydney store by the Myer Emporium, Melbourne.

A boy named Les, born in the Sydney suburb of Canterbury, was orphaned at eight and left school at 13, too.

His first job was as office-boy, and eventually he became, while still quite a young shaver, a partner in a real-estate business which went broke.

Les — Mr. L. J. Hooker — today is a national leader in real estate and other commercial fields, head of an estimated £11 million empire.

Coincidentally, an L. J. Hooker deal recently brought back memories of yet another self-made man from a humble start for whom 13 meant only good luck.

His name was Sid, born near Adelaide in 1857, and at 13 he bought a one-eyed horse for £2/10/- and set out for N.S.W. with the horse and five shillings in his pocket.

While still a youth, Sid became a horse and cattle trader — and went on to greater things, eventually owning or having interests in land covering an estimated 107,000 square miles. When he died his estate was sworn at £300,000.

The interstate traveller and trader at 13 was also knighted in 1921, and his full name — Sir Sidney Kidman — lives on.

The deal which recalled Sir Sidney's success?

A property once owned by the knight, Victoria River Downs, in the Northern Territory — at 5495 square miles the biggest cattle station in the world — was part of a £9 million purchase by Mr. Hooker.

Then, of course, there was a boy named Edward, who was born at Coonamble, N.S.W., in 1887, the son of an English migrant, and who moved to Sydney as a baby.

Edward started work at 10, doing

odd jobs after school and at week-ends.

He also left school at 13, for a job in a furniture factory. When he was 16 he was in charge of the factory and only a few years later set up his own furniture-manufacturing business.

His eventual big career — making refrigerators — doesn't mean Edward has a "cold" heart.

Fun (through "his" Sydney Zoo) and financial aid (through his many philanthropic gifts) have been given to thousands of Australians by Sir Edward Hallstrom.

Yet another lucky (thir)teen was little Billy, who in 1904 (he was born at Pambula, on the N.S.W. South Coast in 1891) left school in Sydney's Surry Hills and went to work sweeping the floors of a drugstore.

Soon he changed jobs, becoming an apprentice boilermaker.

At this stage Billy's future did not look too bright.

## Overcame obstacles

However, undeterred, Billy became a barrister, Premier of N.S.W., a knight, and Governor-General of Australia. He is Sir William John McKell.

(It's quite interesting to note, by the way, that, apart from his working start at 13, Sir William's political life was studded with lucky 13s. In one year, 1920, he was number 13 on a ballot paper, 13th man in Premier John Storey's Ministry, took office on April 13, and received number 13 parliamentary gold pass!)

Religion, too, provides the story of an Australian who left school when his age had reached the "devil's number," yet, paradoxically, became an internationally known man of God!

Norman, born at Glebe, Sydney, in 1896, left school at 13 and became a P.M.G. messenger boy — as Sir Patrick McGovern, whom I have mentioned, had.

In 1914, aged 18, he joined the Naval Wireless Transport Service and in the ship Hessen served at the landing at Gallipoli on April 25, 1915.

Later he entered the priesthood, and today the one-time messenger boy and sailor is Cardinal Gilroy, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Sydney — the first Australian-born cardinal.

Well, there you are. Those are the stories of just some of the men who show that the "school of hard knocks" often has famous old boys.

What secrets of success can YOU learn from these people's careers?

Some, no doubt, are secrets — tricks of their trades.

But one clue is clear: They never lost ambition to get somewhere — and, more important, they never lost hope.

Hope . . . The old saying promises that "while there is life there is hope." And at 13, 14, 15 and such ages there is plenty of life ahead.

Which, let's believe, assures plenty of that magic hope . . .



CARDINAL Gilroy — aged 19.

ment Railways shop-boy, and later an engine-driver.

When he died in 1951, at 66, Joseph Benedict Chifley had been one of Australia's most outstanding Prime Ministers.

Once, too, there was a 16-year-old bloke named Pat, born at Karon Vale, Victoria, who was a 15/- a week telegram boy.

In April this year, Pat — Sir Patrick McGovern — retired, aged 66, as Australia's £6900-a-year Commissioner of Taxation.

Perhaps the most fascinating facet of this study of people who had to start to succeed at the same time — even before — they began shaving or their voices broke is my conclusion that 13 was far from being unlucky.

Yes, when they reached that traditionally forbidding figure, in their ages, at least six well-known local



# SKIING: THERE'S MANY

*SCHUSSING is the term applied to a high speed straight run down a hill. Keep weight forward and low, your stocks out of way under your arms — and make sure there's a level run off at the bottom of the slope.*

## HOW TO DO A KICK TURN

*AS SOON as you put on skis you need a way to change direction. The Kick Turn is used to do this while stopped. Keep one stock forward, one back, both close to skis. Swing left ski forward and upward leaving "heel" of ski on the snow, close to the right ski (position above). Keeping the "heel" on the*

*snow, swing the tip of the left ski around and down, placing it parallel to the right ski, pointing in the opposite direction (see left). Now put your weight on the left ski, lift the right ski around and set it down parallel to the left. Bring your stock forward. Reverse for opposite direction.*



# A SLIP...



**HERRING-BONE** is used for climbing short, direct slopes. Place your skis in a V position, heels together, tips outward — then walk on inside edges with your weight on the stocks.



**WALKING** on snow is much like ordinary everyday walking, except you shouldn't lift, but slide, your skis, pulling yourself along with the stocks. All these positions should be practised on level snow before attempting steeper slopes.



**THE SNOW PLOUGH**, with weight evenly balanced, is used to stop after a run. It is also a turn — to go right put your weight on the left ski, use your body weight to turn. Reverse it to go left. Right?

**THE HOP CHRISTIE** (below) is for advanced skiers only — it's a French technique turn, used while moving fast. Hop up on the tips of the skis, the stocks taking your weight, and by moving from the hips swing around.



**FALLS** are inevitable. Concentrate on falling backwards and to one side, with your knees together. Your hip should absorb the shock, and if you relax you won't be hurt.





Louise  
Hunter

Here's

your answer

### Getting started

"I AM a 16-year-old boy and am very interested in a young girl of about 15 or 16 who is the cashier in a self-serve store in a nearby suburb. As I do not usually get home earlier than 5 p.m. I don't go to the shops very often and seldom see her except on a Saturday morning when the shop is very crowded. Every time I pass the check-out counter where she is, I get real excited and light-headed, and, although I know I can't, I want to lean over the counter and kiss her. I feel sure that one of these days I won't be able to stop myself and will just do it. That is why I'm writing to you, because I want to get a date with her and start to take her out regularly and I haven't got a clue what to say when I ask her. She says 'Hullo,' and 'How are you?' to me every time I go to the shop, but I know that it is part of her job to be polite and friendly to customers. Would you please tell me what I should say to her, and do you think just before closing time would be a good time to go to the shop and ask her out? Also would it be advisable to ask her if I could take her home from work, and, if she accepts, how should I ask her this? If she accepts, would a night skating or at the speedway or maybe playing squash be an acceptable outing for her? I mean, of course, if there are no dances or pictures on, or nothing else suitable. Since train services round here are bad, and I can't always afford a taxi, would a bus be a suitable means of transport? If she doesn't accept, do you think I should ask her again a week or so later?"

"Sundowner," N.S.W.



"She took a 'Domestic Science' course."

I'll answer your questions in the order you asked them. Just before closing time would be a very good time to ask her out. I wouldn't ask her for a specific date then, I'd ask her could you meet her outside and take her home, or walk her to the station or the bus, so you could talk to her. Meet her outside and take her home, then ask her whether she would like to do one of the things you suggest in your letter. Any of them would be suitable.

Skating, or playing squash, or something like that are the best kind of first dates. On first dates both people are inclined to be a bit shy, and it's good to have something to do to forget your shyness and the importance of the occasion. By the time you've finished skating you have lots to talk about while you have a milk-shake or a cup of coffee.

Actually, you're twice as far ahead after one of these outings than if you'd settled on the pictures, say. At the pictures, both of you would probably feel you must hold hands and spend the time wondering when to start and whether or not it would end up with a good-night kiss.

Planned good-night kisses are never as good as the ones that just happen, and they're more likely to just happen anyway when you don't have time to think about them. And you certainly don't have the time if you play squash.

Save up the pictures or a dance till you know her better.

About the transport. Few boys of your age can afford anything but public transport. I think you should stick to it right from the word go.

A taxi is a good idea if you go to

a formal dance and your girl is got up regardless in her best and would be blown about and crushed to pieces in a bus, but apart from such occasions, getting taxis hither and yon on dates with girls is simply a way of bunging it on to impress. Anyway, most girls would much rather have another date later on with the money you'd used unnecessarily on taxis.

What if she doesn't accept your invitation the first time? Certainly ask her again the next week, and if she still refuses, you could let your feelings carry you away and give her that over-the-counter kiss. That would start something.

### Letter perfect

"MY boy-friend and I write to each other, as we live in different towns. He says he likes me and likes writing to me. He asked me not to show his letters to anyone. I happen to know that he has told some of his friends some of the things I have written. Do you think he has grown tired of me? When I saw him last, he was as nice as ever. We get on real well together. I would like to know what is best, as I would hate to feel a drag on him. Should I continue to write or give him up? He is well liked by everyone."

M.H., Vic.

I don't think you have a problem. You write to him, he writes to you—obviously he likes you.

Letters are private things, not to be shown to other people, but when you write regularly to someone of whom you are fond, it is very hard not to talk about their letters. It would be quite natural for him to say, "M.H. said the Show at Wackado was extra good this year," or that there was a wonderful dance or something, but saying such things doesn't mean that he thinks little of you. It means that you are very much part of his life.

It really doesn't matter how well liked he is by other people. If you like him and want to keep on writing to him, why not?

### Let him go

"I HAVE a boy-friend who likes to go shopping with me on Saturday mornings. I have no objections to this (I rather like it) but I don't like the way he behaves. He calls out to people he knows who are going past in cars, on bikes, or who are on the other side of the road. He knows I don't like it, for I have spoken to him about it. He does it to annoy me. I tried to point out that he could say hello to the people who are passing in front of him or pretend he didn't see them, or nod his head, but he ridiculed the idea, saying he has to speak to all his friends. This is ridiculous, and I told him so. Please don't suggest I do my shopping alone, as I like his company. He is quite nice except for his calling out."

A.T., W.A.

You'd better make the most of his company, for I shouldn't think you'd have it for long.

Apparently the price he has to pay for your company is the sacrifice of all his friends. That's too much. I don't think he is ridiculous at all. I think you are being ridiculously possessive and demanding.

Friendship is far too valuable a commodity to treat the way you suggest. Obviously, you don't really like this boy. He's just a trophy you like to exhibit. Why not leave him as he is, and let some girl who'd be proud to know him and his friends enjoy his company?

## A WORD FROM DEBBIE



THE dog days of late autumn and early winter often strike you down with a bad attack of boredom and discontent for the life you lead.

Are you suffering? Then do something about it tomorrow.

- Read a good book and you'll soon be scouting around for more.

- Take dressmaking lessons and you'll soon have a wardrobe equal to any of your friends.

- Make a toy for that young niece or nephew, who'll think you're the greatest.

- Join a drama group—you might discover a talent you never dreamed you'd have.

- Start an "art gallery" in your room—it's lots of fun looking around for cheap paintings and reproductions. You might even be able to add to your collection yourself. An abstract, perhaps?

- Ring up a forgotten friend. A renewed friendship could open the door to many new pastimes.

- Visit the museum or library and brush-up on your favorite historical subject.

If you can't wait till tomorrow to start, kick off right now with a big spring-clean in your bedroom, a campaign for a better-groomed look this week, and a manners week.

Manners weeks are wonderful. You simply try specially hard to be well-mannered for a week, never letting up for an instant. The thing about them is that minding your manners often means new or better friends. They like the new smiling you, who is a model-mannered miss. Try it.

### By all means

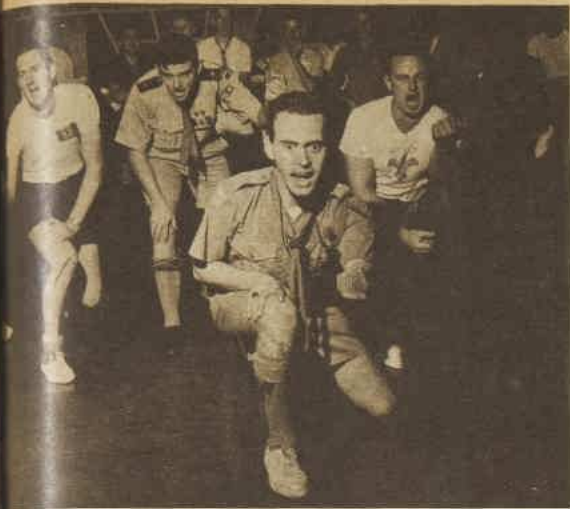
"I AM a girl of 16, and I like a boy I used to work with very much. I gave up my job about two months ago, and since then I haven't seen him. He gave me his phone number and address and told me to write to him if ever I had time. I have been thinking of writing and asking him to come to my home for the day one Sunday. I have Mum's permission, but I would like your idea first."

C.T., S.A.

It sounds a good idea to me.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.





# Be prepared—they're talent Scouts

REHEARSAL of a number from the Victorian Scouts' "Gang Show" in Melbourne.



BOYS knock into shape the "Cup of Coffee" sketch in the Melbourne Scouts' show.

- Take one Melbourne army drill hall, pour into it 123 boys of all ages, shapes, and sizes, add one theatrical producer, two helpers, and a musical director.

THERE you have the ingredients for a local version of one of the biggest hits in show business—the Boy Scouts' "Gang Show." The show was first put on in London in 1932 and it's estimated that there's one somewhere in the world each night of the week. The 123 boys in the Melbourne show, which

is playing this week at the Palais Theatre, St. Kilda, for the ninth year running, come from all over Victoria. (The show is also an annual event in Brisbane, Adelaide, and Hobart.) Some members of the Melbourne cast have each week travelled 200 miles and more during the long weeks of rehearsal.

## THE LIFETIME READING PLAN

### ● HENRIK IBSEN (1828-1906): Selected Plays

IBSEN has had an enormous influence on the modern theatre. Single-handed, he destroyed the lifeless, mechanical, "well-made" play which was dominating Europe when he began his life work.

He introduced a new realism, and made plays out of people, rather than just situations. He is the grandfather of modern social drama.

There are at least three ways of looking at Ibsen.

In the first view, to many, he is a superb craftsman — without a message — whose originality lay in taking ideas accepted by intelligent people, and giving them a new setting — the stage. Ibsen himself said: "A dramatist's business is not to answer questions but merely to ask them."

Secondly, Ibsen had a profound influence on George Bernard Shaw. Shaw sees the theatre of Ibsen as the liberator of the 19th-century middle-class from false ideas of "goodness." To him, Ibsen was essentially a teacher.

Whether or not Shaw's summing-up of Ibsen is accurate, it does seem fair to say that Ibsen's plays, particularly those dealing with marriage, the position of women, and people's ideas of the conventions, actually had a very deep effect on the ideas of his own generation, and of succeeding generations.

The third view of Ibsen is that of Ibsen the poet. But his poetry suffers a great deal in translation from its original Norwegian. To Norwegians, his early "Peer Gynt," written in verse, is a kind of epic, an ironic summing-up of the Norwegian character.

The plays of Ibsen recommended for reading are arranged in order of their composition. Possibly the finest are "Peer Gynt" and "The Wild Duck," but critics do not agree absolutely on Ibsen's best work.

Try "Peer Gynt," "A Doll's House," "Ghosts," "An Enemy of the People," "The Wild Duck," "Hedda Gabler," "The Master Builder," "When We Dead Awake."

### ● GEORGE BERNARD SHAW (1856-1950): Selected Plays

For the better part of a century G.B.S., as he was known, explained and advertised himself with dazzling wit, remarkable energy, and great clarity.

He left behind him, in addition to a vast library of correspondence, 33 massive volumes of plays, prefaces, novels, economic essays, pamphlets, literary, dramatic, and musical criticism, and miscellaneous writings dealing with every major event — and many trivial ones — of his time.

No one can come close to any half-dozen of his best plays and prefaces without having his mind shaken, made aware, or even changed.

Today, many critics pass Shaw by, or stress his shortcomings — his lack of any other than intellectual passion; lack of the sense of tragedy we find in the Greeks or in Shakespeare; lack of what we call poetry.

Others are convinced that in 50 years' time, Shaw will bulk larger than he ever did in the past, and that he will be recognised as a supreme prose writer in the "plain" style, and that, as an influential personality, he will rank with Voltaire, Tolstoy, and Dr. Johnson.

Always read the prefaces that usually accompany Shaw's plays. As prose they are masterly. As arguments, they are often more persuasive than the plays themselves (see the Preface to "Androcles and the Lion" on the prospects of Christianity).

Arranged in order of production or publication, this list gives some idea of the development of Shaw's mind during his most productive period, 1894-1923:

"Arms and the Man," "Candida," "The Devil's Disciple," "Caesar and Cleopatra," "Man and Superman," "Major Barbara," "Androcles and the Lion," "Pygmalion," "Heartbreak House," "Back to Methuselah," "Saint Joan."

**NEXT WEEK: The narrative writers Bunyan, Defoe, Swift, and Fielding.**

Adapted from the book by CLIFTON PADIMAN



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# MAKE A 3-POINT LANDING

● Some girls are born with pretty legs, others have to **MAKE** theirs look better. How? Well, this three-point beauty plan which calls for exercise, special grooming, and a bit of camouflage could turn the trick for you.

**T**HE first step towards better-looking legs is to check with your tape to get the true measure of ankles, calves, thighs. Hold the tape firmly, not tightly. Be honest with yourself, don't cheat, and set down the result here. Ankle . . . . ., calf . . . . ., thigh . . . . .

An ankle which measures 7 to 8½ inches (depending on your frame) is fairly nifty. The same goes for a calf measurement of, say, 11 to 13½ inches. Thighs may vary between 19 and 22½ inches.

However—here's the pinch—if the figures show that your legs are far from shapely, exercise (wonderful stuff when you bring yourself to it!), plus some massage, is called for.

Try some of these, they're all good for slimming and shaping the legs. Practise daily.

Stand on your (bare) toes, tense your muscles, then gradually lower your heels to the floor. Repeat 10 times.

Sit firmly in a straight-back chair and stiffly extend your legs. Bring your toes towards you as far as possible, thrusting your heels out—then reverse, pointing toes away from you. Alternate 10 times. Grand for removing high-heel strain.

Barefoot, stand on a telephone-book, toes extended over the edge. Flex toes sharply downward 20 or 30 times.

Pick up a pencil with your toes, 10 or 15 times each foot. It's fun and gives a lift to tired metatarsal arches.

If you're downright lazy, then just be a "nature girl" and pitter about in your bare feet. This strengthens leg and foot muscles.

Generous coating of hand cream, hand lotion, or baby oil smoothed in every day before and after your bath (massage will also help to slim the fatted calf) help to make legs soft-textured, and for rough skin and coarse pores scrub with a nailbrush and a thick lather of soap.

A cream depilatory, razor, or erasing-stone can be used to remove all hairs that grow above the skin's surface, or warm wax painted on and allowed to set strips off an average growth.

Lastly, stockings shape the legs with illusion and no one will notice that **YOUR** shape is not all Hollywood-starlet if you wear stockings that blend with your skin tones or are even a bit darker, in keeping with the current stocking fad.



By  
Carolyn  
Earle

# THE OLD SCHOOL BUY!

● I hear that an American girls' school has introduced an interesting extra-curricular course—in shopping.

**T**HE girls, apparently, visit stores of all sorts, and there go through the motions of purchasing—except they don't actually buy anything.

The aim of the course is to teach them the procedures of merchandising, and to give them a good grounding in selective shopping.

Conjures up some fascinating situations, doesn't it?

Consider, for instance, the school's need to now refer to the four Rs—readin', 'ritin', 'rithmetic—and retailin'! Or picture a pepsie with pigtailed nestling in a pile of try-on mink.

Imagine, in a junior class, a moppet lisp-ing, as she tries on a chic frock: "Oh, it's a darling dress—ith juth ME!"

And think of the grounding the girls taking the course must get in that dodge older lady shoppers get up to—not wanting what they buy, and later changing it!

Now, all jokes aside, this is very fine—for the girls. But care should be taken to supply touches of realism; so what about the people affected most by the females' fair dinkum shopping later on in life?

I refer, of course, to the boys they'll marry and who, after the cooing, face the billing!

So, let's bring schoolboys into the shopping course.

A lad could, for one thing, practise sitting in an armchair in a living-room and taking no notice when a girl (his make-believe missus) walks in with a new hat on.

A postgraduate follow-up to this lesson might see a drama teacher coaching the boy to look blankly at the new headgear, and say, cuttingly, "What's new?"

The mixed classes should also involve the shopkeepers issuing bills and receipts to the schoolgirl shoppers. Such a move would have a twofold educational value.

Firstly, the boys would learn how to read the amounts, and hit the roof, tear their hair, and yell: "Whaddya think I am—a million-aire?"

Then the girls could practise explanations and justifications, such as: "But I didn't have a thing to wear," and "Darling, I only wanted to look beautiful for you."

A very advanced lesson could also be given to boys to prepare them for a later-in-life stage of bill-footing.

They could be schooled in the best way to, when they're prospective fathers-in-law, gruffly inquire of a boy: "Can you keep my daughter in the manner to which I've accustomed her?"

Oh, heck! Why bother to teach boys these things? When they're married they learn their lesson soon enough!

—Robin Adair



# LISTEN HERE

—with Ainslie Baker

● Not so long ago "personality" singers dominated the record market and public interest, and instrumental groups were very much neglected "poor relations."

**B**UT now, with such non-vocals as "Exodus," "Theme From The Apartment," "Wheels," "Never On Sunday," "Magnificent Seven," "Spanish Harlem," "Ram-Bunk-Shush," "Calcutta," and "Johnny Guitar" all in the charts at once, the tide has certainly turned.

In fact, plenty of young would-be vocalists must be asking themselves why they ever bothered to learn an instrument.

**WHICH** makes it nice weather for the release of *The Joy Boys'* album "Hindustan" (Festival 45), follow-up to their recent "Istanbul." Flipside of the new one has been written by Col Joye's brother, Kevin Jacobsen, the group's pianist and manager. It's "Feeling Blue," and sounds good.

**WITH** their "Wheels" just about coming to a standstill, *The String-Along*s are off again, this time with "Brass Buttons," another number with that happy, carefree sound. "Panic Button," leaning more heavily on the beat, is the flip.

**PIANIST - COMPOSER** Don Robertson makes a strong entry into the

Floyd Cramer field with an attractive renovation job on "Buttons And Bows," a hit-parade of some 10 years ago, and his own haunting composition, "Bobby-O." (R.C.A. 45).

## OUR PIN-UP

ONE of the things that helped singer Barry Greenwood, 18, make a name for himself was that once he didn't have a name for himself!

He used to appear just as "Barry," using the gimmick to arouse interest among fans.

His latest releases—a single ("I Found a New Romance"—"Little Angel") and an EP ("It's Barry Greenwood")—will be followed by another pair of his own compositions, "Little Girl in Blue" and "Baby I Love You."

Barry, the only Victorian teenager appearing regularly in Sydney television shows, flies to Sydney each fortnight for "Bandstand," "Six O'Clock Rock," and "Teentime."

A serious young man, Barry is a full-time student at the Melbourne Conservatorium.

● Pin-up overleaf.

**I**N keeping with their touring policy, only the two original Ventures, Don Wilson, and Bob Bogle, made the recent trip to Australia. But they're back to their full four-man recording strength and distinctive instrumental sound on "The Ventures" (London LP). Their collection of tunes include "Perfidia," "Ram-Bunk-Shush," "The Shuck," and "Harlem Nocturne."

**MOVING** on to the singing - instrumental groups, there's a stand-out R.C.A. single from that classy trio with the comedy flair, *The Limelights*. "A Dollar Down," is the side for humor, "When Twice The Moon Has Come And Gone" is the one for music.

**POPS:** Two English singers, Cliff Richard and Anthony Newley, are keeping the flag flying for the vocalists. Cliff with the lovely "Theme For a Dream" (Columbia 45), an English chart-topper, and Tony with "And The Heavens Cried" (Decca 45). Cliff snaps out of the romantic mood with "Mumblin' Mosie" for his flip, but Tony stays with it and sings "Lonely Boy And Pretty Girl."

**"BREEZIN' Along With The Breeze,"** "Cocktails For Two," "East Of The Sun" are among the better-class standards made into "Designs For Dancing" by the big, lightly swinging *Les Elgart* orchestra (Coronet LP). Designed for listening, too.

**Classical:** An unusual concert programme of Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, the second of Smetana's "My Fatherland" symphonic poems, and Liszt's "Les Preludes," is played by the Berlin Philharmonic and the Radio Symphony Orchestra of Berlin on a D.G.G. LP, with brilliant Hungarian Ferenc Fricsay conducting.

**RESIDENT** in this country since 1926, Belgium-born pianist Raymond Lambert is presented by The Australian Recorded Music Society in a "Piano Recital" on a W. and G. LP. He is heard in works by Debussy, Shostakovich, Rachmaninoff, Albeniz, Schumann, Liszt.

— Martin Long

## WORTH HEARING

### PROKOFIEV: Third Piano Concerto

**PROKOFIEV** was a modern composer who managed to make the best of both worlds. As a young man, round about the time of World War I, he learned and put into practice all the fashionable shock-tactics of the extreme modernists; but he also had a good, old-fashioned gift of melody and an ability to write music that appealed to audiences, as witness his Classical Symphony and his children's tale in music, *Peter and the Wolf* (newly issued in a stereo version by Coronet).

His modernism was never much more than the pepper and salt on a basically traditional dish, and he became even more traditional in style in his later years when he returned to his native Russia, where modernism is discouraged. (He died in 1953.)

His third and most popular piano concerto belongs to the period after World War I and the Russian Revolution, when Prokofiev left Russia to make a reputation as pianist and composer in America and Western Europe (the concerto was finished in Paris in 1921, and first performed, with the composer as soloist, in Chicago).

In a new recording by R.C.A. we hear it played by the Chicago Symphony—with the sensational young American pianist Van Cliburn as soloist. (Cliburn's early career is a reversal of Prokofiev's, for he gained world-wide fame through his concert triumphs in Russia.)

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — May 24, 1961

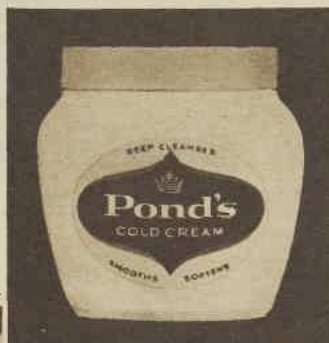
# How lovely you look to him tomorrow



## Depends on how well you clean your face tonight

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**BARRY  
GREENWOOD**



# FAMILY COMIC

*Sandra*

SANDRA, Major Scott, and Hugo Drake, Lady Diana's fiance, catch up with the run-aways at a garage in Compton End Village. Major Scott calls out to them to stop, but Philip Osborne steps on the accelerator, knocking down Hugo Drake as he speeds down the road. Diana insists Philip stop the car, and when he refuses pulls the key out of the ignition and throws it out of the car. NOW READ ON...

By BILL SAWYER



**RIVETS**





# JACKY'S DIARY.

By Jacky Mendelsohn  
age 33½.

more  
stuff  
about  
**THE  
CIRCUS**  
i seen  
last  
Week.

They had lotsa Clowns  
there.

one of them  
was dressed up like  
a real Fat Lady  
who must of waied  
about a HUNDRED  
POUNDS!



an other one owned a NOSE that would  
light up every time he took a drink.  
Which was orpham.



After the Clowns Went away, the Bad Guy came out  
again & introduced Somebody else.



Except he was a real Bashfull Cannibal, & didnt  
eat anybody, but went & hid inside of a Cannon instead.

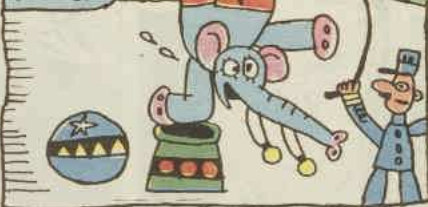
but oliver sudden  
The Cannon Ex-  
ploded & he Went  
flying in the Air.



But lucky for him there  
was a net which he landed  
in, or else he would of broke  
his Neck.



Next a man  
got out his  
STRAINED  
ELIPHANTS  
who jingled  
a ball &  
did other  
Tricks.



after that, everybody who was in THE CIRCUS came out &  
did a Parade around the room. And that turned out to be  
**THE END.** so then we went home.



P.S: The Eliphants did all the  
work, but the GUY who owned  
them got all the A Praise.

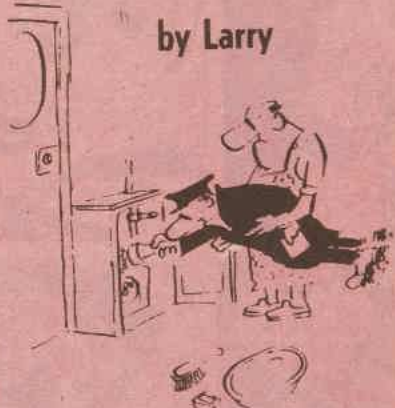
TIZZY by Kate Osann



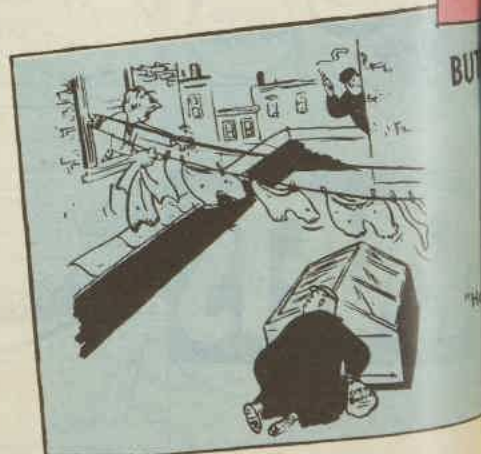
"Mother says she's preparing  
think she's trying to..."

Man in Apron

by Larry



Copyright London Punch





# TEENA<sup>®</sup> *by Linda Terry*



## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY *by RUD.*





# MANDRAKE



## THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, has hired a helicopter to try to trace Narda and the hold-up men who have taken her as hostage. Narda escaped from the men and hid in a well on a farm. The men give up their search for her to make their get-away. However, Narda knows she must keep the men in the area till police help arrives. She borrows a jeep from the farmer. NOW READ ON...



# CHRIS WELKIN

## PLANETEER

By Russ Winterbotham



ISOLATED AND INSULATED FROM THE SPACE AGE IS THE POWETTE BIOLOGICAL FOUNDATION, WHICH SCARCELY RESEMBLES A SCIENCE LABORATORY

